

ADVERTISEMENTS. LISTOF

STEAMERS, RAILWAY, AND COACH.

David MacBrayne's Royal Route Steamers-Inside of Front Cover. Lochlomond and Loch Long Steamboats-End of Guide.

Steward's Department-End of Guide.

Caledonian Railway—Tours in Scotland—Back of Cover.

"MacGregor's Tours," Oban to Oban via Pass of Melfort, Loch Awe, &c.—Inside of Back Cover.

HOTELS, &c.

EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, AND CLYDE DISTRICT-Beginning of Guide.

- ⁶ Royal' Hotel, 53 Princes Street, Edinburgh-Donald MacGregor, Proprietor.

- Alexander Ferguson, Confectioner, Edinburgh,
 'Young's Hotel,' Cockburn Street, Edinburgh,
 'Peacock Inn,' Newhaven—J. F. Bicks, Propriet.
 'North British Innerial Hotel,' and 'Royal Hotel,' George Square, Glasgow.

- North British Imperial Hotel, and 'Royal Hotel, George square, Glasgow.

 His Lordship's Larder, 'St. Enoch Square, Glasgow—Thomas White, Proprietor.

 Cairndow Hotel,' Head of Loch Fyne—Wm. Jones, Proprietor.

 Philp's Glenburn Hydropathic,' Rothesay.

 Queen's Hotel,' West Bay, Rothesay—D. M'Pherson, Proprietor.

 Pollock's Dictionary of the Clyde.

 Elephant Hotel,' Dumbarton—W. M'Diarmid, Proprietor.

 Queen's Hotel,' Clyde Street, near Craigendoran, Helensburgh—A. Williamson, Propri't.

 Williamson's Terrogram to Hetal, Cornective Pailway Station Holonsburgh.
- M'Lennan's Temperance Hotel, Opposite Railway Station, Helensburgh. D. R. MacDonald's Restaurant, Opposite Railway Station, Helensburgh.

LOCHLOMOND DISTRICT-End of Guide.

- Balloch Hotel'—Mrs M'Gregor, Proprietrix.
 Luss Hotel'—Robert M'Nab, Proprietor.

- 'Arises Hotel Robert M'Nao, Proprietor.
 'Tarbet Hotel '-A. H. M'Pherson, Proprietor.
 'Arrochar Hotel '- P. Stalker, Proprietor.
 'Arrochar Temperance Hotel '-A. Ross, Proprietor.
 'Inversaid Hotel '-Robert Blair, Proprietor.
 'Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel,' Aberfoyle—James Blair, Proprietor. 'Stronachlacher Hotel,' Head of Loch Katrine-D. Ferguson, Proprietor.

OBAN AND INVERNESS DISTRICT-End of Guide.

- · Great Western Hotel,' on the Esplanade, Oban-David Sutherland, Proprietor.
- Great Western Hotel,' on the Esplanade, Oban—David Sutherland, P Imperial Hotel,' Oban, near Steamboat Quay—R. Angus, Proprietor.
 The Queen's Hotel, 'near Railway Station—A. Angus, Proprietrix.
 Royal Hotel,' near Railway Station, Oban.
 The King's Arm's Hotel,' Oban—Alex, M'Tavish, Proprietor.
 Cuilfail Hotel,' Pass of Melfort—John M'Fadyen, Proprietor.
 Lochiel Arms, 'Banavie, by Fort William—John Menzies, Proprietor.
 Lochiel Arms, 'Banavie, by Fort William—John Menzies, Proprietor.
 Inveroran Hotel'—Duncan A. Forbes, Proprietor.
 Royal Hotel,' Portree, Skye—L. Ross, Proprietor.
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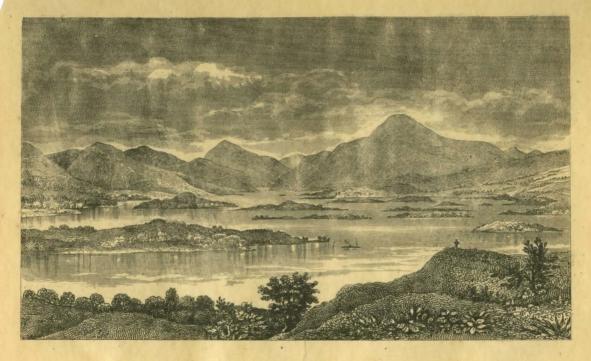
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AND TOURING FROM GLASGOW TO OBAN BY THE STEAMERS

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THE ISLES," via INVERARAY, AND THEIR RESPECTIVE

STEAMBOAT AND OTHER CONNECTIONS; AND EXCURSIONS FROM OBAN TO STAFFA AND IONA, AND TO

FORT-WILLIAM, INVERNESS, SKYE, STORNOWAY,

CRIEFF, PERTH, KILLIN, LOCH TAY, &C.

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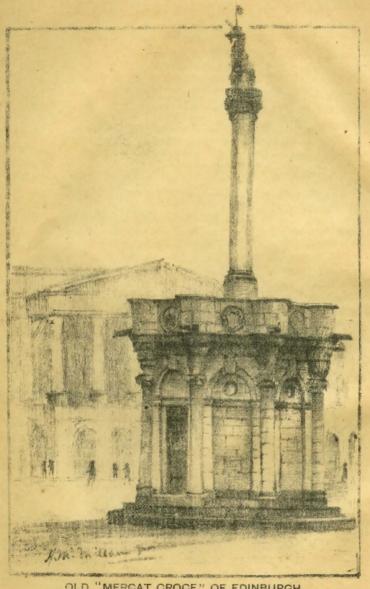
Hotel, Railway, Steamboat, and other Advertisements at beginning and end of Guide.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

GENTLE READER, -This is the tenth annual issue of this Guide Book. Year by year it has grown in public favour and in size. On its first appearance its pagination stood at 152; now it runs up to 217, or, including introductory matter (being Guide to Edinburgh and Glasgow), 247, almost doubling the original size. The illustrations have increased in like proportion. The greatly improved circulation of the Guide has led to greatly increased advertising support, and these combined have enabled the proprietor to deal so liberally with the travelling public. The Guide to the Lake District of Scotland now treats of such an extensive tract of country that it has really become a complete Guide to the most famous touring ground of Scotland. A glance at the Table of Contents will verify that statement. The Guide has been very favourably reviewed in several leading newspapers, the racy style in which it is written, the accuracy and good arrangement of its information, and the excellence of its get-up, being specially dwelt upon. In its now improved condition and bulkier form, it is placed with confidence before the touring public by their willing servant,

DONALD MACLEOD.

BALCLUTHA LODGE, DUMBARTON, JUNE, 1888.



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Restored and Presented to that City by the RIGHT HOX, W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.
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A WALK THROUGH

EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW

PRELIMINARY TO MAKING AN EXCURSION TO LOCHLOMOND,

LOCH KATRINE, LOCH LONG, &C.

COURTEOUS READER,—We will suppose that the party to whom I am to act for the nonce in the capacity of cicerone, has just arrived in the Metropolis of Scotland, say, from the 400 miles distant City of London, by means of the West Coast Royal Mail route, the Midland and Waverley route, or the East Coast route, and thatjaded with the long journey, the excursionists have betaken them, selves to one or other of the many noble hostelries with which Edinburgh is studded, and for which it has earned a world-wide fame. We, by imagination's aid, can take it for granted that they have therein duly refreshed the inner man and laid themselves down to peaceful rest, and that they have on the following morn got up betimes and done justice to a "guid tousey" Scotch breakfast, which is so well calculated to fortify the system against the speedy attack of that enemy to comfort-hunger, and then hied forth to meet me according to arrangement at the Caledonian Railway Station, West-End of Princes Street. After a pleasant "good morning" salutation, we make up our minds to go on a pilgrimage through the two most distinguished cities of Scotland, and the everfascinating Lake District that lieth to the northward thereof. In furtherance of that resolution, we will in the first place take a rapid survey of stately

EDINBURGH.

Throned on crags, and in rapt admiration say, "All hail to its palaces and towers." But before essaying such a pleasant task, and fixing your attention upon particulars, I would like to say a few

words in general about this romantic place. The Edinburgh of the present day-its heroic age o'er-has become the headquarters in Scotland of law, medicine, divinity, and the fine arts, and also of educational institutes. These be the things that raise her to her proud pre-eminence, and not the prosecution of the industrial arts : for in the latter she is nowhere as compared with her western sister. Glasgow. If in this year, or in this era of grace, the city we are about to explore contains not many mighty men whose names are as household words familiar round the world, yet the monuments erected to the memory of her illustrious sons and adopted children. which rise proudly up in her midst from hill, garden, and square, abundantly attest that in the past she was the mother of men of mark and likelihood-men of valour and renown-men to whom the world is debtor—men whose praise the trumpet of fame has blown over the round globe into the ears of all that doth it inherit. making those demigods, while loved at home, revered abroad. These be the men who have shed a halo of glory around the brow of the land of their birth, and hath given it an honourable position among the nations of the earth. This "grey metropolis of the north"—this "mine own romantic town" of Sir Walter Scott's nativity and muse—this modern Athens, sometimes velept in kindly Doric phrase "Auld Reekie," while containing many wonderfully interesting objects within its borders, is yet in itself, as a whole, a wonder, a delight, a glorious vision, stamped with the indelible impress of regality. Oh! how beautiful for situation is this crowning glory of the "land o' Scots!" What a joy-giver she is, and what a polite education she yields to those tourists who, when the sweet summer season comes round, annually flock in thousands to behold her fair face and revel on her unrivalled charms! The old town, tall and grim, with its sky line most picturesquely broken by many a spire and tower, soars aloft in haughty pride from its airy, smoke-wreathed coigne of vantage on the tail of the crag, and looks down with calm, unenvious, watchful eyes upon its fair daughter that lieth at its feet bedecked so beautifully. Many mighty deeds of "derring do," chronicled in song and story, have been transacted—and many mighty kings and haughty nobles have dwelt in the former—and many ruthless acts have been perpetrated within its walls-and now it has become a perfect treasure house of gems of ancient tradition, history, romance, and poetry. With fair modern Edina, on the contrary, there abide no such stirring memories of the past, but instead thereof she is nobly-dowered with the choicest gifts of the present. The matured loveliness of feature and exquisite beauty of form that have year by year been unfolded during the twelve decades of sweet peace and unwonted prosperity that have crowned her birth, have made her shine so resplendently that she now sits as a crowned queen among cities peerless. The authentic history of Edinburgh dates from the seventh century of the Christian era, when Edwin, the Saxon King of Northumbria, built a fort where the present castle buildings stand. From that monarch the city derives its name, Edwin's or Edinburgh, which place, after the assassination of James I. at Perth, became the capital city of Scotland. Although shorn of much of its importance since James VI. of Scotland became the First of the name of England, and more especially since the union of the crowns, yet it still retains an aristocratic air and looks every inch a dwelling place fit for the mightiest monarch of the world Having sounded the praises thus loudly and long of my native city. we will begin our possibly too-long-delayed journey by making a start from opposite the Caledonian Railway Station at the West-End of

PRINCES STREET

For the purpose of examining in detail the many objects of interest that line this the finest street in the city, and possibly the most attractive urban promenade in the world. The length of the same is a mile, and we now ask you in the words of a modern poet to

Behold the wondrous city stretching on With castle, spire, and columns from westmost Point of this fair Street, to the pillar'd range That keeps in memory the men who fell In the great war that closed at Waterloo! Whitely the pillars gleam against the hill. While the light flashes by the wondrous town, That keeps not summer-when the summer comes-Without her gates, but takes it to her heart! The mighty shadow of the castle falls At noon athwart deep gardens; roses blow And fade in hearing of the chariot-wheel. High lifted capital that look'st abroad, With the great lion couchant at thy side, Burns trod thy pavements with his ploughman's stoop-His genius flashing eyes; Scott dwelt in thee The homliest featured of the demigods; Apollo, with a deep Northumbrian burr; And Jeffrey, with his sharp-cut critic face; And Lockhart, with his antique Roman taste;

And Wilson, reckless of his splendid gifts,
As hill-side of its streams in thunder rain;
And Chalmers with those heavy slumbrous lids,
Veiling a prophet's eyes; and Miller, too,
Primeval granite amongst smooth rubb'd men;
And Aytoun—silver bugle at his side,
That echoed through the gorges of romance;
And Smith, his "Life Drama," in thee ended.
Of all that noble race not one remains;
Gone! all gone! the old familiar faces
Which erstwhile shed a lustre o'er the place,
But in their room we hope to see arise
Full many a kindly Scot to fill the gap
Their loss hath made,

On the side of this street that lieth to our left there are to be found most attractive drapery, jewellery, book, fine art and other shops; and also the following hotels numbered and given in their relative order from west to east :- Osborne, 146; Palace, 109; Clarendon, 104; Windsor, 97; Bedford, 83; Royal, 53; Old Waverley (T), 43; Edinburgh, 36; Royal British, 22; North British Station, 8; Gladstone (T), 3; and we may as well add the Bridge, 1, that lies to our right, and also those that lie to our left and right as we pass along Waterloo Place-a continuation eastward of Princes Street. These are the New Waverley (T), Waterloo and Regent. (The letter "T" denotes temperance hotels.) Those majestic-looking edifices, whose internal luxuriousness does not belie their outward seeming, are quite a feature in the street architecture of this the most fashionable and fascinating promenade in the city, and never fail to strike with admiration all who visit this most delectable place. Before, however, moving eastward it would be to our advantage to turn down Queensferry Street, that runs nor'west from this end of Princes Street, and go to Melville Street, the second opening that runs therefrom to the left, for fronting it stands St. Mary's Episcopal Cathedral, built by funds left by the Misses Walker, one of whom was called Mary, so that some of the local wags irreverently term the structure St. Mary Walker's Cathedral. The building is in the early pointed Gothic style of architecture, from designs by Sir Gilbert Scott, at a cost (although not thoroughly completed) of £110,000. This gorgeous temple was opened for public worship in the early part of 1879. The steeple of the edifice, when seen say from the other end of Princes Street or Calton Hill, forms a grand termination to the vista of Princes Street. When returning to that street after our inspection

of St. Mary's it would be advisable to take the first street to our left, and steer our way to Charlotte Square, where St. George's Church and the Prince Consort's bronze equestrian statue stand. The latter occupies an exceptionally fine position, and is an object of such surpassing beauty, that a sight of it would well repay one for wandering many a weary mile. George Street strikes off eastward from this point. It is one of the finest streets in the city, and contains a number of noble buildings and a few monuments - notably a bronze statue of the Rev. Dr. Chalmers - but it does not consist with our arrangements to go along and visit them. We, instead, elect to go down Charlotte Street and prosecute our exploration of Princes Street. This we will begin by drawing your attention to a large church of a plain unpretentious nature, but with not an unpleasing steeple. The Church lies in the valley, in the shadow of the Castle, opposite the embouchure of the street we came down, and is that of St. Cuthbert's, which stands on a site that has been hallowed for a thousand years as a place where the Almighty Maker of heaven and earth has been worshipped in a series of churches erected to His praise and glory. In its green "kirkyaird" Thomas De Quincey, "the opium eater," eminent as a man of letters, sleeps his long dreamless, drugless sleep, after his weary life-long warfare with adverse circumstances. The building that stands by the roadside between St. Cuthbert's and us is St. John's Episcopal Church. This edifice is a fine specimen of the later Gothic style. An Ionic Cross stands in front of it which was erected to the memory of Dean Ramsay, for many years incumbent of the Church, and the genial author of that evergreen book the "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," now, I think, running through its twentieth edition These, the only buildings to the right at this end of the street, being passed by, we, on moving along, reach, on the same side, West Princes Street Gardens, which, along with the Castle and its grassy slopes, lend such a grace and charm to this most captivating boulevard. Within the railings that fence in these gardens are to be seen the statues of two great and distinguished men in different walks of life-one in bronze of Sir James Simpson, the eminent accoucheur, in sitting posture, and the other, in marble, of Allan Ramsay, the poet, author of the immortal "Gentle Shepherd." When these are passed West Princes Street Gardens end. The gardens were private up to a few years ago. Between them and East Princes Street Gardens the huge mound that connects the new and old bronze floore is begun and dull as companed with its naiobbour

town heaves its useful but unlovely bulk on high, at the end of which, nearest Princes Street, there stands the Royal Institution, a Doric building with a massive portico, over which is placed a colossal freestone statue of the Queen, by Steell, the eminent sculptor. The building contains the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, a Sculpture Gallery, and accommodation for the School of Design, the Royal Society, and for the Board of Trustees for Manufactures in Scotland. The Museum is open free on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays from 10 till 4, and on Saturdays from 7 till 9 P.M. On Thursdays and Fridays the admission is 6d. The Sculpture Gallery, on Wednesdays and Fridays, is open from 10 till 4—fee 6d.—free on Saturdays during the same hours. Behind the Royal Institution there stands The National Gallery of Scotland, built in the Ionic style of architecture. Within its ample area there are two galleries, which are the counterparts of each other. One of these is occupied annually from February till May with the works of living artists, and the other is the receptacle of the permanent National Collection of Paintings, amounting at present to between 500 and 600, with, in addition, 26 sculptures, models, and bronzes. The gallery is open to the public free on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays-on Thursdays and Fridays the entrance fee is 6d. On the heights, in the old town, immediately behind this building, the Free Church of Scotland Assembly Hall and College, and, a little distance to the left of the same, the Bank of Scotland, tower aloft in beauty. In the former, as in the latter, money is frequently the all absorbing topic of discourse. Moving on eastward, we now enter East Princes Street Gardens, and on the flower-besprinkled, shrub-adorned, grand esplanade of these overlooking the lovely terraced slopes, at the foot of which there erstwhile lay the unsavoury Nor' Loch, we in turn survey the following objects, namely, a majestic bronze statue of the renowned Professor Wilson, the "Christopher North" of Blackwood's Magazine. This is one of the most imposing works of art of its kind to be seen anywhere. What a splendid specimen of a man he must have been of whom this is the counterfeit presentment! It certainly gives the world assurance that "Christopher" was a man of regal bearing and Jovian aspect, and compounded of noble properties, mental and physical. In its near vicinity we observe the bronze statue of Adam Black, eminent as a publisher, ex-M.P. for the City, and its sometime Lord Provost. The appearance of this bronze figure is heavy and dull as compared with its neighbour.

A few paces from this takes us on to that wondrous Norman Cross. a romance in stone and lime, the Scott Monument, of highly ornate Gothic architecture. The 200 feet high central spire of this great national memorial is supported by four arches which form a canopy for the marble-seated figure of that rapt minstrel and incomparable novelist, who, by the romance and glamourie of his works, has done so much to advance the temporal, as well as the higher, interests of the land that gave him birth. He invested it with a magic spell-woven garment that secures for it the undving love, admiration, and homage of men of every clime. It is no exaggeration to say that Sir Walter, by his immortal works, has made the whole of Scotland, from the English borders to where the Shetland Isles stud the melancholy main, the land of Scott. It is especially true that the such is the case in regard to Edinburgh, the Vale of Tweed, and Lake District of Scotland. Sir Walter Scott was specially proud of the City we are now exploring, and it is proud of the bard. One can hardly think of the place without thinking of him. He to a large extent made Edinburgh-and it in return does well to make much of his memory. The architect of this triumphant work of art that we are now surveying was a self-taught man named Kempt, who was accidentally drowned in the Canal of Edinburgh, before the completion of this trophy of his genius. The monument cost between £15,000 and £16,000. It is open daily to visitors at a fee of 2d. Having lingered long and lovingly about and around this enchanting pile, we break the chain of sympathy that binds us to the spot and push onwards. The next art object that overlooks, with calm eternal eyes, the busy thoroughfare is the bronze statue of that eminent African explorer and heroic standard bearer of the Cross, Dr Livingstone. The near proximity of the same to Scott's heaven-piercing monument is rather trying, as in its shadow it looks somewhat puny and insignificant, it lacks grandeur, and it ought to have been more colossal in size. Emerging from these gardens of delight we pass the access to the Waverley Bridge and Railway Station of the same cognomen, and at its eastern side take a promenade on the roof of the Waverley Vegetable Market, which is on a level with the street. On it there is a most interesting exhibition of clusters of plants and flowers of various kinds, formed into many quaint and curious devices. Verily the Edinburghers have the knack of tricking out their city right daintly, making it "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." We have now almost reached the end of this thoroughfare which, on one of its sides, is the abiding place

of the efficies of the great men of the past, while on its other stand the palatial edifices in which the men, great and small, of the present, who have put money in their purse, take their ease at their Inn, and look with mortal eyes upon the immortals on the other side the We now cross the street to view the equestrian bronze statue by Steell erected in front of the Register House in honour of the "Iron Duke," the hero of a hundred fights. It cost £10,000. Nearly opposite this imposing work of art, the General Post Office, in the Italian style of architecture, rears its grand form from off the classic ground where erstwhile stood the old Theatre Royal, in which Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Murray (its lessee and manager), and other bright stars in the theatrical firmament shone with distinguished splendour. Sir Walter Scott and his set were ardent supporters of the drama, and so critical was an Edinburgh audience supposed then to be that to pass successfully the trying ordeal of acting before such was to secure fame and establish an unimpeachable reputation, There was no appeal against its verdict. Now, the players having played out their respective parts, the lights are extinguished, and the curtain of death has fallen and hidden them from our view. "Gone all gone, the old familiar faces;" but their fame still abides and hallows the theatre of their triumphs. The Post Office cost £120,000. Its western front faces North Bridge Street, the principal connecting link between the new and old towns; but along it we do not pass, but move still eastward, past the head of Leith Walk, along Waterloo Place and Regent Bridge until, to the left, we reach the steps that lead to the

CALTON HILL,

From the summit of which we obtain most satisfactory views of that City which is fairer than all other cities in the round globe, and more like the creation of a gorgeous dream than a thing of reality. A large extent of its surrounding country, including the Firth of Forth and distant land o' Fife, is also within the range of vision, the combined whole forming, under favourable atmospheric influences, such an imposing, charming, varied picture as of a verity abides in the memory ever as a supreme delight. By night the view, looking cityward when the town is all ablaze with light, is simply as sublime, weird, and wondrous as one of Martin's pictures. I will merely mention the monuments that grace this breezy summit, as the limited space at my command will not admit of my doing more. The first monument that we reach is that erected to Dugald

Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. It is of Greek design, and was erected in 1831. Near to it we notice the Royal Observatory, also Grecian in style. These examined, we move on to the part of the hill that overlooks Regent's Road and visit the Nelson Monument. It is in the form of a grand round tower, 102 feet high, springing from a square castellated base, the whole surmounted by a time ball that falls at sharp 1 P.M., Greenwich time. Within the edifice is a camera obscura, and other objects of interest. Fee for liberty to visit the collection, 1s; top of monument only, 3d. The only other monument on the higher elevation of the hill is the "stickit" one, velept National. It was to have been a reproduction of the Pantheon at Athens in honour of the valiant Scotchmen who fell at Waterloo. When the basement, twelve massive columns, and the architrave were erected, and £13,500 spent, the available funds were exhausted. and there it remains, at one and the same time, a highly picturesque modern ruin and a symbol of the folly of its promoters, who set to work to build a house without first counting and preparing for the cost. It would have taken four times the money that they were able to scrape up to finish the building properly. The huge congeries of castellated buildings that here lie beneath us on a lower slope of the hill, as we look westward, comprise the Calton Gaol, and the Obelisk that towers over it is one erected to the Political Martyrs. Muir, Palmer, Margarot, and Gerald, who, in 1793-4, were transported for advocating reforms which have long since been effected to the great satisfaction of the governors and the governed of these realms. We now descend from our coigne of 'vantage and turn to the left along Regent Road, and shape our course towards ancient Holyrood. In our journey thitherwards we pass, on our left, the famous High School of Edinburgh, built in the pure Greek style of architecture. This building is considered by competent judges to be one of the greatest adornments of the City. It dates from 1829, and cost £30,000. To the right, on the shoulder of the hill, a short distance beyond it, there stands Burns' Monument overlooking the Canongate. This erection is built pretty much after the fashion of a Greek temple, surrounded with columns. The year 1833 saw its birth. The public are admitted between 10 and 4 to the monument to view the many interesting articles which it contains associated with the poet. Near this there is a path known by the name of Jacob's Ladder, and down it we descend to the north back of the

Canongate. Turning to the left we follow its course and find ourselves, in the lapse of a few minutes, opposite

HOLYROOD ABBEY AND PALACE.

In front of the Palace there is a fountain of exquisitely beautiful workmanship, a reproduction of a very ancient one that stood at the Royal Palace of Linlithgow. The Abbey and Palace are open every week-day from 11 to 6-fee 6d, Saturdays free. We enter and first explore the grand old ruins of the historic Abbey, within the walls of which many kings and nobles were interred, and within the area of which Charles I, was crowned king of Scotland, and James II., James III., and Queen Mary and Darnley were married. Having, for a brief period, wandered about the old Gothic ruin, brooding over the distant past, until fancy almost presents a vision of it in all its picturesque trappings to the mind's eye, we leave the hallowed precincts and enter the Palace by the north side of the quadrangle. The most interesting part of the building is the northwest tower, in which Queen Mary's apartments are situated; but the first place shown to visitors is the Picture Gallery, which is 150 feet long by 27 broad. On its walls are hung pictures of 106 Scottish sovereigns - I call them pictures advisedly, to call them portraits would be perpetrating a heinous imposition upon your credulity, my confiding friends. The great majority of the faces that look out from their gilded frames upon you are mere daubs, executed to order at so much per head by a dauber in the reign of Charles I., and are consequently a swindle. The more recently added portraits, however, are creditable, interesting and truthful likenesses of the parties they represent, and well worthy of careful inspection, as are also those on the screen at the end of the room. In this noble reception-room Bonnie Prince Charlie, flushed with victory, held his levees and balls during the short and golden period that he was de facto King of Edinburgh. It still annually. for a brief period, resumes something of its ancient gaiety when the Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland holds his levees within its venerable walls. It also wakens up and looks something like its old self when the Scottish peers, prior to each new Parliament being constituted, meet to elect 16 of their number to represent them in the House of Lords. Lord Darnley's rooms are on the same floor as the gallery. One of them contains a portrait of him when he was a "gawkey" youth, and others contain a few suggestive relics of his ill-starred spouse. The

private stair that leads, or rather led, from Darnley's rooms to the Queen's apartments above, was the one used by the assassins of Rizzio, whose life's blood still stains the floor at the entrance to the Queen's audience-chamber, which we now enter. The suit of rooms exhibited here are of the most intense interest. Off the audiencechamber is Mary's bed-chamber. It contains a very handsome bed and part of the original clothing, also a work-box of hers, and portraits of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth. The small supper-room adjoining this is the one where Darnley held the Queen while George Douglas, Ruthven, and their fellow-conspirators struck down the Queen's musician with their daggers and dragged their unhappy victim to the door of the audience-chamber where they savagely gave him his quietus. When the Queen was apprised of the death of her favourite she vowed vengeance, and the Kirk o' Field, where Darnley perished, attested how terribly she glutted her wrath and kept her vow. On the opposite side of the quadrangle are the apartments used by Her Majesty when she honours the Palace of her ancestors with her presence, which is but These are not open to the public. We now wend our seldom. way down stairs and, had time permitted, we might have taken a peep of St. Anthony's Chapel and Well, which overlook the Queen's Park, and also, if a cab were obtainable, have taken a drive to Arthur's Seat, past Salisbury Crags, by the Queen's Drive, all desirable things to do; but, in the meantime, we must make a rapid march without delay up the Canongate to explore

THE OLD TOWN OF EDINBURGH.

But before doing so, I may mention, en passant, that on the way to Regent Road, just outside of the Palace gates, there is a quaint pavilion-roofed little building, with the circular turret so conspictous in old Scotch baronial buildings. This was, according to popular tradition, Queen Mary's Bath House, where, to preserve her rare beauty, she royally, at stated times, indulged in the luxury of a bath in white wine. This house, which is to all appearance of the same era as the older portions of the Palace, was evidently one of its porter lodges, and it was by this way that Rizzio's marderers made their escape. In 1789, when repairs were being executed in the place, a probable memento of that bloody deed in the shape of a corroded richly inlaid antique dagger was found sticking in the sarking of the roof. We now, after this divergence, make our way straight up the ancient Canongate, a short distance up which, on

the left hand side, there stands a goodly-balconied house with a history attached to it. The same is Moray House, which, down till recently, was from the time of Charles I, the town residence of the Earls of Moray; it is now a Free Church training college. Within its walls Oliver Cromwell had his quarters in 1648. And here, when two years more had sped their flight, Lord Lorne wedded the Lady Mary Stuart, eldest daughter of Lord Moray, ten days before the enemy of his house, the Marquis of Montrose, was executed. It is stated that the marriage party, when the festivities had lasted eight days, stepped on to the balcony and surveyed, with evident pleasure, the procession that then escorted the Marquis to This occurrence took place two days before his execu-He was driven by the common hangman past Moray House. ignominiously tied to a low cart, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Argyll were of the number of those who exultantly looked upon the chained lion below. The Marchioness, with tigerish hate and hellish spite, spat upon the gallant Graham, who had utterly routed her white-livered lord in one sanguinary action, the progress of which the latter surveyed at a safe distance. Montrose also chased Argyll ignominiously round and round the Highlands, and at will burned and harried his country undisturbed by its master. Now to be spat upon by the wife of such an one was, "alas, alas! a devilish change indeed," but one that his intrepid spirit was quite equal to, for he calmly gazed at his enemies with such a look of supreme scorn and utter contempt that made them quail and shrink before its scathing glance. Although a condemned man, with sentence of death passed on him, in soul he was still, although in bonds, the hero of a hundred fights, and Argyll's master. It was a pity, for his memory, that he had not fought and suffered in a nobler cause. As showing the uncertain nature of the times, and how the mighty ones of the land were, at that period, the mere playthings of fortune, eleven years subsequent to the execution of Montrose, Lord Lorne, then Marquis of Argyll, and an honour to his country and his name, was also put to death at the Cross of the City. the opposite side of the street from this we espy the Canongate Tolbooth and Court House, with projecting horologe. This building is a good specimen of the quaint architecture of the era of James VI. Adjacent to this memorial of the olden time lies the churchyard of the parish, where many very eminent men are buried. Amongst those may be mentioned Robert Fergusson, the Scotch poet, over whose remains Robert Burns, a greater poet than he,

caused a stone of memorial to be erected. Moving upwards and onwards we emerge from the not-too-savoury Canongate and enter High Street, and find shortly after doing so that we have to our right an antique picturesque house of many gables and projections, a charming specimen from basement to garret of the architecture of the 16th century. This venerable building, flanked by a church and a well, is to thousands upon thousands invested with more interest than attaches to the proudest private dwelling in the City. for here lived and died John Knox, the Reformer, who never feared the face of man, or quailed before the angry menaces of a haughty Queen. It is very generally conceded that to John Knox Scotland owes much-very much-of her present civil and religious liberty. and her honourable position among the nations of the world. The house can be seen on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 12 to 4, on payment of a nominal sum. Higher up, on the same side, we get abreast of a very ancient wood and plaster house, with an entry from an outside stair at No. 153 of the street. On the first floor, to the right of said stair, Allan Ramsay, the poet, had his book shop, which was a favourite lounge for the literati of his time. A short distance above honest Allan's old quarters the North and South Bridges strike off respectively to the right and left of our line of march. The Church that fronts us at that position is the Tron, so called from the official weights of the city having been anciently there placed. It was in the Tron Church, in the time of William III., that a Presbyterian minister, during his performance of public worship, uttered this remarkable prayer, "Lord have mercy upon all fools and idiots, and particularly upon the Town Council of Edinburgh." When a little way above Cockburn Street, one of the accesses to the Waverley Station and New Town, in which there are situated two good hotels-Young's and Philp's -we find ourselves confronted with the famous Uathedral of St. Giles, with its noble coronal-crowned, ancient tower, and grand Gothic pillared and groined interior, which is being restored to its original imposing state chiefly through the munificence of Dr. William Chambers the eminent and prosperous publisher, and whilom Provost of "Auld Reekie." This building is historically interesting, for within its hallowed walls, in 1643, the Solemn League and Covenant was sworn to and signed by Parliament, the General Assembly of the Scottish Church, and by the English Commissioners; and within its venerable bounds the Regent Moray and the Marquis of Montrose lie in peace, their weary warfare o'er. From its pulpit John Knox poured forth his burning streams of eloquence, and roused at will the fierce democracy, and made the licentious gentle folks quake in their shoes as he lashed, unsparingly, their vices. Here also in more loving vein he administered the Holy Sacraments of the Church with subdued holy feeling, and spoke words of peace to calm the troubled souls of his oft-times afflicted flock. In later times in this place, in 1673, at the period of the second Reformation (from Prelacy) Jenny Geddes, an apostle of the same, "ye kaill wyve of ye Tron Mercat," hurled her "creepy" stool (which is now in the Antiquarian Museum) at the head of an offending Dean, whom the Bishop had just ordered to read the Collect for the day. The virago, meanwhile, shouting, as the missile flew to its mark, "Colic, said ye; the deil colic the wame o' ye. Wud ye say mass at my lug, ye villain." Within the railings of the Cathedral the Old Cross of Edinburgh rears its lofty unicorn-capt head. When it stood in its original position, near this, in the High Street, where a cross is in the pavement, it was more imposing, for it then sprung from a massive octagonal base, arched beneath, and with turrets at the angles of the summit, from which State proclamations were made. Under its shadow Montrose, Huntly, the Argylls, Warriston, and a host of other illustrious victims to political dissension were dismissed to Hades by the hangman's hands. Eleven years before its demolition in 1756 the victorious Highlanders proclaimed beneath this ancient relic Prince Charlie and his father, amid the skirl of bagpipes and the blare of trumpets. Behind St. Giles, at the quadrangle of Parliament Square, we shall see an equestrian statue of Charles II. in Roman toggery, executed in lead, and erected in his honour in 1685 at the expense of the city. John Knox was interred, it is supposed, below where the statue stands, the square at the period of his death having formed St. Giles' Churchyard. What an irony of fate! The idea of Charles II., the sensual, blood-stained tyrant and apostate, having a leaden effigy reared to his honour by the infatuated, sycophantish rulers of the city on such a hallowed spot is an outrage on our best and most sacred feelings, and cannot be spoken of without loss of temper. At the north-west corner of St. Giles' you may observe a heart figured on the pavement This marks the site where the Old Tolbooth or the "Heart of Midlothian" stood. These "auld warld" matters appertaining to St. Giles' being disposed of, we enter the Parliament House that ies behind it. This is the seat of the highest Law Court in the

land, where the Lords of Session sit to try cases—civil and criminal. The Parliament Hall connected therewith is a noble apartment, 122 feet long by 49 broad, and has a magnificent carved oaken roof which springs from curiously carved corbels, attesting to the high architectural abilities of our forefathers. The hall was first used for the meetings of the Scottish Parliament in 1639. After promenading up and down the place for a few times, gazing upon the gorgeous stained glass windows, grand marble statues, and charming paintings that adorn it, we descend to the Advocates and Signet Libraries which contain close upon quarter of a million of printed books, and valuable MSS by the hundred. The most intensely interesting of the latter are the several copies of the Solemn League and Covenant with the original subscriptions attached. Here also you may be introduced to one of Pharaoh's daughters, and be allowed, through a hole in the mummy case, to touch her ivory brow. After this exploration we resume our journey by first stepping across the street and taking a peep at the Royal Exchange. in the front portion of which are situated the Council Chambers of the city, one of which contains a bronze statue in Roman costume. regarding which, strange to say, there seems to be some doubt as to whom it represents, but it is generally supposed to be a representation of the young Pretender. The Royal Exchange is not what you might suppose it to be from its title. It is not a place where merchants most do congregate, but its space is to a large extent utilised for the business premises of private firms. It dates from the middle of the 18th century, and cost between £31,000 and £32,000. Here John's old established hotel is situated. In our progress Castleward we now leave the High Street behind, and enter the Lawnmarket, which is a continuation of the same. From this street to the left the West Bow, now Victoria Street, strikes off, which leads to the famous Grassmarket, where Portecus was hung by the rioters, and where several dwellings which belonged to the Knight Templars still stand surmounted with small iron crosses. It does not consist with my programme to guide you down to visit these ancient quarters as our time does not admit of it at present. When we reach Johnston Terrace (which runs round the base of the Castle Hill-and debouches into Lothian Road via which the Caledonian Railway Station at West Princes Street can be reached-and communicates with Castle Terrace) we find at its junction with the foot of Castle Hill a very striking Gothic building with a spire 241 feet high. This building is the General Assembly

Hall of the Established Church of Scotland. Its cost was £16,000. On the opposite side of Castle Hill Street, but screened from the same by a wall, there is situated the Free Church Assembly Hall and College which is the headquarters of the great rival of the Establishment. (Here stood the palace of Mary de Guize, mother of Mary Queen of Scots). The principal entrances to the same are by the head of the Mound. The buildings were erected in 1850 and 1859 and cost £37,000. After a stiff pull up the Castle Hill we reach the Esplanade of the Castle on which there is a handsome drinking fountain and one or two monuments. During the Reformation struggle several martyrs were here burned. And here. also, the city had its origin in the small cluster of houses that formed, in the far off past, Edwin's Burgh. We now enter the world-renowned Castle of Edinburgh, and visit the chamber in which the ancient Regalia of the Scottish monarchs is exhibited. and then take a glance at St. Margaret's Chapel and Queen Mary's Room, these being the only antique portions of the existing erections, and they compare favourably with the other buildings which are of the cotton factory style of architecture, and, therefore, a disgrace to all concerned in their erection. Before descending from this proud eminence we had better feast our eyes upon the glorious landscape th t lies spread out before us, embracing all the elements requisite in the formation of a perfect picture, and, for that purpose, we visit the Bomb Battery where the famous cannon, Mons Meg, still mounts guard, although disabled. It dates from the 15th century, when it did good service at the sieges of Dumbarton and Norham Castles. Prior to 1829, when it was restored to Scotland, it was one of the sights of the Tower of London for 145 years. It is formed of thick iron bars bound together by massive rings of the same metal. Its length is 12 feet, with a bore 20 inches in diameter.

"Right seenil am I gi'en to bannin',
But, by my saul, ye was a cannon;
Could hit a man, had he been stannin'
In shire o' Fyfe
Sax lang Scots miles ayont Clackmannan,
And tak his life."

Having seen "the lions" of the Castle, we retrace our steps until we reach *Melbourne Place* where the famous confectioner, Ferguson, of "Edinburgh Rock" fame, dispenses his dainty packets of the same for the delectation of tourists, and there we make a right-wheel and

wend our way across George IV. Bridge that crosses the ancient picturesque, but evil-odoured, Cowgate, for the purpose of examining the Greyfriars Church and churchyard, that are situated to the right at the southern extremity of the bridge. On a table tombstone of the churchyard "the Solemn League and Covenant" was signed by many men of mark in the realm, some of whom, in their enthusiasm, wrote their name with the life's blood that coursed through their veins, and many of whom, in defence of the same, perished at the headsman's block, the stake, and the scaffold. A man in these sad, but in some respects not inglorious times, required to have the courage of his opinions. In this churchyard hundreds of Covenanters were penned up like sheep, exposed to the cruel mockery of their oppressors, and the scarcely less cruel wintry blasts that carried destruction on their wings. About 100 of these slaughtered saints here sleep the sleep of the just, their weary warfare o'er. The martyrs' monument to our right, as we proceed down the grounds, gives many particulars in regard to the sad havoc committed upon Scotland's noblest sons by the brutal emissaries of a godless king. Many eminent men in many diverse walks of life here mingle with their parent dust. Amongst the number of such may be noted Allan Ramsay and Duncan Ban M'Intyre, poets, and George Buchanan the historian. Old Grevfriars Church, that stands with its gable towards you at the entrancegate, was built in 1612 and restored in 1857. The new Grevfriars' Church, which stands to the westward, but contiguous to its more ancient brother of the same cognomen, was built in 1722. Externally, neither of these are worth much to look at, but old Grevfriars, internally, with its richly-stained glass windows and massive pillars, is attractive. To enable parties to find out easily the particular spot where the prisoners, taken in 1679 at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, were confined, it may be stated that it is at the south-west angle of the churchyard, within an iron-gated enclosure of considerable extent, now partly filled up with tombs. Right opposite this place, in the north-east corner, the dust—the sacred dust-lies of those who suffered at Edinburgh as "witnesses for the Crown Rights and Royal Prerogatives of Jesus Christ during the 28 years' persecution." Further, it may be stated that George Buchanan is interred in the east side of the churchyard, and Allan Ramsay is buried near the south wall of the church, on the outside of which there has been erected a memorial stone with suitable inscription. Not far from this there is an enclosure at the

south-east of the ground to the right of the path that you follow while making for the exit-gate on leaving the church. It was on one of the six stones contained in this space that numbers of those who could not obtain room in the church signed the Solemn League and Covenant on the memorable occasion when Alexander Henderson preached therein a rousing sermon, after which, numbers of noblemen and gentlemen, headed by the Earl of Sutherland, adhibited their signatures to the document before leaving the sanctuary. The signing of this ell square parchment was performed "amidst tears, prayers, and aspirations which could find no words, some writing with their blood." To the south-west of these churches the Heriot Hospital grounds bound those of the Grevfriars, and in their ample, and beautifully ornamented space, George Heriot's 200 "callants" dwell, and are educated in the spacious home built for them by their worthy benefactor, "Jingling Geordie's weel hained siller." The building is quadrangular in form, and in style is a mixture of Gothic and Roman, with the castellated baronial of the Tudor period. Inigo Jones is the supposed architect of the noble edifice. In the same locality are situated "The Meadows," the Royal Infirmary, and several richly-endowed Hospitals for the board and education of boys-and others for girls. On emerging from the gate at Grevfriars', we now strike straight across the road at the end of George IV. Bridge, and go down Chambers' Street, to visit the Museum of Science and Art, erected on the south-side of the same. Its ample space is filled with products of the industrial arts, models of various kinds, minerals and fossils, objects of natural history, &c. The foundation-stone of this building was laid by the late Prince Consort in 1861. It is still incomplete, but when it is finished it will be the largest public building in Scotland. On Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays the Museum is open from 10 till 4-fee, 6d; and on the same hours on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays free. On the other side of Chambers' Street there is a handsome new building erected to accommodate the Watt Institute and School of Arts. A portion of the same is used, however, for the housing of the Phrenological Museum, to which the public are admitted free from 1 till 6. Fronting this edifice there is a statue of James Watt a fac simile of those we are all familiar with. the foot of this street we turn round its southern corner, pace on a few steps, and enter the Edinburgh University as students of architecture. The buildings which compose it occupy a site between Chambers' Street on the north, and South College Street on

the south, with the principal front facing Nicolson Street, and stand on historically-interesting ground. The Northern or Chambers' Street portion stands on the site on which stood the house in which Sir Walter Scott was born, and the hall of the Senatus covers the spot where Darnley was blown up while occupying the Prebendaries Chamber at the Kirk o' Field, the principal in the murderous transaction being that great scoundrel Bothwell, who ultimately espoused the not inconsolable widow, to the utter disgust of the whole nation and the speedy ruin of the contracting parties. The University Buildings form a parallelogram under the western Arcade, at which there is a Statue of Sir David Brewster magnificent hall that contains the library is in the south-eastern portion. On its shelves are above 160,000 volumes, and its noble expanse is adorned with many pictures and busts. Admission to view the same can be had from 10 till 4 on payment of a fee of 6d for one person, or 1s for any party not over 12 in number. The Senate room contains portraits of Knox, Buchanan, and other The principal front of this temple of learning has three archways, and two of these have porches, supported by Doric columns 26 feet high, which add much to the imposing appearance of the edifice. This famous University was founded by James VI. in 1582; but the present buildings date from 1834. The education afforded by the University is of the very highest character. As a school of medicine it has achieved a European reputation. Fronting Nicolson Street, on its eastern side, a little distance south of the University, there stands the Royal College of Surgeons, an edifice built in the purely Grecian style, which is considered to be quite an ornament to the City. In the front part of the building there is a museum calculated to be of much benefit to students of Surgery, but certainly not conducive to the pleasure of ordinary sight-seers. Open to strangers, by application at the door, every lawful day (except Tuesdays) from 12 till 4. Having done the principal objects of interest contained within the borders of the Old and New Towns of Edinburgh, we will mount a tramway car and be driven to the Inn of our choice, therein to enjoy our well-earned ease preparatory to driving off on the following morning per the Caledonian or North British Railways to the metropolis of the west, the great cottonspinning, power-loom weaving, shipbuilding, and engineering, capital of the west. And from thence, per rail and (or) boat, to the interesting exploration of the Lake District of Scotland. We will imagine that we have reached, by one or other of the above-mentioned routes,

GLASGOW,

And have been landed at Buchanan Street or Queen Street Stations, and that we are going to make a rapid survey a few of the leading sights of this the second city for wealth and population in the empire. Our little party, we will suppose, musters in George's Square, head of Queen Street, it being a central point and convenient to both railways. This noble Square contains some of the principal hotels of the city, namely, the Imperial. George (late Queen's), and Royal, and also the General Post Office. and will, by-and-by, be further adorned with a magnificent pile of municipal buildings at its eastern end. In the centre of the Square. on a tall column, the figure of Sir Walter Scott dominates a whole host of bronze statues, equestrian and otherwise, of royal and illustrious personages, most of which are splendid products of art, and well worthy of careful inspection. Proceeding down Queen Street. when we have passed St. Vincent Place we immediately find ourselves abreast of the Royal Exchange, which is a noble Greek building with a portico supported by two rows of most beautiful and effective flutted Corinthian pillars springing from the top of a flight of steps. At the front of the building there stands the bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington on a pedestal richly adorned with bas reliefs. After entering the bustling hall of the Exchange and admiring its noble proportions, we quickly make our exit and go through the square westward to Buchanan Street, the most fashionable business street of the city, and turn to the left down the same and make for Argule Street that crosses its foot, and survey the main artery of the place through which rushes the river of life by day and night ceaselessly. I should think that this street, with its continuations eastward of Trongate and Gallowgate and westward of Anderston Walk and Dumbarton Road, will not fall far short of being five or six miles in length. We will here cross the street and go down St. Enoch's Square, where, on the Wednesdays, the farmers from far and near assemble in the open to transact business. Of course, in their vicinity there are several hotels of a decidedly good class. In moving onwards we pass to our right that cosy house of entertainment. His Lordship's Larder, and to our left the noble pile of buildings that form the St. Enoch's Station and Hotel of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, and at the southern end of the Square we pass St. Enoch's Church. Our object in taking you this way is to reach the river side and survey from the Glasgow Bridge, at the foot of Jamaica Street, the forest of masts

that line the far-reaching quays of the city. There are men living who recollect when it took two tides to enable a small lighter to reach the harbour from Greenock, and now, in one tide and with ease, transatlantic steamers of 5000 tons burthen can go over the same ground, or rather water. These be triumphs that the Glasgowegians are very naturally and very properly proud of. When we have feasted our eyes with the animating suggestive sights we proceed up Jamaica Street and, at its top, get outside of a tramway car and drive along to the foot of High Street. On our journey thither we are much impressed with the tall substantial buildings that lie to right and left of us. Just before we reach our destination a bronze equestrian statue of King William III. is passed, and then we get off opposite the tower of the old Tolbooth that lies adjacent thereto at the corner of the High Street which we require to march up to visit the Cathedral. In our progress to it we pass to our right, when a considerable way up the thoroughfare, the old University Buildings (now a railway station.) Their situation in this, the heart of the oldest and least reputable part of the city. was latterly not by any means a desirable one, and now the far west part of the city rejoices in the possession of the noble pile of Gothic buildings in which the rising youth of the present generation go through their college course. "Putting a stout heart to a stev brae" we, after a sturdy effort, surmount the steep ascent, and, on its crest, three buildings face us. The first is the Barony Church. allowed to be one of the ugliest in Scotland, but one hallowed to Scotchmen, for within its walls that gifted man, Norman Macleod, D.D., beloved alike by the Queen upon the throne and by all grades of society down to the lowliest of her subjects, preached the glad tidings of salvation to a devoted people. Take him for all in all we dare hardly hope to soon look upon his like again. He was a man in whom dwelt no guile-one who, at all times and under all circumstances, would "trust in God and do the right." A statue of this patriotic churchman is to be erected here to perpetuate his memory. The central building of the three alluded to above is St. Mungo's Cathedral, and the one higher up is the Roy al Infirmary. We penetrate into the venerable precincts of the

.CATHEDRAL

Which, on certain days, is free to visitors, and on other days a fee of 2d is exacted. This building is, perhaps, the only one of its class in Scotland that has come down to our era unscathed by time or by iconoclastic reformers. Glasgowegians in particular and Scotchmen in general are proud of it. The religious fane as a whole, with its gorgeous-stained glass windows, is a truly magnificent specimen of the Gothic architecture of the middle ages. Its crypt, where the shrine of St. Mungo is situated, is stated to be the finest in Great Britain. From the High Churchyard we obtain a fine view of the Necropolis, where the more illustrious dead of the city repose. Towering over the place of stones there stands a tall pillar on which is placed John Knox's colossal figure, the observed of all observers. Passing along due westward from this point we, after several miles journey (say three), reach the banks of the classic Kelvin, on the one side of which is Glasgow's most charming West End Park, and on the farther side, on a gentle but commanding eminence, the Glasgow New University Buildings. The architect of this noble Gothic pile was Sir Gilbert Scott. When these are finished, and thoroughly equipped in every department according to his plans, they will stand peerless among the Universities of the kingdom. Our rapid scamper through a considerable portion of the metropolis of the west being over, we press a cab or tramway car into our service and wend our way to our respective hotels for the night, to enjoy the good things that never fail to be spread upon their hospitable boards for the refreshment of the weary hungry traveller. Before retiring to rest I would just ask to be permitted to sav a few words. and they are these-Glasgow is not a show city like its eastern rival Edinburgh, but it has in its own way considerable attractions for the general run of men. The rush of human beings along its principal streets is something tremendous. In Edinburgh it is considered to be the correct thing to walk along in such a calm, dignified, leisurely way as if you had made your fortune and had an eternity at your disposal to spend it in. In Glasgow, on the contrary, you would think that few or none had reached that happy state, but that all were more or less eagerly engaged in the race after riches. Here, if anywhere, the battle of life is being vigorously fought with the survival of the fittest as it outcome. It is terrible. When we stand in one of the principal thoroughfares and scan the earnest faces of the passers by, upon which smiles all too seldom play to smooth out therefrom the wrinkles of care, one not unnaturally sighs for the Lake District of Scotland, with its bracing air, noble scenery, delightful solitudes, and unsophisticated people, to which district I trust you will find the subsequent pages of this work to be a trustworthy and beloved guide.



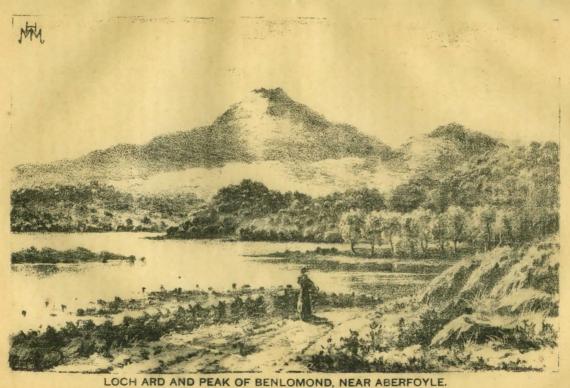
GLASGOW TO LOCHLOMOND AND LOCH KATRINE VIA ABERFOYLE

Will be our first outing. The Queen Street Station of the North British Railway is the point of departure for the exploration of this new and delightful route to Rob Roy's country, as described in this and the immediately subsequent pages. Parties, however, may proceed thereto either via Balloch and Inversnaid on Lochlomond. or via Callander, Trossachs, and Stronachlacher on Loch Katrine, or from Balloch and Stirling Stations at each end of the Forth & Clyde Railway on to the Clachan of Aberfoyle, &c., by Buchlyvie, and return to Glasgow in the reverse manner to that which we purpose now doing. Having thus set forth that matter plainly, we will suppose that we have chosen our carriage, taken up the seat therein that we most affect, and that our iron steed has sounded its shrill, ear-splitting neigh of departure, then we find ourselves "incontinently" plunged into cimmerian darkness of five minutes' duration, while three minutes thereafter we are whisked past the busy junction of Cowlairs, and then, when 31 miles on our journey, we on our left find Bishopbrians Station and village, the scene of the first act in the tragic end of Sir William Wallace, the heroic Governor of Scotland. Here he was betraved into the hands of his implacable foes, the English, who then had a pretty tight grip of the country, and held among other strongholds that of Dumbarton Castle, to which place he was first taken, and from thence marched to London, where this incorruptible and incomparable hero was tried and unrighteously condemned. executed, and dismembered, as a traitor to England, to which country or crown he owed no fealty. When 61 miles of the main line between Edinburgh and Glasgow are covered, Lenzie Junction is reached. This is a locale beloved of the Glasgow shopocracy, whose snug cottages and more pretentious villas are here scattered about in considerable numbers, testifying to the taste, wealth, and longings for semi-rusticity of the cits. Here we make a divergence from an almost due east course to one almost due north. The first station we run abreast of on this branch is that of Kirkintilloch, 8, and the next Milton, 93 miles from Glasgow; and 2 miles beyond this

we, at Lennoxtown, enter the Blane Valley Station, having passed en route thus far several large industrial establishments. Blane Valley, into which we now rush, is a depression across the Lennox hills separating the Campsie part of the range on the northeast from the less exalted but beautiful Kilpatrick portion of the same on the south-west. This vale is eminently picturesque by reason of the hills which hem it in being of varying altitude, contour, and formation, and also because of the old red sandstone basis from which the rocks (principally traps) shoot up being beautified exceedingly by mansions, streams, wood, heathery knowes, and cultivated fields. After leaving in our rear Campsie Glen, Strathblane, and Blanefield Stations, respectively 121, 154, and 164 miles from Glasgow, when nearing Old Killearn Station we pass, on the right, Admiral Sir Wm. Edmonston's venerable residence. Duntreath Castle, and also the picturesque hill of Dungovne, which soars adjacent thereto. Near the base of the hir, in a bosky glen, stands the famous whisky distillery of Glengoyne, belonging to Lang Brothers of Glasgow, where the pure sparkling dew of the mountain is converted into gude Scotch drink of prime quality and flavour. Sweeping onwards, when 193 and 211 miles of our journey is performed, we arrive respectively at Old and New Killearn Stations. Killearn is the birth place of George Buchanan, the eminent historian, Latin scholar, and tutor to James VI. of Scotland A handsome newly restored obelisk is here erected to his revered memory. It and the very pretty gothic church of the parish, adjacent thereto, form pleasing features in the fair landscape. The new church was erected at considerable cost by that princely-hearted man, Archibald Orr Ewing, M.P., Esq. of Ballikinrain, and one of the heritors of the parish, in memory of a dearly beloved deceased daughter, and presented by him to the parishioners. To the northward thereof stands the old parish kirk. At this stage we enter on the first section of the Aberfoyle Railway, enjoying beautiful glimpses of the water and strath of Endrick, and en route crossing a bridge of 120 feet span that clears the river. This portion of the line runs nor'-west for 23 miles, until it joins that of the Forth & Clyde Railway near Balfron (241.) From this station we bowl along almost due east for 41 miles to Buchlyvie Station (281), beyond which the second section, fully 5 miles in length, of the Aberfoyles Railway begins. About 500 yards beyond the station we by gentle curves branch off from the old line, our engine now heading almost due north, having a straight open stretch before it of a couple of

miles. We now leave the Lowlands behind us and enter the Highlands, having in front the glorious mountain range of the Grampians, the towering peaks of Ben Ledi in the east, Ben Aan and Ben Venue in the centre, and Ben Lomond on the far west, shooting up in bold relief against the sky line. Our style of enter ing into the territories of the Gael would have mightily astonished that bauld reiver Rob Rov and his stout-hearted helpmate Helen. who erstwhile dwelt in this classic district. "What seek ye in the MacGregor's country" would ne'er have been uttered by Rob's better half in defiant tones to Bailie Nicol Jarvie & Co. had they penetrated the MacGregor's country as we are now doing, at the tail of a fiery, coal-eating, steam-breathing, velling, thundering dragon, within reach of whose dread voice no decent fairy or picturesque cattlelifter, or any of their belongings, could dwell for five minutes. The Flanders Moss, across whose flat, barren, quaking, dark brown, deeply-seamed surface we now spin at a pleasant rate of speed, was originally 10,000 acres in extent, and at the time of the Roman Conquest formed a portion of the ancient Caledonian Forests. is supposed that it was converted into a peat bog by the Roman soldiers, hewing a path for themselves through its dense solitudes. the fallen monarchs of the wood blocking up the natural channels of the water and forming pools, which ever increasing in number and volume, formed a swamp that swamped in the course of centuries the erstwhile sturdy denizens of this vasty plain. Quitting the Moss, our track through which was as firm as if based on the living rock, we cross the tiny river Kelty, which divides the shires of Stirling and Perth, and here we have, to the west, a view of Mr Bontine Graham's stately, beautifully-situated, tree-clad, venerable mansion house of Gartmore, commanding in front a view of a large part of the Forth Valley. Farther west there is seen the tower of the Free Church and the more elevated houses of the village of Gartmore. Our train now traverses another bog of about a mile in length, known as Gartrenish or Auchna-Coil Moss. From this point may be descried, but very faintly, in the far distance nor'eastward, the steeple of the Parish Kirk of the Port of Menteith. near the Lake of the same cognomen, on an island of which, Inchmahone, Mary Queen of Scots spent many sunny days in her early childhood. At the termination of the Moss we pass over the river Forth by means of a bowstring girder bridge, having a span of 75 feet, and moving westward, quickly reach Gartmore Station, 321 miles distant from Glasgow and 1 mile distant from the village whose

name it bears. After the station is left, our course is first alongside the well-wooded banks of the charming, crystalline, meandering, smooth-flowing river Forth, and then through a rock cutting, emerging from which there breaks upon our vision the Clachan of Aberfoyle and its glorious surroundings. On our left, to the westward. there shoots up prominently The Fairy Knowe, a most beautiful round eminence, once densely clad with noble trees, underneath whose kindly outstretched arms dwelt a race of airy beings forming an intermediate class between men and demons. When the wood was being cut down they flitted, and the district knoweth neither them nor their cantrips any more. Anon the train reaches its destination, and we, its living freight, step out on the platform of the pretty little station of Aberfoyle, 344 miles from, and within 2 hours' drive of, the ancient town o' Sanct Mungo. "My conscience!" what an awfu' thing steam is. To say that by its aid, in such a short space of time and with so much comfort, we have reached this romantic and at one time remote place is simply "prodigious." It took Bailie Nicol Jarvie of immortal memory, honest, douce, patient man, a lang time an' a sair struggle ere he accomplished the journey frae the classic albeit now unsavoury precincts o' the Sautmarket o' Glasgow to this point, where the worthy magistrate fought his famous battle in the village alehouse against some Highland worthies who were boosing therein, the veritable coulter which he so valourously wielded red hot on that occasion being still to the fore and hung, for the gratification of such as are curious on such matters, from the branch of a tree opposite that most delectable house of entertainment vclept The Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel. As we wend our way to this hostelry, which is but a short distance from the station, we are profoundly impressed with the stern sublimity of the scene. Westward we have a verdant, well-wooded glen, flanked by noble ranges of hills, amongst which, tossing up sublimely to the "lift sae hie," supremely soars the proud peak of Benlomond. To the east lie the Grampians, with the Valley of Menteith at their base, and also in that direction, faintly, very faintly depicted on the dim horizon, Stirling Castle and the brown-backed Ochils are seen. Southward rise the circular eminence recently spoken of as being erstwhile the home of an airy race of uncanny beings, and the well-wooded verdant slopes of Gartmore, while to the northward Craigmore rises majestically, and screens the Clachan from the bauld norland blasts. This bold, beetling, dark, frowning eminence has reposing at its feet, 'mid a rich mantl ing of wood, the pretty gothic church and school and school-house



SKETCHED BY MR HAMILTON MACMILLAN, ARTIST, HELENSBURGH, FROM PAINTING BY HIM,
IN POSSESSION OF WM. BABTIE, ESQ., P.F. OF DUNBARTONSHIRE.

of the parish. After calmly surveying this imposing scene, we will suppose that we have entered the hotel and imbibed therein a little of our favourite fluid, whatever it may be, and that we have lit our pipes and offered the wreathed smoke thereof as an incense of a sweet smelling savour to the great god Bacchus. Then, in the calm, philosophic, and most desirable frame of mind ensuing from the observance of such time-honoured customs, we will put ourselves in good form for enjoying to the full a walk or a drive from

ABERFOYLE TO LOCH KATRINE OR LOCHLOMOND.

Having driven over this ground in the company of two very old and very dear friends in the early spring time of the year in the autumn of which the railway thereto was opened, with a view to the publication in due season of a description of the same, I, richt trustie freens, serve up for your delectation this richt trustie narrative of our tour :- After going through the performances above alluded to. we mounted our chariot and gave our Jehu orders to drive us first to Stronachlachar Hotel, on Loch Katrine side, 11 miles distant, and from thence westward to Inversnaid, on Lochlomond side, 5 miles further on, in all a distance of 16 miles of territory which for varied charms stands unsurpassed. During the first stage of the journey we had on our right ramparts of hills of noble bearing, betimes very barren of anything except heather, and at other times richly adorned at their bases and on their water courses with hazel and graceful birch trees, around the boles of which and up the hill sides grew rich, sweet grasses, on which were depastured hundreds of black-faced sheep, with their attendant, sportive, pretty little woolly followers. During our drive through the valley we had to our left the lochs of Ard, Dubh, and Chon, all famous trouting lakes. which constitute the prolific head-waters, or rather principal sources, of the busy Forth. The first-named of the trio is about two miles distant from Aberfovle. It is divided into an upper and lower loch, which are connected by a narrow reedy channel. These grand stretches of dancing, rippling, gladsome waters are set in a framework of undulating hills of varying elevation, the nearer and lowlier being clothed in leafy apparelling, whilst the more remote, among which is the peak of Ben Lomond, sternly shoot up their unclothed, deeply-scarred sides into the vault of heaven. This, one of Scotland's most fascinating minor lakes, is further diversified agreeably and most picturesquely by quaint cottages, a few villas, bosky capes and isles, and also by curving bays, along whose marge the early

spring flowers love to unfold their charms to the soft wanton airs. and there right soon the trees and bushes of the forest don their kirtles of green. On the western bank of the loch, in days of yore, Murdoch, Duke of Albany, of the blood royal, had a lordly castle. Now, as far as I know, its site is almost undistinguishable. Our path for a few miles lav near the margin of Loch Ard, and when this pretty little gem of the wilderness was left in our wake. and during our drive up the valley therefrom to Loch Dubh, the hills hemmed us in more closely than they had done heretofore. When we made the acquaintance of that Loch we found it a dark one. as its name implies, and small withal. The grey hills which flank its western border throw their gloomy shadows deep into the breast of the lochan and quench its joyousness. To our right, after passing Loch Dubh, we came to Rob Roy's Well, of most delectable water. and we, as in duty bound, descended and drank his health thereat right merrily. Still moving upwards and onwards, we reached Loch Chon, a very solitary, narrow, hill-encompassed expanse of water, boasting an islet or two, on one of which there is a heronry, rather a rarity now in Scotland, and also a trig little cottage on its nor'west border, inhabited by one of the Glasgow Corporation Water Works officials. The road beyond this is very steep, and we obtained from that coign of vantage a grand view of the lone, sequestered, gloomy loch, and saw, in the shape of slatey debris, abundant evidences all along its western side of the tunnelling that has been executed there by the orders of the Water Commissioners of Glasgow. The extent of the rocky tunnel from Loch Katrine side to the end of Loch Chon is 6975 feet. After a few more miles driving through scenes where solitude lorded it over the glen, and sweet peace did ever seem to dwell, we entered on the Lochlomond and Loch Katrine road, and turning to our right, in a few minutes found ourselves at

STRONACHLACHER

HOTEL AND PIER, on Loch Katrine side. A score of years had fled, leaving their legacies of joy and sorrow, since the writer of this sketch had last seen the place. The charming lake that stretched out in beauty before us, with the well-wooded, walk-intersected promontories, and fir tree clad isle in the foreground, and a group of rugged hills on the flanks and the background thereof, including Ben Aan and Ben Venue, remained unchanged. Not so the Hotel. At the period spoken of, although dubbed an inn, it was nothing bet-

ter than a superior kind of roadside public house. Now it is a thing of beauty, and handsome and spacious withal. Of course we interviewed mine host, and we received from him anything but a dry reception. With as little delay as possible we drove on our way westward towards Inversnaid, 5 miles distant. During our journey thitherward we found that the glen through which we wended our way presented a charming variety of aspects. After leaving Loch Katrine it exhibited a beauteous combination, for half a mile or so, of wood, water, bold precipitous, boulder-strewn, tree-clad hills, heathery wastes, and a little cultivated ground. Then we entered on a desolate, bleak-looking stretch, where hardly a tree, bush, or human dwelling was visible. The hills which flank the glen rise to a goodly altitude, but they, as a whole, exhibit no romantic shapes, horrid abvsses, or dark-bosomed corries, their sides being grassy and their outlines flowing. Yet even this portion of the road was relieved from dreariness, for adown the hills tripped merrily and musically multitudinous silverine rills, sweet daughters of the dark scowling clouds that make their home on the crests of the mountain, and here also we passed Loch Arklet, a good trouting lake, sleeping calmly in the shadows of misty guardian hills, its fair face having for beauty-spots two tiny wood-crested islets. From this source flows the Arklet water, which in its earlier stages ran at our side very softly through green meadows and moss haggs, and these latter also toned down the dreary aspect of one-half the road. But when the farm steading and old Fort of Inversnaid were passed the hills pressed upon our path more closely, assuming grander forms, and in their midst the Arklet water began to wax boisterous, swaggering furiously on in its downward course through a richly-wooded, deep, rocky ravine, which for beauty has few equals in Scotland, leaping o'er linns, raving o'er or between rocky barriers, swirling in pools. and then on, on, on unrestingly, until 'tween wooded banks it flung its amber waters o'er the fascinating, song-hallowed Falls of Inversnaid, with rushing sound and foaming speed, into the bosom of the lake, there, its furious, rock-tormented course over, to rest in peace. The imposing character of the scenery of the latter half of the journey culminated at the top of the eminence that dominates

INVERSNAID

HOTEL and Lochlomond. To our left raved the Arklet through its ever-deepening, ever-beautifying gorges. To our right the hills shot up their attractive wood-fringed sides straight almost as a

wall. Before us lay, in the immediate foreground, the spacious Hotel, with its gardens and pleasure grounds. In the mid distance lay the lake, in which the heavens and the hills do mirror themselves, the water giving unto them scowl for scowl or smile for smile. Beyond it shot up on the background a magnificent group of dark pyramidal mountains, of titanic mould, and valleys of gloom. in majesty quite excelling most of their adjacent brethren. mountain right opposite is Ben Vane, 3004; the one lying sou'west of it is Ben Ime, 3301; while that lying farthest north is Ben Voirlich, 3092 feet in height. To the south-west of the latter lies Loch Sloy, out of which proceeds the Dhuglas water, that enters Loch Lomond almost opposite Inversnaid Pier. Although the day, as it wore on, was somewhat raw, we were not raw enough to pass unvisited the noble, admirably-situated, and most comfortable hostelry of Inversnaid and its kindly landlord. We did nothing so foolish. Into the inn we went, and received a right hearty Highland welcome, and tarried there, making a good use of our time and opportunities, until the advent at the Pier of the down steamer, which we boarded, and by her aid and the aid of the iron horse were landed home at a comparatively early hour in the evening, thoroughly delighted with our rapid spin through Rob Rov's country. Gentle reader, this varn having been spun, we, with your leave, will once more assume the role of guide by giving you a little useful information in connection with your own possible forward or backward movements from Stronachlachar or Inversnaid, and that is this, please turn to the table of Contents and it will refer you to the part or parts of the Guide which is or are suitable for your requirements. And allow me further to state that there is a capital carriage road, four miles in length, over which a public coach now conveys travellers between Aberfoyle and lovely Loch Katrine. Crossing the hills that divide these two places, near its termination, parties can embark in the "Rob Roy" steamer en route for Lochlomond. A descriptive sketch of the scenery that greets the eye in sailing over Loch Katrine, and also that exhibited while driving from Stronachlachar to Lochlomond, will be found in pages 62 to 65 of this Guide, and the run down Lochlomond is described in pages 18 to 43 of the same. It may be stated that the foregoing description of the coaching journey between Aberfoyle, Stronachlachar, and Inversnaid will be found equally suitable for pedestrians or travellers by rail, should the proposed extension of the Aberfoyle Railway to these places and to Crianlarich on the Callander & Oban line go on.



BENNETT & THOMSON,

LOCHLOMOND, FROM THE HEIGHTS OF INVERSNAID.

Lithographers

DRAWN BY MR HAMILTON MACMILLAN, ARTIST, HELENSBURGH, FROM PAINTING BY HIM.
IN. POSSESSION OF MR ROBERT BLAIR, INVERSNAID HOTEL.



FROM

EDINBURGH TO LOCHLOMOND

VIA GLASGOW, DUMBARTON, AND BALLOCH.

WE will in this section suppose that Edinburgh is our point of departure for the exploration of the "Queen of Scottish Lakes," and that we have elected to go to it via Glasgow and the Vales of Clyde and Leven. The forty-three immediately following pages are, therefore, devoted to the description of this, one of the most delightful, picturesque, and historically interesting tours in Scotland. Although Glasgow en route can be reached by the Caledonian as well as by the North British Railway, yet, considering our programme of procedure, for convenience sake we will go to the Waverley Station of the latter, off Princes Street, and secure tickets thereat, and make other arrangements requisite for our journey, at the whole of the railway portion of it is over its system. The first section of the ground which we are to cover is that level stretcs which lieth between the two principal cities of Scotland. We now, therefore, go on primarily from

EDINBURGH TO GLASGOW,

Taking our seats with our faces towards the engine, so as we may rightly comprehend what is meant in the narrative when certain objects are therein set forth as lying to the left or right of us. Before long time elapses our iron horse gives the customary number of snorts, utters forth its orthodox neigh, and sets itself seriously to business by pulling us along that enchanting ground which is flanked by the Castle slopes and Princes Street Gardens. After skirting these for a short distance, we enter a tunnel, which is about 11 miles long, and emerge to the light of day at the

HAYMARKET STATION.

Here, to the right, beyond the multitudinous coal and other waggons, which make anything but a picturesque foreground for an imposing building, stands Donaldson's Hospital, an establishment reared at a cost of £120,000, and endowed with a corresponding sum, for the maintenance and education of poor children of both sexes. The founder was an eminent Edinburgh publisher, who died in 1830. To the left is the Caledonian Distillery, for the manufacture and diffusion of that whisky which Robin Burns declares "kindles wit and waukens lair and pangs us fu' o' knowledge," but which, on the other hand, the teetotallers declare is "the deevil's broth." So take your choice, my dear friends, of the epithets. After two and a-half miles' run from this we reach

CORSTORPHINE,

A suburb of "Auld Reekie," charmingly situated on a wood-adorned, gently-sloping hill. Beechwood, Sir David Dundas's mansion house, is adjacent to it. Two miles further on we reach

GOGAR,

The scene of a conflict between Cromwell and General Leslie in 1650. Here we pass, to the right, Milburn Tower, the residence of Lady Foulis. After traversing other 23 miles, we run abreast of

RATHO,

Where lines branch off to the south-west for Bathgate and the Vale of Clyde, and northward to Queensferry. Three and three-quarter miles beyond Ratho we come to

WINCHBURGH,

To the right of which we pass the ruined Castle of Niddry, belonging to Lord Niddry, which is an interesting object, on account of its having been for one night the resting place of the hapless Mary Queen o' Scots, after her flight from Lochleven Castle, in Fife. After puffing over $5\frac{3}{4}$ additional miles of pleasant country, we reach the "guid auld toon o'"

LINLITHGOW,

So famous for its Wells. Within its ancient palace, which is still majestic, though in ruins, and of regal aspect, Queen Mary was born. It is picturesquely situated on a gentle eminence, overlooking a swan-haunted lake. King Edward I. of England built a castle on what is now the site of the palace, but it was captured

and partially destroyed by the patriot King, Robert the Bruce. In David II.'s time it once more fell into the hands of the English. who re-built and greatly strengthened it. After Scotland got fairly rid of her English oppressors, this stronghold once more reverted to the Scottish Crown, and was by James I., and subsequent monarchs. greatly enlarged, considerably beautified, and converted into an imposing regal palace. In 1746 this noble pile of buildings was recklessly and most maliciously consigned to the flames by Hawley's dragoons. The grey old church of St Michael, which stands adjacent to it, is a venerable specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of its era. Within its sacred walls the apparition appeared to James IV., to warn him of his fate at Flodden should he persevere in his intention to invade England. In days of old Linlithgow was a place of much importance. It contained several monasteries and a Lazar hospital, but now it has a dreamy "auld warld" look about it, the same as if it had never yet got accustomed to these stirring, wide-awake nineteenth century times. In fact, as seen from the train, it has got rather a broken-down aristocratical aspect, suggestive of that queer compound, pride and poverty. But for all that the grey old place wears quite an interesting air of romance about its rook-frequented palace, tumble-down old towers, quaint old fountains, and silver lake. The readers of Scotch history will recollect that it was while riding through the streets of Linlithgow that James Stuart, Earl of Moray, the Good Regent of the kingdom, was treacherously and basely shot dead by that infamous scoundrel, Hamilton of Bothwell Haugh. But we must somewhat reluctantly stop further descanting about this fine old historic place. and proceed. Two miles beyond it is the station of

MANUEL,

Where passengers leave our train who are bound for Bo'ness by the Slamannan railway. Two and a half miles beyond this is

POLMONT JUNCTION,

Where trains to Stirling and the North leave the main line. Between it and the next station stands Callander House, where Queen Mary took up her abode for a brief season as the guest of its then possessor, the Earl of Linlithgow. Three miles and a quarter from Polmont, to the right, but distant a mile or so from the railway station, lies the ancient thriving iron-founding town of

FALKIRK,

Famous all over Britain's Isle for its celebrated "cattle trysts" or fairs. For the magnitude of the transactions which are there effected it stands unrivalled in Scotland. Within its churchyard lies the hallowed dust of Sir John de Graham, and other noble patriots, who foremost fighting fell in the defence of their country's liberties at the battle of Falkirk in 1298. The following is the inscription on De Graham's tomb:—

"Mente manu que potens et Vallae fidus Achates, Conditur hie Gramus, bello interfectus ab Anglis."

From the carriage is seen here, to the right, a magnificent stretch of charmingly variegated scenery. We are now fully half-way to Glasgow, and 4 miles further on we reach

BONNYBRIDGE.

Where a junction is formed at Greenhill with the Scottish Central Railway. The next station en route is

CASTLECARY,

Which is only $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles distant from the former one. Near it are to be seen traces of the Roman Wall built by Antoninus. If it be a slow train that we are travelling with, our next halting place will be

CROY,

Which place reached we are 4 miles nearer our destination. In its near neighbourhood are the ruins of several interesting old castles. When we cover other 5½ miles of ground we reach

LENZIE JUNCTION,

Where a branch line strikes off to our right for Campsie and Killearn. Here also, to the right, stands, abutting on the railway, Woodilee Lunatic Asylum, a most capacious palatial-looking edifice, built by the Barony Parochial Board of Glasgow, as a retreat for their poor afflicted parishioners. A mile or two beyond it, to the north, stands, on a slight eminence, embosomed in ancestral woods, the mansion house of Broomhill, which, as extended and adapted for the purpose, is now used as the Glasgow and West of Scotland Home for the Relief of Incurables. While the rich launched out the money, yet the prime mover in the purchase of this institution was Miss Clugston, of Glasgow, whose whole life has been devoted to works of beneficence and charity. This is only one of several

such valuable institutions which have been established, and are being maintained, by her unceasing agency. Lenzie, by reason of its pleasant situation, proximity to Glasgow, and easiness of access thereto by rail, has become a favourite place of residence for its well-to-do citizens, whose snug cottages, or more pretentious villas, occupy every coigne of 'vantage on both sides of the railway. We now go on 3 miles and reach

BISHOPBRIGGS.

This village is neither beautiful nor large, and there is therefore no use to enlarge upon it, further than to simply state that it was near this place, at Robroyston, where the Scottish patriot, Sir William Wallace, was betrayed into the hands of his implacable foes. One and three quarter miles further and we reach

COWLAIRS JUNCTION,

45\frac{3}{4}\text{ miles from Edinburgh.} At this station tickets are examined or collected, and here passengers who are bound for Lochlomond as a rule have to leave the train to catch the Balloch one, which is either at the other side of the platform waiting to receive them, or will shortly be. After a short detention, parties whose immediate destination is Glasgow get once more on the move, now pretty rapidly down hill. To the left we pass Sighthill Cemetery, and the celebrated Tennant's Stalk, and get treated to a combination of vile odours from the chemical refuse which lies in near proximity to the railway. Then we rush into the tunnel, and emerge at Queen Street Station, Glasgow, the first part of our journey over. After some time spent in sight-seeing, we leave

GLASGOW EN ROUTE TO LOCHLOMOND.

During this pleasant run I again purpose taking upon myself (through this my book) the onerous duty of being unto you "guide, philosopher, and friend." Having received our tickets at the office on the upper platform of the Queen Street Station of the North British Railway, we with our belongings walk a little way along the platform and descend the stair which leads to the Low Level Station, there to board the train which goes from thence to Balloch Pier, south end of Lochlomond. Prompt to time the panting engine and its attendant train from College Station emerge from utter darkness, and draw up in the twilight, which all day long

obtains at the underground Queen Street Station, making it a happy hunting ground for thieves-of whom beware. Having placed ourselves as snugly as possible in one or other of the many carriages which form the train, anon our fire-eating, loud-snorting iron horse gives two or three ear-piercing "nichers" and drags us into profound darkness for a few minutes, until Charing Cross Station is reached. Our experiences in regard to light from this stage are mixed, until Finnieston and Yorkhill Stations are left in our rear, and then we uninterruptedly enjoy during the rest of the journey the cheering beams of the Lord of Day. In our onward progress we spin past the Queen's Dock, getting a glimpse of the busy, malodorous Clyde, and one or two of its iron shipbuilding vards, from whence issue the rat-tat-tatting cheery sound of wellswung hammers, closing rivets tightly up in ships destined to do battle with wind and wave. We next dash through the bustling. well-built, thriving town of Partick, and possibly stop at its station. Shooting up over the town to the right may be seen the noble tower of Glasgow University. The suburbs of Partick are levely. The gently undulating grounds thereof are beautified exceedingly by cottages, villas, mansion houses, and terraces, which stand amid well-kept, charmingly laid-off ornamental lawns. Beyond these our course is northwards, and in a few minutes we pass the Great Western Road Station, getting in transit a lovely peep of the west end of Glasgow. We next sweep past the Royal Gartnavel Asylum, an imposing cluster of buildings surmounting a grassy, billowy mound. In those edifices are cooped up many unfortunates "whose minds are like sweet bells jangled all out of tune." Shortly after this dolorous place is passed, we run on to the main line and make a left wheel westwards. The first station reached after that operation is performed is that of

KILBOWIE (FOR CLYDEBANK).

The principal object which here arrests the attention of even the most unobservant of travellers is the huge industrial establishment of the Singer Manufacturing Company, which almost abuts on the railway. It is reputed to be among the largest works in the world owned by a private company. We have examined the colossal place thoroughly, and were astounded at the multitudinous and marvellous mechanical contrivances which are there brought to bear upon the production of sewing machines to cheapen and facilitate the processes. It is an industrial hive in which the male

and female workers may be numbered by the thousand. In it of drones there are none. To the south and south-east of Kilbowie, at the Clyde-side, there have of recent years sprung up, quite transatlantic in their growth, important centres of engineering, shipbuilding, and chemical industries. Streets of handsome three-storey free-stone buildings, and huge industrial establishments, now stand where a short time ago corn waved, cattle lowed, and ploughmen whistled. Verily the district has shot ahead most vigorously. Bowling along the Clyde valley, we after a five minutes' run arrive at

DALMUIR,

Which is 93 miles distant from Glasgow. From here a branch of the Canal goes off to the Clyde, connecting, by means of the Cart river, the town of Paisley with this canal system. Since the establishment of important iron shipbuilding industries here, there has been given to the place an immense and yearly-increasing impetus, as will be abundantly evinced by the number of charming villas and substantial rows of workmen's houses, which have been but recently erected. The Corporation of Glasgow have recently bought a large quantity of land here for utilising, possibly in connection with the purification of the drainage of that city. If that scheme be carried out at any time. I am afraid that the erection of fine villas here will not turn out to be a profitable speculation. The North British Railway Company are at present applying for a Bill to enable them to construct a railway from Stobcross Dock, at the west end of Glasgow Harbour, to this point. If obtained, it will be of very considerable service to the many industrial establishments which lie between this place and the city, as well as to the valuable coal fields which it traverses. Whether it will be at all used for passenger purposes, deponent knoweth not. About a mile to the right, upon the "brae face," lies the at one time busy village of

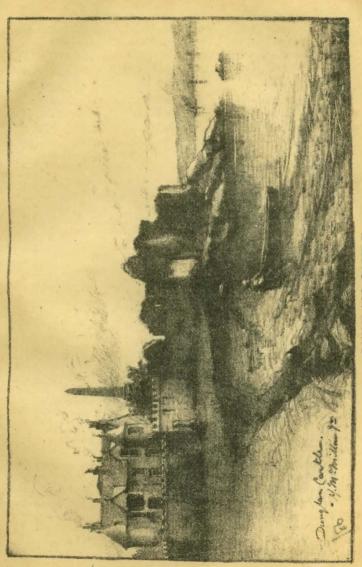
DUNTOCHER.

Its huge cotton mill still towers aloft majectically, but it is deserted—no busy whirr of wheels is heard within its walls. Its occupation's gone elsewhere, and the place was almost reduced to beggary, until the advent of iron shipbuilding at Dalmuir somewhat revived it. At this place are to be seen some interesting relics of the Roman wall. Many articles, such as urns and altars, which have here been found, belonging to the time of the Roman occupation,

are, for safety and for the purposes of exhibition, deposited in the Glasgow University Museum. On our left, as we now bowl along the line pleasantly, are stretched out the fertile, town-embossed plains of Renfrewshire; and before us, when we reach the very ancient village of

OLD KILPATRICK.

111 miles from Glasgow, there is a most charming view of the Clyde to be seen. Across the river Lord Blantvre's seat, Erskine House, is descried, charmingly planted on a gently undulating, well-wooded. exquisitely green grassy eminence, whose borders are washed by the waters of the Clyde. An obelisk may be seen at a little distance from it, which was erected to the memory of his father, who was accidentally killed in Brussels while looking out of his hotel window during one of the Belgian revolutions. In front of you are the lower reaches of the Clyde, and the glorious frith, so lake-like, with its distant rampart of grand, rugged hills. The Bowling and Kilpatrick Hills, on the right, are also objects of beauty and interest. In these are formed many varieties of Eolitic minerals, which have made them famous for many years amongst the mineralogists of Europe, if not of the world. Frequent bosses of igneous rocks in this quarter form conspicuous objects, Dumbarton Castle, right before you, being the most prominent of such. We now emerge from the great Lanarkshire and Dumbartonshire coal fields. Before leaving this "auld warld" village, it must, in justice to the place, be stated that it is the spot which tradition points out as having been the birthplace of Saint Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland. tradition further asserts that he was miraculously conceived in Dumbarton Castle, and that from Kilpatrick he sailed on his mission to the Isle of Saints, and when he had proceeded a considerable way down the frith on his voyage, Satanus, enraged thereat, wrenched a huge piece of rock off Dumbuck, and threw it after the craft in which he sailed, with a view to the stopping of the Saint's evangelistic efforts. Saint Patrick, when he saw the huge missile hurling through the air, breathed forth a prayer that its flight might be arrested, when instantly it fell at the confluence of the rivers Leven and Clyde, and became in after ages known as the historic Castle Rock of Dumbarton. I am aware that the latter part of the narrative does not tally with the former, but you must just take it with a reservation. The district round about here at one time belonged to the Colqubouns of Colquboun, now of Luss,



SKETCHED BY MR HAMILTON MACMILLAN, ARTIST, HELENSBURGH. DUNGLASS CASTLE

but for a considerable time they have been denuded of these their earliest possessions. It is supposed, upon good grounds, that the wall of Antoninus terminated at this place, although some historians contend that it ended at Alcluith (Dumbarton). After a delightful journey of one mile and a-half, we reach the quiet, sheltered little village of

BOWLING,

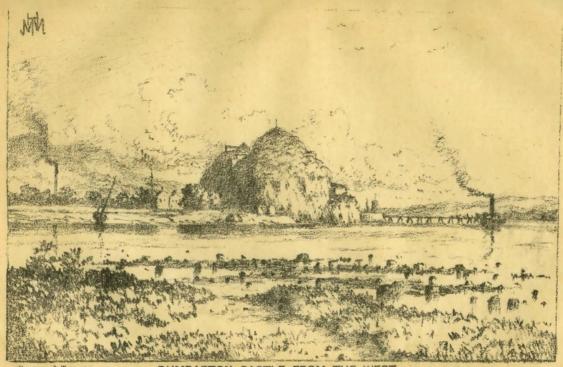
12\frac{3}{4}\text{ miles distant from Glasgow. This is the terminus of the Forth and Clyde Canal, and is a port of considerable importance in connection with the shipment of minerals. Here, also, steamers and vessels are laid up in the basin during the winter season, when their services may no longer be wanted, and at any other season for many other cogent reasons. A mile or so from Bowling we pass Dunglass Castle, an ancient seat of the Colquhouns, now in ruins. Over one of the doors may still be seen engraved their coat of arms, and, overlooking the Clyde, upon the highest point of the trap rock on which it was built, has been erected an obelisk to the memory of Henry Bell, to whom steam navigation is so much indebted for its development. On the right after a very small expenditure of time and steam, we come opposite the village of

MILTON,

So sweetly nestling amongst its woods and green braes in a cleft between Dumbuck and the Kilpatrick Hills. It was up till recently the mill of the barony of Colquhoun-hence its name. At this place, fully a century ago, a bleach-field and calico-printing establishment was set a-going. Subsequently weaving was added to these trades, and the first factory for producing cloth manufactured by power other than the hand was erected here, and continued in active operation for a considerable period. Within the Auchentorlie grounds, which lie immediately to the east of Milton, are the remains of a building known as Tremass Castle, which was in all probability an encampment in connection with the line of defence established by the Romans between Kilpatrick and the important stronghold of Dumbarton. Before leaving this quarter it is proper to state that Milton weaving, bleaching, and printing operations are things of the past. The buildings in which these branches of industry were prosecuted so vigorously for such an extended period, have now, along with others specially built for the purpose, been converted into a paper manufactory. We now pass the bold, wellwooded headland of Dumbuck, which forms such a conspicuous land-mark, and speedily arrive at the ancient Royal Burgh of

DUMBARTON,

Which lies at the confluence of the rivers Leven and Clyde, on a level plain, 16 miles distant from its old rival, Glasgow. On the site now occupied by the railway ticket office once stood an imposing ecclesiastical building, called the Collegiate Church of Dumbarton, built in the year 1450 by Isabella, Duchess of Albany and Countess of Lennox, and munificently endowed by the same, for the proper maintenance of the priests who were to minister at its altars. and repeat daily prayers, and say solemn masses, for the welfare of her own soul, and for the repose of the souls of her dearest husband. her father, and her sons, who had been ruthlessly slain by the order of their exasperated monarch, King James I. of Scotland, who thought that they had been principally instrumental in prolonging his imprisonment in the custody of the English King for their own ends and purposes, as failing him Albany (who had been Regent) and his sons were the next heirs to the throne. When the railway was driven through the sacred spot, there stood, on what was then a green grassy knoll, one solitary pier arch to mark where the sacred temple had been. It was then removed to Church Street, a short distance from the station, and now forms the entrance gate-way to St Augustine's Parsonage. The town of Dumbarton was, for close upon a century, the seat of a very flourishing glassmaking, as well as a comparatively limited shipbuilding, business; but since 1850, when glass ceased to be made in the place, it has entirely depended for its prosperity upon shipbuilding, engineering, iron-forging and founding, with their cognate branches of trade, which are now prosecuted here on a most extensive scale by firms whose names are familiar as household words in all quarters of the globe. Shipbuilding has taken firm root in this place. So long as five and a half centuries ago King Robert the Bruce, and close upon four centuries ago James IV., carried on pretty extensive shipbuilding operations here, and in all probability that important industry has been carried on uninterruptedly from their time down to the present day in the capital of the Lennox. But Dumbarton is better known to the world at large for its majestic, solitary, bifurcated Castle Rock, which you now see dominating the town, for its story is woven into the texture of the history of the country from a period preceding the Roman occupation, when it was called Alcluith, down to the Union. In 368 A.D., Theodosius, a Roman General, fixed upon this place as the capital of the Roman province of Valentia, called it



BENNETT & THOMSON,

DUMBARTON CASTLE FROM THE WEST.

SKETCHED BY MR HAMILTON MACMILLAN, ARTIST, HELENSBURGH, FROM PAINTING BY HIM, IN POSSESSION OF A. F. GARVIE, ESQ., DUMBARTON.

Theodosia, and made the river Leven into one of their naval stations. When the Romans took their departure, about the beginning of the fifth century. Theodosia became the capital city of the Strathclyde Britons, and from that period it has figured in our annals as Dunbritton, or fort of the Britons, now corrupted into Dun or Dumbarton. A long line of their kings dwelt here in regal state, nor lacked they a bard to sing of their heroic achievements and disasters, for Ossian sang of Balclutha's towering walls of pride, and its renowned heroes, its white-bosomed lovely maid Moina, who shone in it as a beam of light, as well as in melting strains recited, through one of his dramatis personæ, how

"Balclutha's walls I've seen in ruins laid;
Wide o'er its streets was desolution spread;
No music sounded through its empty halls—
No people murmured from its low laid walls.
Chok'd by the rubbish of its prostrate towers,
The winding Clutha (Clyde) through new channels roars;
Its silent domes are now with moss o'erspread;
There the lone thistle shakes its aged head;
There howls, with mournful blast, the whistling wind;
There beasts of prey too sure a shelter find;
There safe the fox from lofty windows stares,
Whilst waving round his head rank grass appears."

After the defeat of Dunwallan, the last of the British kings who here swayed the royal sceptre, at Vancovar, by Kenneth III., King of Scots, which may be supposed to be commemorated above, the Castle and the territories annexed to it, which stretched right across Scotland, were welded by the victorious sword of the conqueror into a composite mass with his own possessions, and thus extinguished for ever the glory of Dumbarton as a capital city. But from this era we hail the rising star of a united Scotland. Although no longer a permanent residence of kings, many of the rulers of the land loved to tarry within the royal Castle halls and enjoy for a brief period a respite from the more pressing cares of office, in hunting, hawking, shooting, or boating. After the day's pastimes were over,

"'Twas then merry in the hall, When beards wagged all,"

William Wallace, the beloved, the venerated hero of, and martyr for, Scotland, was immured within the Castle's strongest dungeon, after his capture at Robroyston by "the fause Menteith," whose name on that account is abhorred. From it Wallace took his doleful march southward, to meet his tragic death at the

hands of the bloody, cruel, remorseless Edward of England, name of loathing. It was from the base of the Castle Rock, on the Leven, or northern side, that Mary Queen o' Scots, with her attendant retinue of nobles, set sail, amid much pomp and ceremony, for the fair land of France. The galley which conveyed the young gay-hearted queen was one which had been specially fitted up by the French king, her intended father-in-law, for her proper reception.

The Queen was clad in scarlet, Her merry maids all in green, For beauty ilka bloomin' May Was fit to be a queen.

When thus the flower of the country were embarked, the sails were hoisted, and away the glorious vision vanished and faded in the distance. France was reached safely; "the bonniest maid in a' the warld" became the Dauphin's wife, and shortly thereafter his widow. Back, with blighted hopes and blasted affections, she came once more to the land of her nativity, and when, after a stormy, chequered, mournful career, she was driven from the throne, and the sceptre wrested from her grasp, on her way to her strong Castle of Dumbarton for safety, and when nearing it, she, like the daughter of a hundred kings, with her attendant chivalry, turned at bay upon her hunters on the (to her) disastrous field of Langside. Her after melancholy fate is written in indelible letters on the heart of the world. Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and their children paid a flying visit to, and held a mimic court on, the Castle Rock in the August of 1847. What a contrast between the times when their peaceful visit took place and those when Victoria's unfortunate ancestress, Mary, lived there guarded by the hoary old walls of this fortress! We have possibly tarried too long over this tempting theme, and must therefore redeem our time by pushing on to

DALREOCH,

Across the Leven, at the western limit of Dumbarton. It is the junction where the Helensburgh branch is attached to the main line. Abutting on the railway are two important works, namely, Dennystown Forge, and an extensive iron and brass founding establishment. An eighth of a mile or so to the westward of the station, on the Cardross Road, adjacent to the farm steading of Castlehill, on a charmingly wooded knoll, stood Cardross Castle, one of the residences of King Robert the Bruce, and the one in which he gave up the ghost. While he dwelt there he devoted

himself much to hunting, hawking, acts of charity, and cruising about in search of health on the rivers Leven and Clyde, in one or other of his many vessels. How that the Douglas endeavoured to carry out his dear dead master's instructions in regard to the conveying of his heart to the Holy Land, and of the knight's death in Spain, and consequent failure to carry out the object he went on pilgrimage for, and other matters, such as the burial of the monarch's body at "Dunfermline grey," and that of his heart in a silver casket at fair Melrose Abbey, it is not consistent with my plans to dwell on at further length. The next stage reached by us in our journey up the Vale of Leven, about one and a half miles north of Dumbarton, is

RENTON,

A modern village, where bleaching, calico printing, and Turkevred dyeing are carried on upon a most extensive scale. To the right, on a green, well-wooded haugh, lovingly embraced by the gleaming arm of the smooth-flowing Leven, lies Strathleven House. once the residence of Lord Stonefield, but now the property of the Lord Lieutenant of the County, H. E. Crum-Ewing, Esq., along with the lands which flank the eastern bank of the river during almost its whole length. But what is of far more consequence for the average run of tourists to know is that Tobias George Smollett, M.D., the eminent novelist, was born within an arrow's flight of the place where the train now stands, and it was at the ancient seat of learning-Dumbarton Grammar School -that Smollett undoubtedly received the greater part of his educational training, under the careful superintendence of that eminent teacher and controversialist, John Love, who achieved more than a local fame. After passing through his hands, his education was continued at the University of Glasgow, where he graduated as an M.D. While he was a student at the Grammar School of Dumbarton, he was a great admirer of patriotic characters, more especially of Wallace, to whose memory he dedicated some verses of his own composition. It is also said that he at this time used to include his humorous vein by inditing occasional satires on the more heartless or stupid of his school-fellows. This budding satirist, poet, and historian, also at this period, became familiarly acquainted with the works of George Buchanan. He was particularly struck with the historian's description of the assassination of James I. in a convent near the city of Perth -so much so, indeed, that a few 14 RENTON.

years subsequently, when he was only 18 years of age, he founded upon it the tragedy of the "Regicide," which he then produced. His "Ode to the Leven" I now give as a specimen of what Dumbarton's foremost literary man, either of the past or the present times, could do in the poetical way, and further to show forth his love for Leven's bonnie banks:—

SMOLLETT'S ODE TO LEVEN WATER.
On Leven's banks, while free to rove
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.

Pure stream, in whose transparent wave My vouthful limbs were wont to lave, No torrents stain thy limpid source, No rocks impede thy dimpling course, That sweetly warbling o'er its bed, With white round polished pebbles spread, While lightly poised the scaly brood In myriads cleave thy crystal flood. The springing trout, in speckled pride; The salmon, monarch of the tide; The ruthless pike, intent on war; The silver eel and mottled par. Devolving from thy parent lake, A charming maze thy waters make, By bowers of birch and groves of pine, And hedges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May num rous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale;
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolved and hands prepared
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

Tobias Smollett, the author of "Roderick Random," and other imperishable works, who, by his ode to the Leven, has rendered his native river classic, was born at the old house of Dalquhurn, within two miles of Dumbarton, near to the modern village of Renton, in 1721, and after a life of considerable vicissitudes, died at his house, in the neighbourhood of Leghorn, on the 21st day of October, 1771, in the 51st year of his age. His widow there erected a monument over his remains; and his cousin, Smollett of Bonhill, in 1774 erected, in the village which overlooks the place of his

RENTON. 15

birth, a monument of the Tuscan order to his memory. The monument is erected in front of the village school, which stands to the right of the station. It contains, on a marble tablet, an inscription in Latin, which is the joint product of Professor Stuart, John Ramsay, Esq., and Dr Johnson, the great lexicographer. It runs thus:—

[TRANSLATION.]

Stay, traveller!

If elegance of taste and wit,

If fertility of genius,

And an unrivalled talent

In delineating the characters of mankind,

Have ever attracted thy admiration,
Pause awhile

On the memory of Tobias Smollett, M.D., One more than commonly endowed with those virtues

Which, in man or citizen, You could praise or imitate;

Who, Having secured the applause

Of posterity

By a variety of literary abilities,

And a peculiar felicity of composition,

Was,

By a rapid and cruel distemper, Snatched from this world in the 51st year of his age.

Far, alas! from his country, He lies interred near Leghorn, in Italy, In testimony of his many and great virtues, This empty monument,

The only pledge, alas! of his affection, Is erected on the banks of the Leven, The scene of his birth and of his latest poetry, By James Smollett, of Bonhill.

His cousin,

Who should rather have expected this last tribute from him.

Try and remember,

This honour was not given alone to the memory of the deceased,
But for the encouragement of others:
Deserve like him, and be alike rewarded.

Fired by a desire to add a stone to his cairn, I submit to my readers the following poetical tribute from my pen to the genius of "the auld Dumbarton schule callant," Tobias Smollett:—

O, Leven's sons, with glad acclaim.
Laud to the skies Tobias' name,
Who sweetly sang fair Leven's praise
In strains that round the world did raise

Her fame as a song-haunted river, Whose crystal waves flow on for ever In his undying verse, His lay Her emerald banks and hedges gav For aye bedecks with eglantine And daisies sweet and cowslips fine. While fancy's ear still on the gale Hears borne the piping shepherd's tale. To fancy's eye the maid's still seen A-milking kine 'mong meadows green. And listening to the music sweet The rustic lover sends to greet Her, the dear mistress of his soul, Who sways his passion 'youd control. But oh, what verse can e'er rehearse The magic power of mighty verse Wherein our heaven-inspired bard Still bids us keep strict watch and ward O'er all the mercies which kind Heaven, To cheer our lot, in love has given. "With hearts resolved and hands prepared, The blessings we enjoy to guard. Then sound his praises heavens high, Our Smollett's fame shall never die While Leven's lads and lasses fair His ardent love of country share,

We now glide through the valley to

ALEXANDRIA,

Also a modern village, but whose name is odoriferous of the east, and calls up visions of Cleopatra's Needles, Mark Antonys, and other queer things and people. Before the place got this (to it) brand new name it was called—mention it not in Gath—"the Grocery," so termed, down to very recently, from the fact of a store being kept there which retailed the indispensible articles bodied forth in its pristine name to the dwellers on the banks of the upper reaches of the Leven, as well as those who inhabited the lower end of Lochlomond. Now it has grown to be a large and populous place, which is connected by a suspension bridge with the ancient village of Bonhill, on the opposite side of the river. The trio of villages, which we have now passed since leaving Dumbarton, are all places

"Where cloth is printed, dyed, and steamed, Bleached, tentered, in the water streamed, Starched, mangled, calender'd, and beamed, And folded very carefully."

We are now running our last stage, by rail, from Glasgow to

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BALLOCH.

It is a mile and a half from Alexandria, and about five miles from Dumbarton. The Forth and Clyde Railway joins the North British Railway's western system at this place. Its hotel is most beautifully situated on the opposite side of the river, to which pleasant access is to be had by a very elegant suspension bridge, built by the late Sir James Colguboun, Bart. This inn is considered to be an exceedingly well-managed one, and is much frequented by anglers and others during the season. Well-appointed small boats and skilful rowers can be hired by visitors. While we remain stationary here for a brief period, delivering up or getting our tickets checked, please cast your eyes to the left and you will observe, a mile or so distant, the Castle of Tullichewan. It is charmingly situated on a gentle slope of the pleasant hills which form such a picturesque background to it, and is surrounded by extensive emerald-geeen, richly-wooded pleasure grounds. If the Castle be a thing of beauty to look at, what a much more glorious view must be obtained from its towers and battlements. Fancy could hardly conceive anything more lovely than the scene which would from that coign de vantage open up to your gaze. Though this goodly building be cast in the antique mould, and its towers grey and ivy-crowned, there are no historical associations clustering around it. It is comparatively a thing of yesterday, and is mainly indebted for its existence and subsistence to manufacture and commerce. There is certainly a small estate in connection with the Castle, but it is totally inadequate to support the dignity thereof. Across the Leven, to the right, a mile or so to the south-east of Balloch, there is quite a model village, called Jamestown, which is occupied by the craftsmen who are employed in the very extensive Turkey-red dyeing and calico printing operations which are carried on there by Archibald Orr Ewing, Esq., of Ballikinrain, M.P. for the County of Dumbarton. By diverging from Balloch Station, a pleasant excursion can be made to Lochlomond or Loch Katrine, via the Clachan of Aberfoyle, which is about 7 miles distant from Buchlyvie Station, on the Forth and Clyde Railway, whose terminus is at Stirling. The Clachan of Aberfoyle and the surrounding district bulk somewhat largely in Sir Walter Scott's novel of Rob Roy. The most imposing house in that secluded place is the Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel, which stands on the banks of the clear winding Forth. At this model hostelry viands are served up in quite a metropolitan style. Within a short distance from the hotel lie Lochs Ard and Chon, which are beloved alike by artist, poet, and angler. The hotel is only distant some 5 miles from the Trossachs, 12 from Stronachlacher on Loch Katrine, and 16 from Inversnaid on Loch Lomond, so that tourists can, by walking or driving over these distances, amid, for the most part, magnificent scenery, get once more on to the main lines of route. After tarrying for a few minutes at Balloch, we again get under way for the pier, and in a few seconds reach

LOCHLOMOND

"The queen of Scottish lakes," whose majestic grandeur and bewitching beauty has thrown such a spell of glamour over the minds of men and women of all climes and stations in society, which is now my theme. The poet has sung of it in strains which reverberate over the world, and entrance the ears of men. The artist has taxed to the very utmost the capabilities of his brain, hand, and palette to represent its wonderously diversified aspects on his glowing canvas. to charm the eyes of men. I also, who am neither poet nor painter, will endeavour, in the following pen and ink sketches, to inform the minds of men, more especially those of the tourist class, in regard to the places of interest betwixt the head of the valley of the Leven, and Ardlui at the head of Lochlomond. For the purpose of putting the minds of my readers en rapport with the classic territory over which it is my purpose (through this my book) to act as their "guide, philosopher, and friend," I will say a few words by way of

INTRODUCTION.

On the green banks and braes, in the lonely glens, and on the slopes of "the heaven-kissing hills," which surround and shelter, as well as on the isles of beauty which adorn the fair face of Lochlomond, oft has the red tide of battle rolled when clan met rival clan in savage conflict. The kilted warriors who inhabited this district, when out on predatory excursions, followed "the good old rule, the simple plan, that they do take who have the power, and they do keep who can." To redd up old grievances they not unfrequently "gave the roofs of their enemies to the flames, and their flesh to the eagles," thus plentifully sowing the seeds of future discord, which in their growth choked all the fair plants of a budding civilization. These baleful weeds which thus overran the countryside were only uprooted and destroyed about the time of the extinction of the last Jacobite rebellion in 1745. Now the Colquhouns, MacFarlanes, and the much-dreaded MacGregors, who

once were deadly foes, dwell together in amity, and only strive together as to who shall follow out their pastoral or agricultural pursuits most successfully. Their old feuds are altogether forgotten. or, if remembered at all, it is in no hostile or unkindly spirit, Peace and prosperity now broodeth over them all, bringing forth their peaceful work. The avenging claymore now rusteth in some neglected corner of their dwellings; "the shield of tough bull-hide, which death full oft hath dashed aside," has now crumbled into dust, and the great war pipe summoneth no more the clansmen to battle. The romantic period of the lake's history is over and gone, but in the arrangements of Providence, it doubtless had its uses. otherwise it had not been. There are still left to us, however, a few lingering rays of the ancient martial glory and stirring romance. The subtle essence of the past still pervades the scenes of former heroic exploits. At the midnight hour, in the Glen of Mourning (Glenfruin), there is still vouchsafed to the Celtic vision, undimmed as yet by nineteenth century incredulousness, the silent misty wraiths of those who were slain in the fierce combat which there took place (in 1602) between the clans Colquboun and MacGregor; and when the artillery of heaven reverberates through the dark recesses of the mountains, or mutters and growls through the gloomy far-withdrawing glens, then the whole region (to them) is full of mysterious whisperings of the time which once hath been, but can return again no more. There is hardly in this locality an island, an old ruin, a clachan (Anglice, a small village), a circling bay, a waterfall, or heaven-piercing hill, but hath attached to it some hoary old legend. There is not one of the number but hath attached to it some charm for the lover of nature, in her ever-varving manifestations. The loch is beautiful at all seasons. In midwinter, when the hills are snow clad, the air clear and frosty, and when the sun's slanting rays are flashed back with intensified brilliancy from hill and dale, island, stream, and lake, then it looks superb. In the closing days of spring, and in early summer, its rugged sublimity is toned down and enriched with the tender freshening touch of these seasons of beautiful promise, and more beautiful fulfilment. Then the lovely bays, and bold, defiant promontories are decked wondrously fair with rich o'erhanging woods, which bathe their feet in, and trim their tresses by, the limpid waters of the lake, "while the blue hyacinthine haze lies dreaming round their roots." Then the bright children of summer bedeck the surrounding lea in charming clusters. The woods and heavens

are at this auspicious time resonant with the song of birds. In the more wooded, softer portions of the locality,

> "Far ben the dark, green plantain's shade, The cushat croodles am'rously; The mavis frae the bughted glade Gars echo ring frae tree tae tree,"

While far up in the blue lift the lark trills his lay, at the very gates of heaven. Even the very waves, born of the soft south-west wind. as they kiss the pebbly beach, breathe out their soul in music, and expire deliciously upon its fair white bosom. If privileged at any portion of these soul-enthralling seasons to visit the charming islands which are scattered and adorned with such a prodigal hand over the loch's surface, then, without any great stretch of the imagination, while you "chewed there the cud of sweet and bitter fancy." you might dream that you were transported to the islands of the blessed. But it is not the sylvan or more gentle portion alone which is haunted by the sweet lilt of bird, or soft liquid sound of water. The hills and solitary glens are filled also with the plaintive pipings of the feathered choristers, who love the wilderness. and their hearts are gladdened by the music of the murmuring brooks. When bronzed, fruit-crowned autumn makes his annual visit to this his northern paradise, then the landscape puts on its reception robes of purple, gold, and russet, to give him right hearty greeting, and the sweet wild briar, scented hawthorn, bonnie rowan tree, and bramble bush offer him gifts; then the loch and its attendant hills look most gorgeous; then all hearts must feel, and every tongue confess, that Loch Lomond sitteth in her mountain home as a queen, peerless in her august beauty.

"THE LOCH" IN PRE-HISTORIC TIMES,

Possibly before the creation of man, was covered by the dashing billows of the Atlantic and German Oceans. At that far back period all Scotland was under water, except the ridges and peaks of the highest hills, which would then form islands and islets in the mighty main. That the sea swept in its restless course over this region, there is no room to doubt, and that great whales disported themselves in its waste of waters, there is abundant evidence to prove, for the remains of several of those sea monsters have from time to time been disinterred from the stiff clay in the carse lands of Stirling, which lie a few miles eastward from the foot of the loch. At long intervals since then Scotland has been pushed up from her watery bed by the aid of mighty subterranean forces. These succes-

sive operations have had the effect of raising the lake about twenty feet above the sea level, thus placing it beyond the reach of tidal influence, and converting it into a fresh water lake, which contains, amongst a variety of other fishes, one called a Powan, which is exceedingly like a herring. This fish is asserted by the natives of the district, to be the legitimate, but somewhat transmogrified, descendant of the herring tribe, which happened to be "cribbed, cabined, and confined" when the loch got the rise in the world which altered its character; but this opinion as to their origin had better be taken cum grano salis. It is stated that there is only one other loch in Scotland in which Powans are found. From immemorial time there have been three wonders for which the loch has been famed,

"Waves without win', Fish without fin, And the floatin' island."

Number one wonder probably owes its origin to the frequent local puffs of wind which sweep through the many glens by which the loch is surrounded. When these gusts smite the surface of the loch. which lies immediately within the limited scope of their action. waves are set in motion, which travel onward, and in their march betimes break upon peaceful shores, on which there resteth a dead calm, thus producing the apparent phenomenon of "waves without win'." Wonder number two, which relates to the "fish without fin," is to be accounted for by the presence of eel-like adders in certain parts of the shores and hills, as well as on some of the islands of the loch. Many years ago I have seen such members of the serpent tribe on the Island of Inchtavannach, which lies off Luss, and, as evil things die hard, in all probability the family are numerously represented there at the present day. Wonder number three is "the floatin' island." This wondrous isle, according to a tradition which has come down to us from a remote antiquity, shifted its quarters every now and again from one part of the loch to another. If ever there was such an erratic island, it has now grown more staid and settled. Having given up entirely its roving propensities, it remains firmly rooted to one spot, and is always to be found at home to all visitors. We now ask you, after this lengthened general introduction, to

EMBARK ON BOARD

Of one or other of the Lochlomond Steamboat Company's elegant well-appointed, saloon steamers, where everything calculated to minister to your creature comforts can be obtained in perfection. If

the weather be at all favourable, our trip will indeed be one of pleasure. The sheet of fresh water on which we are about to sail is, as the crow flies, 22 miles long, although, by the steamer tacking from one shore to the other, you cover 30 miles of water. The breadth at the lower end of the lake, where it is broadest, is about 6 miles. It is studded, principally from Balloch to Luss, with about a dozen islands, some of which, such as Inchmurran, are fully a mile long, besides 18 islets, making, say, 30 in all. Some of the smaller of the number are bare rocks, and just show their black, angular points, or rounded backs, above water, and expose a surface whereon a brace of sea-gulls would barely get standing-room; but the most of them are richly wooded. The islands appear to have been upheaved simultaneously, and, as a rule, lie N.E. and S.W., and they give a charmingly diversified appearance to the scenery of the lake which they so much adorn.

"Whence come the waters, garner'd up So purely in that rocky cup? They come from regions high and far, Where blows the wind and shines the star. The silent dews that Heaven distils At midnight on the lonely hills; The shower that plain and mountain dims, On which the dazzling rainbow swims; The torrents from the thunder gloom, Let loose as by the crack of doom; The whirling waterspout that cracks Into a scourge of cataracts, Are swallowed—."

The steamer has now received her living freight, in the shape of representatives of almost all the tribes of earth. The distant east and the far west contribute their quota. The north giveth forth of its inhabitants to swell the motley throng, and the south keepeth not back, while Messrs John, Sandy, and Pat of that ilk appear in force. Portions of almost all sections of society can now be seen crowding the decks of the good craft, from that of the lower middle (with a very small sprinkling of the artizan class), up to, and including, members of the upper ten, the creme de la creme. These present to the students of human nature a vast field for not unprofitable study, for sayeth not the poet—"The chiefest study of mankind is man." The get-up of many of the parties on board is something calculated to amuse, instruct, and astonish. Some of the young clerks and warehousemen especially are so transmogrified by the assumption of knickerbocker or kilt suits that the mothers who bore

them wouldn't know them as they appear thus in their tourist rigs to enjoy their hard-earned holidays. There they are, in all their glory of tacketted boots and Tam o' Shanter or Glengarry bonnets. with knapsack on back and stout cudgel in hand, going to "do the Ben," or the Trossachs, or perchance prosecute a walking tour from the head of the loch to stern Glencoe, viâ Glen Falloch, Crianlarich, Tyndrum, and that sweet little gem of the wilderness, Inveroran. But were I to go on thus sketching all the folks who presented what might not unreasonably be termed an outre appearance, the space at my command, and the patience of my readers, which is not at my command or under my control, would be exhausted, so that, as the boat is now under way, and swiftly cleaving the crystal flood, we will be admonished thereby, and proceed with our description of the passing scenery, otherwise we would be as the sluggish servant who serveth up meat out of due season, from which unpardonable error may good common sense deliver us. We begin our excursion on the loch. Upon your right hand, perched upon the side of an ever-verdant, richly-wooded range of hill, you espy castles twain, at a short distance from each other, the first of which is yelept Balloch, and the other Boturich. Balloch Castle marks the site of one of the principal seats of the ancient and powerful Earls of Lennox, who played such an important part in Scottish history. A portion of the old walls are incorporated with the modern building. There are no historical associations connected with the Castle of Boturich, which is so beautiful for situation, but from Mount Misery, a hill within a short distance of the castle. and on the estate connected therewith, there is to be obtained a most magnificent view of the loch. Many a devout pilgrimage has been made to that spot by poets, artists, and lovers of the beautiful, to worship at the shrine of nature. The first mansion on the left is that of Cameron House, the seat of Alexander Smollett, Esq. of Bonhill, ex-M.P. of the County, and its present Convener. The family of which he is the worthy representative appear in ancient records as opulent burgesses of the ancient Burgh of Dumbarton. well on for five hundred years ago. The Smolletts are supposed to be of French extraction. In their early history they were extensive shipowners and importers of wine, and the members of the family gave then many worthy Bailies and douce Provosts to the old Burgh with which they were so worthily and intimately connected. In subsequent times they gave to the State eminent warriors, lawyers, and statesmen, and to the world that man of surpassing literary genius, Tobias Smollett. Beyond, but in the near neighbourhood of, Cameron House, there are several rather pretentious edifices, occupied principally by prosperous Glasgow merchants, the first of which is Auchendennan, the next Auchenheglish, and still further up the lake we espy Arden, cosily embosomed in its wellgrown woods, the very beau ideal of a place wherein to enjoy one's otium cum dignitati. But we are now abreast of the principal island of the loch, Inchmurran, with its graceful, well-wooded undulations, which is now His Grace the Duke of Montrose's deer park, and we have a few words to sav anent its history. inhabited by a gamekeeper and his family, so that it has "fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen from its high estate," for long, long ago it contained one of the principal castles of the Earls of Lennox, the ruins of which can be seen still at its south-west corner. It was erected by them on account of the security which it afforded against sudden attacks from their foes, and after Balloch Castle had fallen somewhat into decay, about the close of the fourteenth century, it became a much frequented residence of theirs, and there they kept up a state and style becoming their high dignity. King James VI. of Scotland and I. of England used betimes to hunt there the wild deer and follow the roe, attended by his liegemen, the stout burghers of Dumbarton, and the echoes of the isle have oft rung with the notes of his bugle horn. About the middle of the fifteenth century Isabella, Duchess of Albany and Countess of Lennox, dwelt in this secluded place, prostrated in grief at the slaughter of her husband, father, and sons by their exasperated monarch, James I Here she gave herself up to prayer, fasting, and good deeds. Among other munificent acts she founded the Collegiate Church of Dumbarton, and munificently endowed the same, as is more particularly set forth in a former part of this work. And so her life ebbed slowly and sadly, but not unhopefully away into that undiscovered country whence no traveller returns, leaving behind it, however, the odour of sanctity, for true it is,

> "The actions of the just Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Immediately when we have passed Inchmurran, by glancing westward to the mainland, we obtain a view of Rossdhu House, the seat of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, Bart., gleaming out distinctly by the side of the loch, against a dark background of pines and hills. A little to the southward of it we see Glenfruin (the Glen of Mourning), indelibly associated with the fierce conflict which

took place there between the clans Colquboun and MacGregor in 1602. On account of the atrocities perpetrated by the latter at this engagement, they were declared rebels and outlaws. All true men to their lord and master the king were forbidden to grant them any assistance upon any pretext whatever. Their territories which lay on the eastern side of the loch, were laid waste by fire and sword. The clan was broken up. Many of their number assumed the name of Campbell, and put themselves under the protection of the Argyll family. Others, again, became an Ishmaelitish robber band, whose hand was against every man, while every man's hand was against them. The stirring memories of a thousand years nerved their strong arms to "deeds of derring do," which showed how terrible they were in their fierce despair. About ten years after the suppression of the 1745 rebellion, the oppressive Acts against the MacGregors were withdrawn, after having been in existence for fully a century and a half. There is a little burn (Anglice, rivulet, stream, or brook), which meanders through Glenfruin, and passes the traditionary spot where a number of students from Dumbarton are supposed to have been slaughtered. It is called in the expressive language of the Gael "the stream of young ghosts." It was for generations firmly believed that if any of the clan Gregor crossed (after sunset) the burn at the spot where their bloody taking off was consummated, he was sure to start a shricking spirit. I subjoin an account of

THE MASSACRE OF THE STUDENTS AT GLENFRUIN.

A LEGEND OF THE OLD BURGH GRAMMAR SCHOOL OF DUMBARTON.

There is an old tradition extant to the effect that early in the seventeenth century (1602) from 100 to 150 students, who were attending the Burgh School, went to Glenfruin to witness an engagement between the clans of the Colqubouns (who were assisted on this occasion by certain burgesses of Dumbarton) and the MacGregors, all of whom, it is alleged, were ruthlessly slain by order of some of the chiefs of the MacGregors. There may be a few grains of truth in this story, but I am inclined to think the most of it is "chaff," as the justiciary records put the whole numbers killed on that occasion down as "seven scoir persons slaine at Glenfruine." The scholars alone would have made up that number, which would have allowed nothing for the slaughtered combatants, amongst the number of whom were Tobias Smollett, a bailie of Dumbarton, and other burgesses of the town, in whose train a

number of school lads possibly were, who being deprived of their natural protectors, likely came to grief in the disastrous flight of the Colgubouns and their supporters. According to tradition, from the period of this contest down to the year 1757, being more that a century and a half, in the spring time of every year, the tragical fate of the "Scholars of Dumbarton" was commemorated by the schoolboys of the Grammar School, who assembled on the day of the supposed anniversary of the bloody deed, when the dux of the highest class, solemnly arrayed in the white vestments of the tomb, was laid on a bier, covered with the parish clergyman's gown, and then borne by his companions to a grave, which had been previously opened for the occasion. The whole assembled schoolboys, bearing wooden guns reversed, performed, with much solemnity, the ceremony of interment, and recited Gaelic and English odes over the grave, in commemoration of the massacre of the "Scholars of Dumbarton." These grave matters over, the boys marched back to the school, singing songs of lamentation and woe. It may be stated that the town's records say nothing anent the slaughter of the scholars at Glenfruin, and the indictment against the MacGregors only accused them of slaughtering certain poor unarmed persons, so that they throw no light on the subject-all being left to conjecture. It was in regard to the battle now under consideration that Sir Walter Scott put into the mouth of one of the triumphant Mac-Gregors the words-

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glenfruin,
And Bannachra's groans to our slogan (war cry) replied,
Glen Luss and Rossdhu they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Lochlomond lie dead on her side,
Widow and Saxon maid long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Leven-Glen quake when they hear agen
Roderigh Vich Alpine, dhu ho ieroe.

There is also a very expressive and soul-stirring song, by the same author, which graphically pourtrays the feelings of revenge which would in all probability be cherished by this persecuted clan. A perusal of it will assist us in forming an intelligent conception of this

Land of dark heath and shaggy wood, Land of the mountain and the flood,

as also of those who once lived and moved and had their being upon its banks, within its mountain fastnesses, or upon the isles which seem to float upon its bosom.

THE MACGREGORS' GATHERING.

The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae, And the clan has a name that is nameless by day, Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew, Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo.

Then haloo! Gregalach!

If they rob us of name and pursue us with beagles, Give their roofs to the flames and their flesh to the eagles. Then gather! gather!

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river, MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever.

Glenorchy's proud mountains, Colchurn and her towers, Glenstrae and Glenlyon, no longer are ours; We're landless, Gregalach, landless! Thro' the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,

Thro' the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career, O'er the peak of Benlomond the galley shall steer, And the Rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt, Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt.

Then haloo! haloo! Gregalach! &c.

It is somewhat difficult to part company with the stern MacGregors, over whose prowess and misfortunes old Father Time has thrown such a glamour of romance, but, nerve ourselves to the effort we must, as the steamer is now churning her way past the tiny leafadorned isles of Inchcroin and Inchtorr, and when these are passed there opens up on the right a charming and extensive view of a considerable portion of the ancient district of the Lennox. Nestling at the margin of the lake is Ross Priory, the seat of Sir George Leith, Bart., which can easily be distinguished on account of the conical, wood-clad Hill of Duncruine, or "hill of the witches," which lies immediately behind it, and gives such an agreeable diversity to the landscape. Stretching far away into the distance we survey the green fertile plain which owns for its lord His Grace the Duke of Montrose, and on which stands gleaming, white, and fair, his noble residence of Buchanan House, which we see peeping over the intervening woods. Amongst many other "auld warld relics," this house contains the venerated sword of that worthy patriot, Sir John de Graham, the friend of Wallace wight, who fell at the battle of Falkirk in 1298. On its blade there is a quaint old inscription. An object of some interest can at this stage be seen from the deck of the steamer, and that is the monument at Killearn erected to the memory of the celebrated historian, George Buchanan. Tradition asserts that at Dumbarton Grammar School, George Buchanan, (who was born at Killearn,

in the ancient district of the Lennox, in 1506, and whose fame as a historian fills the civilized globe), first drank out of the well of learning such copious draughts as enabled him to put in a creditable appearance at the University of Paris, whither he was sent by his uncle on account of his parents not being in a position to further his interests in that direction by reason of their humble circumstances. His uncle dying, two years after his admission to the said seat of learning, necessitated his return to his native land, when he entered the University of St. Andrews in 1524, and there he finished his brilliant college career as a student. This monument has been erected on a commanding position in his native village, to commemorate his virtues and profound learning. The following tribute to his memory is extracted from the Glasgow Horald, of date July 4th, 1877:-George Buchanan, our famous historian, breathed his last at Edinburgh, a little before half-past five on the morning of Friday, 28th September, 1582. His immortal name, so dear to Scotland, and which has reflected so much honour on her, both at home and abroad, is justly eulogised by Dr James Moor, late Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, in the following manuscript lines:-

> "We glory, we benorth the Annan, In George the King and George Buchanan; Brethren of England, frank we own Immortal Milton as your own, To whom our George will drop his bonnet, And listen to his heavenly sonnet-Run to him from the side of Leven, And follow him from Hell to Heaven. For George, too, heard those heavenly airs Struck by the music of the Spheres. For George, too, struck King David's lyre, While angels listened in full choir. David with rapture listening hung While his own Psalms a Scotchman sung, Dumbarton Rock and Hill of Sion Had each their band, and each a high one."

The background to the scene upon which we have been descanting is the Stirlingshire Hills, and at the south-east portion of it the Aucheneden range, which have as a peculiarly unique adornment on their fore front the Whangie Rock. The water of Endrick, which flows through this fair scene and empties its pellucid waters into the loch near Balmaha, was known in the olden times as Ennerdale, and its valley figures as sweet Ennerdale in an old song which is supposed to have been penned by a lady when the celebrated

Marquis of Graham was forced to leave "his ain countrie." The words are as follows:—

"To wear the blue I think it best
Of a' the colours that I see,
And I'll wear it for the gallant Grahams
That are banished frae their ain countrie.
They won the day wi' Wallace wight;
They were the lords o' the south countrie;
Cheer up your hearts, brave cavaliers,
Till the gallant Grahams come o'er the sea.
Now fare-ye-weel, sweet Ennerdale,
Baith kith and kin that I could name;
Oh, I would sell my silken snood
To see the gallant Grahams come hame."

As we move along on our journey, isles of varying size pass before our enraptured vision, the most attractive of which is Inchcalliach (the island of old women), which measures seven furlongs in length, by three furlongs in breadth at its south-western extremity. it fronts Balmaha Pier, look how it shoots up in picturesque beauty its craggy, beetling, yew-crowned front from the shining waters of the lake, which girdle it with gleaming silver! Observe how richly festooned it is in this sweet summer time by briary branch, feathery fern, and nodding foxglove, while sweet wild flowers peep covly out from its sheltered nooks, and the dark pine, sturdy oak, and solemn yew wave luxuriantly upon its sides and crest! It is a study for artist and poet alike, and is sure to yield pleasure to all whose souls are attuned to the harmonies of nature. The Parish Church of Buchanan (of which parish the island forms part) formerly stood upon this hallowed ground. Upon it, also, was erected, in pre-Reformation times, a nunnery—hence the name of the island. The burying place in connection therewith has been used as a place of sepulture from a remote antiquity, and is still occasionally used as such. Many chieftains of renown are there interred, and the lichen and moss-covered stones which mark their resting places are still to be The small island, which is anchored to the east of Inchcalliach, is called Clare Inch. Sir Walter Scott, in the Lady of the Lake, thus represents the component parts of the fiery cross which was sent round by Roderick Dhu to summon his clan to battle:-

> "The sbafts and limbs were rods of yew, Whose parents in Inch Calliach wave Their shadows o'er Clan Alpine's grave, And, answering Lomond's breezes deep, Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep."

This gem which decketh the fair breast of the loch belongs to His Grace of Montrose. As a sample of the sort of revelry waich went on, down to comparatively recent times, at an interment in this island, I give the following description, obtained from a worthy burgess of Dumbarton, who went to his rest a generation ago, full of years and crowned with honours:-"Fifty years before he shuffled off this mortal coil, he was invited to attend the funeral of a friend from Drymen to Inchcalliach. The funeral party was composed principally of Highlanders, and from first to last they had on the journey from sixteen to twenty rounds of the real strong mountain dew, vulgo called whisky, which made them so frisky and so unattentive to the solemn business which they had on hand that they very nearly forgot to bury the body." Inchcalliach passed, we reach the wharf at the Pass of Balmaha. The hills here shoot up from the loch like a huge wall, which is only passable by a narrow ravine or gorge, two or three hundred yards eastward of the pier, and through this rift in the mountains, in the old times which we are in the habit of calling good, the plundering Highlanders marched frequently to harry the industrious plodding Lowlanders of their flocks and herds. Should the marauders have reached the pass safely in their return journey, it was useless for the bereaved farmers to attempt a rescue, as one or two of these expert swordsmen could defend it against a host of such. The steamer now steers across the loch in a nor'-western direction for Luss village, and in crossing we pass the following islands-Inchfad, which is in part under cultivation; Inchmoan, Incheruin, Incheonachan, Inchlonaig (the isle of yew trees), and Inchtavannach (the monk's isle), with a number of islets of less importance and size, one of which lies a little to the southward of the last named isle, and is called Inchgalbraith. On it are seen the ruins of a castle, which was in the olden time inhabited by a family of that name, who, however, did not succeed in securing much room for themselves in the pages of history. For the information of parties who may tarry at Luss for a period, it may be stated that from the summit of Inchtavannach is to be obtained one of the most satisfactory views of the loch, and that Inchlonaig, which rears its yew-besprinkled, softly-rounded form about a mile from the village, is a deer preserve of the Colquhouns of Luss. A considerable portion of its north-western extent is covered with venerable specimens of those cheerless trees which love the shade, and are supposed to have an affinity for gravevards. These make here and there sylvan arcades, by reason of the



NEAR LUSS, LOCHLOMOND.

SKETCHED BY MR HAMILTON MACMILLAN, ARTIST, HELENSBURGH.

top branches of several rows of these ancients having, in the lapse of ages, intertwined with each other. A dim religious light, even in the most brilliant days of summer, constantly pervades these leafy lanes. These aisles of nature's rearing form a fitting retreat for the study of "Harvey's Meditations among the Tombs," or other such unlively literature, or, better still, for communing with one's own heart and the heart of nature, and being still and thereby learning wisdom. It was in returning from this island, about Christmas time, a few years ago (1873), in a boat, heavily laden with the spoils of the chase, that the late Lord Lieutenant of the County of Dumbarton, Sir James Colguboun of Colguboun and Luss, Bart., met with his death. A sudden, fierce, blinding snowstorm of short duration struck the boat which contained him and four gillies. When the storm had overpast, it was ascertained that the stout craft had been engulphed in the swelling yeast of waves, and not one of the brave hearts which it contained left to tell the tale-chief and vassals meeting one common fate. Sir James' body was recovered shortly after the sad occurrence, as were also others of the party, but one or two of their number are yet "sleeping the sleep that knows no breaking" in the rocky chambers which lie far down beneath the clear, cold, treacherous waters of the lake, and there in all probability that they will repose until the sea gives up its dead. But we have now reached the pier of

LUSS.

The headquarters of the Colquboun family, and distant about eight miles from Balloch. Their residence, Rossdhu House, lies two miles or so to the south of this, and rears its grand columned front on a soft verdant lawn by the lake's fair shore, with far-reaching woods and noble hills for background. The present possessor of the title and estate is the nineteenth in descent from Humphrey of Kilpatrick, the founder of the family, who, in the reign of Alexander II., in 1246, received the barony of Colquboun, which lies eastward of Dumbarton, as a grant to be held pro servitio tenius militas. He then, in accordance with a common custom, assumed the name of the barony as his surname. The ruins of their ancient castle in that quarter form a picturesque object at Dunglass, on a rocky eminence overlooking the Clyde. Their arms are still to be distinguished there, engraved many centuries ago over a doorway. The Luss estate went to the family by marriage with its heiress in the fourteenth century. Others fell to them by conquest, and more by purchase, till they now unitedly form a princely property. No

part, however, of their original estate of Colguboun now remains in their possession. The village of Luss is so ancient that its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, but so far as regards its existing buildings, they are, as will be seen at a glance, modern. ancient, picturesque, thatch-covered, damp, uncomfortable cottages, in which the natives dwelt, were swept away by the late Sir James. and about fifty others of a neat, plain, substantial description were built in their room and stead. These are too staringly white to fit in so well as the old romantic ones did with the surrounding landscape, but the silent, constant touch of time's ever busy assimilating fingers will by and bye in some degree achieve that result. To the south of the village you will discern a beautiful church, which is also beautiful for situation. It is the church of the parish, which has been recently rebuilt by the present laird of Luss as a memorial of his father, who was drowned in the loch. It forms at one and the same time a monument to his own good taste, as well as to his lamented father's memory. The churchyard which surrounds it has the honour of containing the mortal remains of the Rev. Dr. Stuart, the translator of the Bible into the Gaelic language. He was minister of the parish, and died in 1821. Luss is the seat of extensive slate-quarrying operations, the products of which rank commercially high. A considerable number of hands are employed at the works. The village is also a favourite resort for fishers. botanists, geologists, searchers after health, and lovers of the picturesque; and you will not wonder that it is so when you survey its thousand charms of hill and dale, lake, island, and bay. To the north of the village is Stronehill, from whence a most sweeping prospect of the lake, and most of the isles which adorn its bosom, is obtained. To the south is Camstradden House, the usual residence of the party who factors Sir James Colquhoun's estates: but this house, or a predecessor, was at one time occupied by the Camstradden branch of the Colquhoun family. The village, as a matter of course, with all these charms which I have faintly endeavoured to body forth, has an inn-and a good one-where parties will feel themselves quite at home. We have been tempted to linger mayhap over long at this most tempting place, and we now glide out of the bay in post haste to the next stage in our journey. In leaving Luss we leave behind us the more picturesque and varied scenery of the loch, and no longer course in the wandering mazes which her many islands make, for, with the exception of one or two stragglers from the main army, we now bid them farewell, and enter part, however, of their original estate of Colquboun now remains in their possession. 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The loch narrows rapidly now, and notably so at Ross Point. The dark hills, whose sides are seamed and scarred with many a mountain torrent, now press down upon its margin, their bases shooting out into bold promontories, or forming bays, many of which are leaf-engirdled, and of most exquisite beauty. Benlomond, on the right or eastern side, now fills the eye with his huge bulk. When looked at from the steamer, he does not by any means appear to be such a tall, shapely, broad-shouldered fellow as he did when you first made his acquaintance at Dumbarton Station or Balloch Pier, thus showing in this instance, as in so many others, that "distance lends enchantment to the view." But if you are somewhat disappointed at his apparent shortness of stature, you cannot fail to be impressed with his monstrous girth. We now reach the pier of

ROWARDENNAN,

And here, on almost every run, the steamer lands a few passengers who are bent on attempting the ascent of Benlomond, whose generally misty summit is 3192 feet above the sea level. To reach it you traverse six weary miles, and spend from two to three toilsome hours. testing both your powers of wind and limb rather severely. To facilitate the ascent, guides and ponies can be had at the wellmanaged and beautifully situated hotel, at the base of the hill where you begin the ascent. Parties may, by going up the loch in an early boat, plant their foot upon the Ben's beetling crest, and catch a subsequent down-going steamer, and get conveyed back to Glasgow or Edinburgh on the same day; but should the tourist be desirous of seeing a sunrise from the top of the mountain, that will necessitate his taking his ease at Rowardennan Inn for a night, so as to proceed from thence to the summit a few hours before the monarch of day arises from his eastern chamber, dons his royal robes of crimson and gold, and assumes his sceptre. Some parties advise, by way of refreshment on the arduous journey, milk; others strong tea; but, from a personal experience, extending over two ascents, I would be inclined to recommend, as a refresher for your parched lips and thirsty throats, a moderate modicum "o' guid Hielan' whusky," well diluted with water, as it agrees nicely with the strong, keen mountain air which you inhale. I am conscious, if such be used wisely, it will be pronounced by you to be in very truth aqua vitæ, or the water of life. For the benefit of those of my readers whose arrangements do not embrace the ascent of the lofty hill of

BENLOMOND,

I give the following interesting, although not too warm, gushing, or glowing account of the view from its summit, from the pen of Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Esq., the eminent artist, art critic, and poet. It is extracted from his work entitled, "The Isles of Loch Awe, and other Poems of My Youth," published in 1855 by Painter, of London:—

"I had reached The summit, and was standing to receive The first bright glow of morning on my face, When from his opening tent of crimson clouds Came forth the risen sun! The stars have shrunk Into the cold green sky-the moon is gone-So pass the wandering lights that led my youth! The lakes are blue and cold in the deep valleys, And every isle attracts the rising mist. But now the rugged peaks are flushing red Before the orb that sternly looks on each. Peering into the secrets of its face. Across the lakes the spreading shadows flew, And I beheld the outline of the peak On which I stood, as clear on Arthur's side As you may see the earth's circumference On the eclipsed moon. Then brighter grew The aspect of the scene, and those three lakes That slept between me and the gorgeous east Began to feel the presence of the sun. Bright from a spring half down the precipice Issued the tiny Forth, whose silver line Followed a winding course; and in the south That white horizon is the Firth of Clyde— That hill, Dumbarton Rock-and that blue shape, That almost seems to float among the clouds, The Isle of Bute. Look down that dark ravine, And watch the white and swiftly-climbing mist Rolling in silence up the narrow fissure Between these rugged, black, forbidding rocks, Like troops of angels climbing fearlessly Into a dark and rough and hardened soul, Storming its blackened citadel with love. The peaks around us have already plumed Their crests with cloud, so let us look once more. And then descend as quickly as we may, Lest, blinded by the softly-creeping mist, We overstep the precipice, or lose The proper track and die in the morass.

" Not vainly did the early Persian make His altar the high places, and the peak



TARBET, LOCHLOMOND.

SKETCHED BY MR HAMILTON MACMILLAN, ARTIST, HELENSBURGH.

Of earth - o'ergazing mountains;' not in vain We climb the hills, though not to worship there; For though we cannot deem the rising sun More truly noble than those distant stars Which are his equals, still there is a power In present vastness which lifts up the mind From sloth and degradation."

The lake, which is here narrowed by the promontory of Inverbeg, on the western side, is barely a mile broad. At this place there is a ferry and a ferry inn, both of good repute. Immediately north of Rowardennan Pier we espy, standing on a verdant lawn at the base of "the Ben," fronting a tiny bay, the picturesque shooting lodge of Rowardennan, and a mile or so north of it, and on the same side, we come abreast of Ptarmigan shooting-lodge, prettily situated on the lower slopes of Ptarmigan Hill, which raises up its deeplyfurrowed bosom right behind it. About a mile higher up, the loch is narrowed to about three quarters of a mile in width by a rugged headland, popularly termed Rob Roy's Rock. From it that bold outlaw used to immerse in the loch parties who proved refractory or disobedient to his imperious commands; and such hydropathic treatment, tradition sayeth, produced for him highly satisfactory results, whatever its effects might have been on the unfortunate wights who were subjected to such cold water applications. After a run of four or five miles from Rowardennan, in the shadow of Benlomond, we pass, on the left, nearly opposite Rob Roy's Rock or Prison, Laird M'Murrich's cosy, imposing cottage of Stuckgown, embosomed in woods, forming a perfect picture, with its background of rugged hill and bosky glen. This cottage was long the much-loved summer residence of the late eminent literary critic, Lord Jeffrey, and more recently of Lord Benholme. It is now occupied by the "laird himsel," who owns as pretty a little estate, which lies around his dwelling, as heart could desire. Tarbet Hotel is built on part of it, and it is almost worth a king's ransom. A few more cottages and villas passed, we reach the wharf of Stuckgown now belongs to the Laird of Luss.]

TARBET,

The landing place for pessengers who wish to make the circular tour back to Glasgow or Edinburgh viâ Arrochar and Loch Long, as well as for parties who wish to proceed by coach to Inveraray and Oban Of this sweet spot a recently-departed poet writes:—"Tarbet is a rillage sleeping in the presence of the mighty Ben, whose forehead is almost always bound with a cloudy handkerchief. Although the loch is finer higher up, where it narrows towards Glen Falloch—

more magnificent lower down, where it widens, many-isled, towards Balloch—it is by no means to be despised at Tarbet. Each bay and promontory wears its peculiar charm; and if the scenery does not astonish, it satisfies. Tarbet can boast, too, of an excellent inn, in which, if the traveller be wise, he will, for one night at least, luxuriously take his ease." From this point you may descry the Cobbler and his Wife, on the lofty summit of Ben Arthur. Right opposite Tarbet the lofty Benlomond manifests itself as a picturesque peaked mountain. Let would-be climbers ponder o'er the following lines, written in 1771 on a pane of glass in the old inn of Tarbet, now razed:—

"If taste for grandeur and the dread sublime Prompt thee Benlomond's fearful height to climb: Here stop! attentive, nor with scorn refuse The friendly rhymings of a tavern muse. For thee the muse this rude inscription plann'd-Prompted for thee her humble poet's hand. Heed thou the poet! he thy steps shall lead Safe o'er you towering hill's aspiring head. Attentive then, to this informing lay, Read how he dictates as he points the way. Trust not at first a quick, adventurous pace-Six miles its top points gradual from the base. Up the high rise with panting haste I pass'd, And gained the long laborious height at last. More prudent thou, when once you pass the deep, With measur'd pace and slow ascend the steep; Oft stay thy steps, oft taste the cordial drop, And rest, O ! rest long, long upon the top. There hail the breezes, nor with toilsome haste Down the rough slope thy precious vigour waste; So shall thy wondering sight at once survey Vales, lakes, woods, mountains, islands, rocks, and sea; Huge hills, that heaped in crowded order stand, Stretch'd o'er the northern and the western land; Vast lumpy groups! while Ben, who often shrouds His lofty summit in a veil of clouds, High o'er the rest displays superior state, In proud pre-eminence, sublimely great. One side, all awful to th' astonished eye, Presents a steep three hundred fathoms high. The scene, tremendous! shocks the startled sense In all the pomp of dread magnificence. All this, and more, shalt thou with transport see, And own a faithful monitor in me."

At this lone spot one might conjure up the past again, and hear the martial tread or splashing oar of erstwhile invading hosts rushing on

with dauntless courage to death or glorious victory. To enable you, my confiding compagnon de voyage, the more easily to do so, I give an historical incident pertinent to my subject, namely, Haco the Norwegian's invasion of the lock, which took place in the reign of Alexander III. of Scotland, in the year of grace 1263. This Norwegian King, after devastating the western coast of Scotland, despatched a fleet of sixty ships up the Frith of Clyde, or Frith of Dumbarton, as it was sometimes termed in old times. These war vessels entered Loch Long, and penetrated to its head, committing all the havor possible as they sailed along. When they reached what is now Arrochar, their scouts ascertained that only a narrow neck of land one and a-half miles or so broad divided the waters of Loch Long from those of Lochlomond. The hardy Norsemen ascertaining that the people who inhabited the borders of the lake had fled to its islands for safety, when the rumour of their approach reached them, carrying with them in their flight any portable articles of value, resolved to drag across their light boats and launch them at Tarbet, and thus they were enabled to make a dash upon the natives in their secluded retreats. Before their return they wasted, with fire and sword, almost all that was destructible in the isles and shores of this beautiful lake, and retreated laden with plunder. In the words of a Norwegian bard, who commemorated this exploit, "The persevering warriors of the thrower of the whizzing spear drew their boats across the broad isthmus. Our fearless troops, the exactors of contributions, with flaming brands wasted the populous islands in the lake, and the mansions around its circling bays." We will be very much at one in thinking that these heathen fellows might have been much better employed at home, were it only in making cold meat of each other. They wrought for centuries mickle woe to puir auld Scotland. They were in truth a thorn in her side, a goad to her back, and altogether a terrible curse. Monasteries and religious houses of all descriptions were consigned to the tender mercies of the flames by these "persevering warriors," who might not inaptly be termed the firebrands of Satan. The hacking and hewing of Christian men, and the deflowering of Christian maidens seemed to have been nuts to these savages. But we must once more push ahead, "for time and tide for no man bide," nor yet do steamers as a rule. Having cleared Tarbet Bay, with its cottagebesprinkled promontory, we soon pass the tiny islet of Eilean Tarbet. After a run from thence of a few miles, on the east side of the loch, we reach

INVERSNAID

Looking westward across the loch at this charming retreat, you will obtain a view of the sublime hills which there heave up their proud defiant heads in rude magnificence. Amongst the number are the prominent peaks of Ben Vane and Ben Vorlich, the latter being 3092 feet in height. At its base is Loch Sloy, an ancient stronghold of the MacFarlanes, and from Loch Slov, a famous trouting loch, which lies sleeping among these hills, the battle cry or slogan of this clan was taken. At this wharf passengers disembark who are bound for the Trossachs and Aberfovle, as also those do who wish to tarry at this most inviting place for a period, and take up their quarters at the comfortable hotel; and others to walk along the path which leads to Loch Katrine, with a view to their returning by the steamer when on her downward run from the head of the loch. In regard to the waterfall which pours its liquid treasures into the loch, immediately to the south of the wharf, Alexander Smith, the late lamented essayist and poet, writes:-"The torrent roars down in a chain of cataracts, and in a spirit of bravado takes its proudest leap at the last. Quite close to the fall is the hotel; and on the timber bridge that overhangs the cataract you can see groups of picturesque hunters, the ladies gracefully timid, the gentlemen gallant and re-assuring. Inversnaid is beautiful, and it possesses an added charm in being the scene of one of Wordsworth's poems; and he who has stood on the rustic bridge, and watched the flash and heard the thunder of the stream beneath him, and gazed on the lake surrounded by mountains, will ever after retain the picture in remembrance, although there should not have been to him vouchsafed the vision of the 'Sweet Highland Girl,'" of whom the poet writes:-

"Sweet Highland girl, a very shower Of beauty is thy earthly dower! Twice seven consenting years have shed Their utmost bounty on thy head; And those gray rocks, that household lawn; Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn; This fall of water that doth make A murmur near the silent lake; This little bay, a quiet road That holds in shelter thy abode; In truth unfolding thus you seem. Like something fashioned in a dream, Such forms as from the covert peep When earthly cares are laid asleep: Yet dream, or vision as thou art, I bless thee with a human heart;

God shield thee to thy latest years! I neither know thee nor thy peers, And yet my eyes are filled with tears."

In connection with my notice of this place, I have thought that it might interest you if I appended to my remarks a veracious chronicle as to how (at Inversnaid) King Robert the Bruce and his army crossed Lochlomond. In 1306, when King Robert the Bruce was retreating before the Lord of Lorn, who had married a daughter of the Red Comyn, whom Bruce had sacreligiously slain in hot blood within the monastery of Grevfriars, at Dumfries, he and his band of followers, now reduced to about 500, found themselves on the eastern side of Lochlomond, in the desperate strait of having in front a deep, broad loch; and behind, and not very far distant, an exasperated enemy, panting for their blood. To cross the loch without boats was impracticable; to go round the head of it was impolitic, as that part of the country was in the hands of enemies, who were all too powerful for them to cope with in their present almost desperate plight. At this critical conjuncture Douglas, who was one of the King's party, fortunately found a price less treasure in a leaky boat, which only held three at a time. If was pressed into the service for ferrying the party across the lake. The King and Douglas, to test the practicability of making the voyage in such a frail craft, were the first to cross over. When they were safely landed, the boat was kept going backwards and forwards until the whole band of patriots were, partly by rowing and partly by swimming, conveyed to the western shores in safety. Of course, this transporting of troops was a somewhat protracted one, and King Robert, to keep up the spirits of his knights and followers during the period of their weary waiting, recited to them the romance of "Fierabras, and gave unto them an account of the siege of the 'Duke Peris' in the Tower of Egrymur by King Lawyn." The loch successfully crossed, the party found themselves confronted with the horrors of famine. While ranging the hills and dales in search of wild berries, roots, or game, to satisfy the cravings of hunger, they fortunately met with the Earl of Lennox, who had been guided their way by the peculiar sound of the King's buglehorn, with which he was familiar. Lennox, when he found himself in the presence of his beloved master, whose movements he had not been apprised of for a considerable time, was touchingly moved: the Bruce also was overcome at the sight of his right trusty friend, who had appeared so opportunely. They embraced each other, and wept for joy. As they were in Lennox's country, he was enabled at once to relieve their necessities, and having done this good office. he aided them in reaching the district of Cantyre. In regard to the particular place on the loch side where the Bruce ferried over, history sayeth nothing, but, in consideration of whence he came. and whither he was going, I am inclined to think that the point at which he embarked was half a mile or so above Inversnaid. By consulting a map it will be seen that such a view has much in its favour. Then when the King and his little army had rested for a short space of time where they had disembarked, their route to Cantyre would naturally be across the isthmus from Tarbet to Arrochar, which was within a short distance south of the place where they encamped; so that Inversnaid, in addition to its celebrated waterfall, and other attractions, which have been sung by poets and poetlings many, may with every show of reason lay claim to having an historical connection with the glorious deliverer of Scotland from the bloody grasp of Edward, the English tyrant, on whose tomb is inscribed, as a crowning glory, that he was the hammer of Scotland. Near the western side of the lake, and a little to the northward of Inversnaid, lie two small islands, the most southern of which is called Wallace's Isle, and the other Inveruglas Isle. On the latter there are the ruins of a castle. Our loch journey is now rapidly drawing towards a termination, and there remains during its progress only three objects to which I wish to draw your particular attention before we disembark at Ardlui, and these are, firstly,

ROB ROY'S CAVE,

Which is situated a few miles above Inversnaid, quite at the edge of the loch, and has its aperture nearly hidden by fragments of rock, it is capable of holding well on for fifty men in its interior. Bold Rob and his trusty followers hid there when they were hard pressed by their enemies, and lay in safe concealment until the storm of their wrath had overpassed. It is also asserted by tradition, which has all the appearance of truth, that King Robert the Bruce took refuge here for a brief period, after an unsuccessful encounter with his sworn foe, MacDougall of Lorn, at Dalree. The recesses of this cave are almost daily explored by parties of tourists, who reach it by small boats, to ponder there over the misty past, and conjure up its spirit—a spirit which will respond to the call of the devout traveller, and to him only. To the flippant and irreverent it is not at home.

The second of the noteworthy objects referred to above is the small, leaf-clad island of Eilean Vhou, on which are the ruins of a miniature castle or hold of the MacFarlanes. This lone isle up till recently could boast of possessing a hermit of the clan Farlane, who dwelt in one of its natural caverns. The third and last object which I now require to draw your attention to, is the Pulpit Rock, which lies on the western shore, near the head of the lake. From it, on sundry occasions, the minister of the parish on which it is situated has preached to the few straggling parishioners who dwell in this primitive region—hence its name. There is now spread out before us a portion of the scenery which has been descriptively inwoven by the cunning hand of that master of the lyre, the Ettrick Shepherd, into his weird story of

THE FATE OF MACGREGOR

the denouement of which evidently takes place at Loch Katrine:-

- "MacGregor, MacGregor, remember our foemen;
 The moon rises broad from the brow of Benlomond;
 The clans are impatient, and chide thy delay;
 Arise! let us bound to Glen Lyon away."—
- 'The Campbell may come, as his promises bind him, And haughty M'Nab, with his giants behind him; This night I am bound to relinquish the fray, And do what it freezes my vitals to say.

He saw the MacGregor hacel down on the plain,

- "Last night, in my chamber, all thoughtful and lone, I called to remembrance some deeds I had done, When entered a lady, with visage so wan, And looks such as never were fastened on man. I knew her, O brother! I knew her too well! Of that once fair dame such a tale I could tell As would thrill thy bold heart;——
- "I swore, ere the shadow fell east from the pile,
 To meet her alone by the brook of Glen Gyle.
- "She told me, and turned my chill'd heart to a stone,
 The glory and name of MacGregor were gone:
 That the pine, which for ages had shed a bright halo
 Afar on the mountains of Highland Glen Falo,
 Should wither and fall ere the turn of you moon,
 Smit through by the canker of hated Colquhoun:
 That a feast on MacGregors each day should be common,
 For years, to the eagles of Lennox and Lomond.

"A parting embrace, in one moment, she gave; Her breath was a furnace, her bosom the grave! Then flitting elusive, she said, with a frown, "The mighty MacGreger shall yet be my own."

Away went MacGregor, but went not alone; To watch the dread rendezvous Malcolm has gone. They oar'd the broad Lomond, so still and serene, And deep in her bosom, how awful the scene! O'er mountains inverted the blue waters curl'd And rock'd them on skies of a far nether world.

All silent they went, for the time was approaching,
The moon the blue zenith already was touching;
No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill:
Young Malcolm at distance crouch'd, trembling the while—
MacGregor stood lone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

Few minutes had pass'd, ere they spied on the stream A skiff sailing light, where a lady did seem; Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom, The glow-worm her wake-light the rainbow her boom; A dim, rayless beam was her prow and her mast, Like wold-fire, at midnight, that glares on the waste. Though rough was the river with rock and cascade, No torrent, no rock, her velocity staid;

Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach. The chieftain salute her, and shrink from her touch. He saw the MacGregor kneel down on the plain, As begging for something he could not obtain; She raised him indignant, derided his stay, Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away.

Though fast the red bark down the river did glide, Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side;

"MacGregor! MacGregor!" he bitterly cried;
"MacGregor! MacGregor!" the echoes replied.
He struck at the lady, but, strange though it seem,
His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream;
But the groans from the boat, that ascended amain,
Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.
They reached the dark lake, and bore lightly away—
MacGregor is vanished for ever and aye!

A few more strokes of the paddle wheels and we reach the wharf of

ARDLUI,

Where all the passengers disembark. We are now at the head of Lochlomond, and at the foot of Glenfalloch. At this point, as at all the other landing places on the loch, except Balmaha, there is an excellent hotel for the accommodation of travellers, planted down in a most charming spot. From the hotel, in the season, coaches start for Ballachulish vid Glencoe daily. There is also a large, wellmanaged hotel a mile or two up the glen, at Invergrana, on the Breadalbane estate, to which, if parties are disinclined to walk, they can be driven at a small charge, in conveyances which are waiting for the purpose, and a most enjoyable drive it is, and one which agreeably diversi fies the railing and sailing experiences which we have just passed through. At Invergran are to be seen, just behind the inn, but : mile or so distant therefrom, a most famous waterfall, leaping hundreds of feet at a time down the face of a mountain, which, after a heavy rainfall, roars like thunder, and flashes like mighty streams of molten silver lashed into foam and spray. An agreeable stroll can here be taken in the meadows of the Falloch, or up the sides of the mountains. Should parties wish to return per steamer, a coach starts from the hotel in ample time to enable them to do so. Tourists can also start from Inverarnan to Glencoe, per coach, which in the summer time runs daily. For information regarding this trip see that section of Guide.





TO LOCHLOMOND VIA HELENSBURGH, LOCHLONG, AND ARROCHAR.

This is one of the most agreeably diversified outings that the tourist could desire, whether it be in regard to scenery or modes of conveyance. Having obtained our tickets for the journey at the Dundas Street Station of the North British Railway, off we start through a gloomy, rock-hewn portal, to the heaven-spanned temple of nature, for the purpose of exploring a portion of its infinite variety. information regarding the objects of interest which are passed between Cowlairs, at the head of the tunnel, and Dumbarton Junction, please consult the opening portion of the immediately preceding section of this work. After a very pleasant spin of 16 miles down the valley of the Clyde, we diverge from the main line at Dalreoch, from which point we pursue once more a course along fair Clutha's stream. Upon entering the Helensburgh Branch we are subjected to a tunnel ordeal of a short and not disagreeable nature. When we pass through it, and realize how pleasant a thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun, we have on our right, low leaf-clad cliffs of wave-worn red sandstone, which indicate the old sea margin. continue, well-defined, from Mr Denny's mansion house of Helenslee, on the western confines of Dumbarton, down to the village of Cardross. To our left, as we emerge from the tunnel, underneath one of the highest of these cliffs there is a cave, called "Havock Hole," in which Sir William Wallace, the Scottish patriot, and his devoted little band of followers took refuge for a night, after burning the Southrons at Dumbarton, where, according to Blind Harry the minstrel's most veracious and much venerated chronicle, "He set their lodgings all in a fair lowe (flame)
About their ears, and burned them stab and stowe,
Then to Dumbarton (Havock) Cave with merry speed,
March'd long ere day—a quick exploit indeed."

One of the first objects which may attract our attention on the south banks of the Clyde, when we fairly get free of the red sandstone cutting, is the historic house of Finlaystone, richly clad in leafy garniture. It was at one time the residence of the Earls of Glencairn, and within its venerable walls John Knox, the zealous church reformer, in troublous times administered the sacred rite of the holy sacrament to a number of devout men and women, high in rank and saintly in character. To the east of it is the modern village of Langbank, which owes its existence to its proximity to Glasgow. Should it be our good fortune to pass along the line when it is high water, on a sunshiny day, with a gentle breeze, then the view of the spacious Frith of Clyde, flashing and sparkling, and alive with craft of all sizes and countries, is worth going a good few miles to see; then it appears like a charming lake, girt in, on the west, by the rugged Argyleshire and Dumbartonshire Hills. At low water, however, the view is rather disappointing, as bare sandbanks extend out from the Cardross shore for fully a mile, which give the foreground quite a cheerless aspect. Beyond Finlaystone House, and opposite the village of Cardross, we descry Port-Glasgow, called by the natives "the Port." It has achieved considerable fame as a shipbuilding and engineering place, and also as a minor shipping port, but its importance in the latter respect has been to a large extent eclipsed by its near neighbour, Greenock, of which sugar-refining, and on that account, if on no other, sweet town of Sugaropolis we will say a few words by and bye. With such interesting objects to take up our attention, the three miles are speedily covered which divide Dumbarton from

CARDROSS,

Of which parish the late Lord MacAulay's grandfather was minister. To the east of the station, but on a higher level, the little, old-fashioned, two-storied, white-washed manse, in which he dwelt, still stands on the roadside, adjacent to the parish kirk, but it no longer shelters the parish clergyman, for he now dwells in improved quarters, just behind the old manse, alongside of the kirk. This place of worship, peeping out from the grand old trees which environ it, forms a very picturesque object in the landscape. There lies, to the west of the station, a medieval-looking, ecclesiastical edifice, which

possesses a good chime of bells in its belfry. That is the Free Church, which was erected a few years ago by John William Burns. Esq. of Kilmahew and Cumbernauld, at his sole expense. gentleman's mansion house of Kilmahew occupies an exceptionally fine position on the slope of the hill due north of the last-named church, and near to the ruins of old Kilmahew Castle, which, with the surrounding broad acres, belonged to the first known family in Scotland of the name of Napier, from about the close of the thirteenth century down to 1820, when they passed from their hands. After, in pretty quick succession, becoming the property of two or three different parties, they were acquired by Mr Burns, who now owns an ample estate in this parish. To the left, half way between Cardross and Helensburgh, is a richly-wooded promontory, or head land, called "Hill Ardmore," which forms the charming eastern extremity of the bay of Helensburgh. It is the property of the Geils family, after which a very small clachan is named which lies a little to the westward of Cardross. After a most delightful run of eight miles from Dumbarton, we enter Craigendoran Station, east end of HELENSBURGH,

Which was, within the memory of men still living, a small fishing hamlet, built upon the margin of the Clyde. Besides prosecuting the apostolic art of fishing, the ancient inhabitants had an ardent love for poaching, illicit distillation and smuggling. The following after these unlawful pursuits developed in the nature of the natives a drunken recklessness, which earned for their place of abode the terribly suggestive name of "Sodom." But behold what a change has come over it! The hamlet has grown into an imposing town, which has well on for thirty miles of streets, and ten thousand of a population, many of whom are connected by business with Glasgow, and travel up to and down from it daily. As you survey their places of abode, you involuntarily think that their lines have fallen in pleasant places, and that their heritages are goodly ones. The high sounding title of "the Brighton of Scotland" is almost universally accorded to this place. There are two good licensed hotels in this town, the "Queen's" and the "Imperial," besides temperance ones of a superior grade, so that there is ample accommodation provided for those who wish to break their journey here for the purpose of visiting the many delightful and interesting objects which the place offers for the delectation of visitors. But we are bound for "the Queen of Scottish Lakes," and are not to be

tempted on this occasion to loiter by the way; so onwards we must press with the multitude from the station, down the covered way to the pier, at which the steamer which is to convey us to Arrochar is waiting our arrival. Whenever we are in a position where we are seen by the "hands" of the boat, they immediately begin ringing its bell most vigorously. The more nervous and least experienced of our number make a rush, but we old stagers will just walk on at a fair but not killing pace, and shall find ourselves as far forward at the end of the journey as the racers. After all the passengers and their luggage are safely stowed on board, away the vessel steams right across the broad frith to Greenock. When a short distance on our way, by looking back, we obtain a most satisfactory view of Helensburgh, and the lower portion of "the beautiful Gareloch," up to Row. At its entrance, on the right, there stands, upon a slight eminence, surrounded by ancestral woods, the ancient Castle of Ardencaple, once the seat of the powerful family of MacAulay of that ilk, more recently belonging to the Argyll family, but now the property of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, Bart. A little higher up the loch, on the left, stands Rosneath Castle, one of the principal seats of the Duke of Argyll. Much of the scenery of this district, which the Castle adorns, is inwoven into "The Heart of Midlothian" by Sir Walter Scott, who terms erroneously the promontory or tongue of land between the Gareloch and Loch Long an island. But the crowning adornment of the Gareloch is its most magnificent background of rugged hills, "where the clouds love to rest on the mountain's rough breast." These are indeed a study for the painter in the matter of sublimity. most unpolished fellows of them all are playfully termed by the Celts, in their own quiet humorous way, "the Duke of Argyll's bowling green." Upon a day when light fleecy clouds are flying briskly overhead, these mountains are seen to the greatest perfection. Flecked with light and shade in rapid transition, their faces appear alternately lighted up with smiles, or darkened with frowns. When we have cleared Rosneath Point, we observe, on the Clyde side of it, but a mile or two distant, the watering place of Kilcreggan, of which the Duke of Argyll is superior, and nearer hand we see His Grace's stables. We now make our way through the considerable fleet of merchant vessels which lie at anchor at the Tail of the Bank. Some of these have just arrived from foreign parts, others are preparing for voyaging to distant lands. There are, in addition, usually stationed here two Government vessels, viz., one revenue

cutter and a man-o'-war, as the representatives of law and order. These passed, we rapidly approach the old quay of

GREENOCK,

To receive the complement of passengers which that town yields, as also to take on board those who have come down from Glasgow by the Caledonian Railway. These ends accomplished, away we steam to Princes Pier, which is situated at the west end of this noisy, somewhat unsavoury, and decidedly smoky, yet withal thriving, shipbuilding, engineering, and sugar-refining place, whose extensive docks and quays are constantly filled with shipping from all parts of the world. At Princes Pier we embark those passengers who have come from Glasgow and elsewhere by the Glasgow and South Western Railway, whose terminus is so conveniently situated at the pier. After a short detention, we churn our way towards Gourock. On the route we are favourably impressed with the western portion of Greenock. The recently formed esplanade, the gleaming "bienlooking" houses which line it, and the goodly mansions, well-clothed with wood, which rise terrace above terrace behind it, present to the eye a very pretty picture. To the west of the esplanade, above Fort Matilda, near Gourock, there stands, in the shadow of a hill, a most extensive, very cheerless, dark-looking building. That is Sir Gabriel Wood's Asylum, for old or decayed mariners, which is a most useful institution, as "poor Jack," as a rule, spends his money as fast as he earns it, and never thinks of laying past anything for a sore foot or a rainy day. In a few minutes we sail abreast of

GOUROCK,

The first of the villages on the south bank of the Clyde which is devoted to the reception and proper entertainment "o' saut water folk." In its charming bay are usually seen riding at anchor many noble specimens of the yacht builders' art. At this point our course is directed across the frith, and after covering a few miles we reach

DUNOON,

Which is famous not only for its salubrity and beautiful situation but also for its large and lovely Convalescent Home, which has been built and is supported principally by the generous citizens of Glasgow and its neighbourhood, for the restoration of the health of their poorer brethren. The great point of attraction here for the summer visitors appears to be the Castle Hill, to the westward of

DUNOON. 49

the pier. In fine weather they cluster on it in hundreds, and a most choice spot it is for whiling away time.

"Grim horror brooded there in days of yore; Now peace and pleasure haunt it evermore."

The ancient Castle of Dunoon, of which you see a fragmentary portion crowning the hill, probably dates from the thirteenth century, but it is supposed that a fortalice, or keep, was erected in the sixth or seventh century on the same site, when it belonged to the clan Lamont, who held it and the surrounding country for centuries. About the middle of the fourteenth century it came into possession of the Crown, and Colin Campbell of Lochawe, from whom have sprung the Argyll family, was made its hereditary keeper, as a reward for the assistance rendered by him at its capture, and he at the same time received, if not exactly broad lands, at all events a considerable tract of high lands for the proper up-keep of the dignity thereof. This settlement of the Campbells, in Cowal, led to endless disputes and bloodshed between them and the Lamonts, the ancient lords of the district, culminating in 1646 in the perpetration by the Campbells of one of the most Satanic tragedies ever played out in Scotland. and that is saving much, for many bloody deeds have been in the past enacted therein. To begin the narrative-In the year above stated, the Campbells, in force, laid siege to the Castles of Toward, on the mainland, and of Ascog in Bute, then belonging to Sir James Lamont. Being sore pressed, the Lamonts capitulated, upon the condition that they would get leave to depart unmolested from these strongholds. But what did the victors do, in defiance of their solemn obligations, but bind the hands of the 200 vanquished Lamonts behind their backs, and placing them in fetters they clapped a guard upon them as prisoners within the Castle and Castle yards of Toward, and kept them there in great torment and misery for a few days. They then caused the captives to be taken by boats to Dunoon, and there, in the most inhuman manner, they caused thirty-six gentlemen of the clan Lamont to be hung upon a tree. The Marquis of Argyll was indicted for these barbarous proceedings, and at the end of the indictment appears the following superstitious account of what befel the fatal tree:- "The Lord from Heaven did declare His wrath against the same by striking the tree whereon the said Lamonts were hanged in the month of June-it being a lively, fresh-growing ash tree at the kirk of Dunoon, among many other fresh trees, with leaves. The Lord struck the tree immediately thereafter, so that the whole leaves fell from it, and

the tree withered, never bearing leaves thereafter, and remaining so for the space of two years. When being cut down, there sprang out of the very heart of the root thereof a spring like unto blood. poppling up, running in several streams over the root; and that for several years thereafter, till the said murderers, or their favourers. perceiving that it was remarked by persons of all ranks (resorting there to see the miracle), they did cause howk out the root, covering the hole with earth, which was full of the said matter like blood." The Argvll family from this date seem to have forsaken the place which for their sins was visited by the vengeance of God and accursed. The lofty towers of the Castle fell prone to the dust after a number of years, and formed a convenient quarry for the neighbourhood. and now there only remains that small bit of blackened wall to mark where one of the most important strongholds in this part of Scotland had been. But the bloody deeds enacted there, and in its vicinity, are written indelibly in the annals of the country for the execration of mankind. A little way to the north-east of the Castle Hill there stands, on a bold, commanding, position, the kirk of the parish, beautifully surrounded by trees of ancient growth. Its stately tower forms an important feature in the landscape. The ancient village of Dunoon has disappeared, and the modern one stretches in beauty for miles along the coast, from Kirn to Innellan. We now turn and make our way up the Frith for the purpose of entering Loch Long, and in our course call at

KIRN.

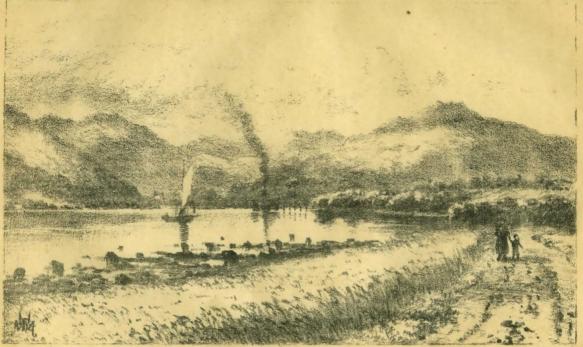
Which might almost be considered a continuation of Dunoon. This place is most delightfully situated on a gently-rising, well-wooded promontory, at the junction of the Holy Loch with the Frith of Clyde, and is almost entirely composed of villas of a superior type. Our next stoppage is at

HUNTER'S QUAY,

At the mouth of the Holy Loch. In the season this is a favourite resort for yachters, who have their headquarters and club at the Marine Hotel, adjacent to the pier. We now wend our way across the entrance of what the late Alexander Smith (the poet) considered the most beautiful of all the salt water lochs in the West of Scotland. After a short run from thence we enter Loch Long, and make our first call therein at

BLAIRMORE PIER,

Which is situated on the left bank of the loch, where, as usual, we both give out and take in passengers. It, like the great majority



RENNETT & THOMSON,

COULPORT, LOCHLONG.

Lithographers

SKETCHED BY MR HAMILTON MACMILLAN, ARTIST, HELENSBURGH, FROM PAINTING BY HIM, IN POSSESSION OF A. F. GARVIE, ESQ., DUMBARTON.

of the Clyde watering places, has a brand new look. The stately villas and more modest cottages ornee which here skirt the shore, or are perched on the hill-side, are most seductive-looking places of residence, which ought to prove a kind of oasis in the desert of life to their happy inmates. After leaving this we cross the mouth of the loch and call at

COVE PIER

To land and receive passengers. That is soon effected, and then the vessel steams ahead once more. There are many noble villas at this place, which belong to Glasgow merchants and manufacturers. These residences occupy most commanding and picturesque positions, and lend a considerable charm and variety to the landscape; but as there are none of them with a history worth recording, we dwell no further on them, but glide along, straight up the loch, to

ARDENTINNY FERRY.

Here we get fairly into intimate contact with the sublime in nature without being subjected to the distracting influences of too many of the works of man. The domain which now lies within the scope of our vision is very sparsely populated, and its features are very well depicted in the subjoined lines by the poet Tannahill on

THE LASS O' ARRANTEENIE.
Far lone amang the Highland hills,
Midst nature's wildest grandeur,
By rocky dens and woody glens,
With weary steps I wander:
The langsome way, the darksome day.
The mountain mist sae rainy,
Are nought to me when gaun to thee,
Sweet lass o' Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe,
Just op ning fresh and bonny,
Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
And's scarcely seen by ony:
Sae, sweet amidst her native hills,
Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
The flow'r o' Arranteenie

Now from the mountain's lofty brow
I view the distant ocean;
There av'rice guides the bounding prow.
Ambition courts promotion—
Let fortune pour her golden store,
Her laurl'd favours many,
Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
The lass o' Arranteenie.

Ardentinny Inn is a plain, old-fashioned one, but it is planted amidst glorious surroundings. The bay above it, with its yellow sands, fertile meadow, plain unpretentious mansion house, and sternly grand background of receding hills, is a study alike for poet, painter, and lover of the beautiful in nature. The loch above this narrows considerably, and the hills, more especially on the western side, shoot up from its dark waters almost perpendicularly. After a quarter of an hour's sail from Ardentinny we reach, to the east of the loch.

PORTINCAPLE FERRY.

Right over from it, on the other side of the hill, lies Garelochhead village, and the Gareloch itself. Pedestrians from Gareloch to Arrochar, at a point near to the tidy, snug, well-conducted Whistlefield Inn, which lies at the top of the hill, can see three lochs, Lochlong, Lochgoil, and Gareloch, each having its own peculiar characteristic beauty. There are a few fishermen reside here at the loch side, whose wherries may be seen riding at anchor off, and their dark brown nets drying on, the shore. Their huts are more picturesque than comfortable. One or two of the number are composed of tarred timber, and seem to be altogether a blot upon the fair scene, and might with great propriety, with their owner's consent, be improved with a lucifer match off the face of the hill which they disfigure. Opposite Portincaple Ferry is the Lochgoil mentioned by the poet Campbell in his "Lord Ullin's Daughter," where

A chieftain to the Highlands bound Cries, Boatman, do not tarry, And I'll gi'e ye a silver pound To row me o'er the ferry.

The ferryman then interrogates the chief in this wise

O wha be ye would cross Lochgoil
This dark and stormy water?
O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.
For fast before her father's men,
Three days we've fled together,
And should they meet us in the glen,
Our blood would stain the heather.

The lady speaks-

O haste thee, haste, the lady cries, Though tempests round us gather, I'll meet the raging of the skies, But not an angry father. The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When O, too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

The father appears on the scene—

Come back, come back, he cried in grief,

Across the stormy water,

And I'll forgive your Highland chief,

But the waters wild went o'er his child, And he was left lamenting.

My daughter, O my daughter.

A mile or so up on the left hand side, by the margin of Lochgoil, stands, visible from the steamer, a grev, hoary old ruin, called Carrick Castle, which was an ancient seat of the Dunmore family. It dates from about the end of the fifteenth century. It consists principally of one irregularly-shaped oblong tower, and its walls are from seven to eight feet thick in some places. It was defended on the landward side by a drawbridge, on the seaward by a rampart, behind which there was a court capable of holding 1000 men, so that, although now battered, time-worn, and weak, it was once strong and mighty in battle. One of the routes to Inveraray is by Lochgoilhead and St Catherine's Ferry. The scenery in this route is very grand, but as it is outside of our province we will say no more on that subject. The right hand entrance to Lochgoil is flanked by the Duke of Argyll's Bowling Green, facetiously so called, and formerly referred to. As we plough our way up the watery gorge of Loch Long, on the right, immediately after we pass this hill, we come to Finnart, where there are two pleasantly-situated marine residences, called Arddarroch and Finnart respectively, one of which is occupied in the shooting season by a very wealthy Glasgow manufacturer. After we leave this we see few signs of human habitations. Within the last half century the clearance system, which has been going on so extensively in the Highlands generally, has also been at work here, as one hundred years ago there were 200 people living between Lochgoil and the head of Loch Long, where now, if we except the residences of the gentry and their dependents, which are not by any means numerous, there are only two or three shepherds' shieldings, containing, say, half a score of inhabitants. What an alarming falling off is there! It is to be hoped that in the hour of Britain's greatest need she may not fall prostrate before her foes for want of the aid of the strong arms of

such stalwart fellows as lived in these and such places in the Highlands. As we move onward through scenes of majestic grandeur we quickly reach that most charming retreat, the village of

ARROCHAR. Landing at its pier the tourist is struck with the sublimity of its surroundings. Right over the pier stands the hotel of Arrochar beautiful for situation, and the centre of many delightful walks and drives. At this cosy hostelry travellers will find a "mine host" who is most attentive. There is also a well-managed Temperance Hotel at Arrochar. On the opposite side of the loch is the entrance to Glencroe, one of the wildest glens in Scotland. There shoots up Ben Arthur, 2389 feet high, which has conferred upon it as an alias "The Cobbler," on account of one of the rocks which crown its deeply serrated crest bearing a striking resemblance to such an one at work. Alexander Smith, wrote the following description of the grand old man :- "He (the Cobbler) is a gruesome carle, and inhospitable to strangers. He does not wish to be intruded upon-is a very hermit, in fact; for when, after wild waste of breath and cuticle, a daring mortal climbs up to him, anxious to be introduced, behold, he has slipped his cable, and is nowhere to be seen; and it does not improve the temper of the climber that, when down again, and casting up his eyes, he discovers the rocky figure sitting in his accustomed place. The Cobbler's Wife sits a little way off-an ancient dame, to the full as withered in appearance as her husband, and as difficult of access. They dwell in tolerable amity the twain, but when they do quarrel it is something tremendous! The whole county knows when a tiff is in progress. The sky darkens above them. The Cobbler frowns dark as midnight. His Wife sits sulking in the mist. His Wife's conduct aggravates the Cobbler—who is naturally of a peppery temper—and he gives vent to a discontented growl. Nothing loath, and to the full as irascible as her spouse, his Wife spits back fire upon him. The row begins. They flash at one another in the savagest manner, scolding all the while in the grandest Billingsgate. Everything listens to them for twenty miles round. Afterwards, however, peace seems to be restored somehow when everybody is asleep. And for the next six weeks they enjoy as bright unclouded weather as husband and wife can expect in a world where everything is imperfect." Those who wish to make the circular tour back to Glasgow, &c., will find coaches at the pier of Arrochar, to convey them across the isthmus, two miles broad, to Tarbet.



TO LOCHLOMOND VIA STIRLING, THE TROSSACHS, AND LOCH KATRINE.

Having once more made the necessary arrangements in regard to tickets and other matters, at the Dundas Street Station of the North British Railway at Glasgow, we take our seats in the well-filled train labelled "Stirling and the North." It being the gay summer time, lots of fellow-tourists are on the wing. As the 18 miles of country which lie between the city of Glasgow and the point of divergence from the main line at the junction of

GREENHILL,

Have been already described in the first portion of this work, we shall say nothing further at present on the subject, but content ourselves with referring parties interested to it for information. A three or four miles' drive takes us from Greenhill to

LARBERT JUNCTION.

When it is left behind we rapidly approach the grey old town of Stirling, where we get into the region of poetry and romance. Around us are the great battle fields where Scottish independence was maintained or retrieved at the sword's point. "Where is the coward who would not dare to fight for such a land?" for verily it is a goodly one; and no wonder that the sight of it nerved the strong arms of the Bruce and his co-patriots to deeds of "derring do" in their victorious combat with their unrelenting oppressors, the English, at

BANNOCKBURN,

The field of which lies to our left, fully two miles south of Stirling, near the village of St Ninians, on which field, beside the bore stone on which was fastened the banner of the Bruce, there has been

erected a noble flagstaff, fashioned of iron by the brawny arms of the patriotic iron workers belonging to the Oddfellows' Society of the ancient Royal Burgh of Dumbarton, who gave their labour con amore, while the expense of the material, &c., was borne by the Oddfellows' Friendly Societies of Dumbarton and Stirling. This staff to all the country round marks the site of the field. After a most satisfactory drive of 11½ miles from Greenhill, we reach the somewhat imposing joint station of Stirling, which is used by the Caledonian and Forth and Clyde Railways, in addition to the North British. By the Forth and Clyde branch of the latter Lochlomond can be reached, via Balloch.

THE TOWN OF STIRLING

Is rich in historical associations. In its quaint old Castle many kings, queens, and mighty nobles took up their abode, notably James V., familiarly known as "gudeman o' Ballangeich." Here he loved to dwell, and from it he wandered forth disguised in prosecution of some love suite or other with maidens o' low degree. or else to ascertain, by intimate contact with the common people, how justice was administered. Queen Mary was crowned here, and here Prince Henry, son of James VI., was born. In one of its chambers John Knox's pulpit is still exhibited. From its walls can be seen the theatre of many bloody conflicts. Of the number of such are Stirling Bridge, Bannockburn, Sauchieburn, Carron, Sheriffmuir, and Falkirk. Apart altogether from such soul-stirring associations, the view from thence is exceedingly fine, and exquisitely varied. To the east lies a great, hill-engirdled, fertile plain, level as a bowling green, and richly embossed with gentlemen's seats and ancient slumberous villages, through which fair land meanders the mountain-born Forth in many a mazy fold and silver link. Westward the carse lands are bounded by a perfect host of those wild, rugged, heaven-kissing peaks (Benlomond being conspicuous amongst the number), which give a characteristic feature to the land of the Gael, and impart such an element of grandeur to the Lowland scenes which we are now endeavouring, however faintly, to depict. Northwards the brown-backed Ochil Hills sun their rounded forms in the smile of high heaven. At their base, as they trend nor'east, lie the Hillfoot villages, snugly ensconced. These have got a worldwide reputation for the production of a Bannockburn tweed cloth, much in demand for gentlemen's articles of attire on account of its style and durability. On the Abbey Craig, an off-shoot or spur of the Ochils, a beetling mass of trap rock, is perched Scotland's

tribute to the memory of the patriot Sir William Wallace, in the shape of a lofty tower, built in the Scotch baronial style of architecture, at a cost of fully £16,000. From its airy, crowncapped summit a most captivating view is obtained. This craig in the olden time was one of the haunts of Wallace wight-hence its selection for the above purpose. But as we have no designs upon Stirling in the way of writing an exhaustive guide book to it. although it is a subject worthy of my steel-pen. I must be brief. and I will only say, before bidding it good-bye, that a few days can be both pleasantly and profitably spent in this sweet, old-fashioned town, as it and its immediate neighbourhood contain a perfect feast of fat things and wine on the lees for the antiquary, the student of history, and the lovers of the beautiful in scenery. And in addition, as Stirling is a centre whence radiate railways in all directions, it gets a large share of patronage from tourists, and has, in consequence, ample hotel accommodation of a superior class for such. Farewell thou picturesque old place, whose sons are called "sons of the rock." We must depart from thee, for has not the shrill steam whistle sounded the signal to advance. Northward we therefore go puffing along, and in the space of a very few minutes we reach

THE BRIDGE OF ALLAN.

This cosy, sweet place is much frequented in the spring months by parties who fly to it from their ordinary abodes, to escape the withering, blighting effects of the cruel east winds. These winged messengers of disease and death to the fragile are here robbed of their sting, as the place is completely sheltered from their fierce attacks. How beautifully situated the village is! Its well-built, trig cottages and handsome villas not only cover the plain for a couple of miles or so, through which the clear, swift Allan water gleams like liquid silver, but they clamber up the richly-wooded hill sides, and settle down on every commanding eminence, looking proudly forth in their bright adornment of towering woods, evergreen shrubs, and flowers of fairest hue. There are several hotels, and quite a host of private lodgings, in this place, where, as the worthy Bailie Nicol Jarvie says, "a' the comforts o' the Sautmarket can be obtained on easy terms." There is also situated here, on the heights, Airthrey mineral wells, and adjacent to them a large, wellpatronised hydropathic establishment. Having for a short space of time resided at this health-restoring spa, I can testify to the virtues of its waters, the salubrity of its climate, and its charming walks.

My meditations on this charming retreat since last I saw it have been sweet. After a pleasant run from "the Bridge" of about a couple of miles through interesting scenery, we reach the ancient

CATHEDRAL CITY OF DUNBLANE.

Here some of our fellow tourists break the journey; and the old city is well worthy of a special visit, time permitting. The most interesting object, however, which it contains, namely, the Cathedral, which was founded in 1240, can be seen to the right from the carriage windows. Mr Ruskin declares of one of the windows of this building that it is the finest of its class in Britain. I think that the window alluded to is the west one. The Rev. Dr W. C. Smith, of Edinburgh, writes lovingly of this time-battered old edifice, in his "Bishop's Walk." thus:—

A gray old minster on the height,
Towers o'er the trees and in the light;
A gray old town along the ridge,
Slopes winding downward to the bridge—
A quaint old gabled place,
With church stamped on its face.

The quiet Close, secluded dim,
The lettered scrolls, the pillars slim,
The armorial bearings on the wall,
The very air you breathe, are all
Full of church memories,
And the old sanctities.

And beautiful the gray old place
With characters of antique grace,
That tell the tale of pious work
Beneath the spire and round the kirk,
And growth of law and right,
Where Christ had come with light.

The good monk had his working day,
The good priest also passed away,
The mitre faded, and the crook,
And chanted hymn, and lettered book;
But in this quiet place
They left a natural grace.

A quaint old place—a minster gray,
And gray old town that winds away
Through gardens down the sloping ridge,
To river's brim and ancient bridge,
Where the still waters flow
To the deep pool below.

Besides its Cathedral, Dunblane has the attraction of two mineral

wells at Cromlix, of well-established fame, at which there is now a very handsome and well-appointed hydropathic establishment. During the Jacobite rising in 1715, the battle of Sheriffmuir was fought among the hills which lie above the city. The royalists were commanded by the Duke of Argyll, and the rebels by the Earl of Mar. The battle was not by any means big with fate, as it was a drawn one. A fine, old, satirical ballad gives the following graphic account of the struggle:—

"There's some say that we wan;
Some say that they wan;
Some say that nane wan at a', man;
But ae thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriffmuir
A battle there was, which I saw, man;
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa', man.

So there such a race was,
As ne'er in that place was,
And as little chase was at a', man;
Frae ither they ran
Without touk o' drum;
They did not make use o' a paw, man.

Rob Roy he stood watch
On a hill, for to catch
The booty, for aught that I saw, man;
For he ne'er advanced
From the place he was stanc'd
Till nae mair was to do there at a', man, &c.

Tannahill, the Paisley weaver poet, has a sweet, smooth-flowing lyric on "Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane," beginning with, "The sun has gaen doon o'er the lofty Benlomond," but as we have here poetized sufficiently, we will now proceed with our prose narrative. At Dunblane we, to the left, strike off the main line to Callander, and when three miles or so on the journey we come to DOUNE.

Charmingly situated, where the Teith and Ardoch mingletheir waters. Its huge, old ruined castle originally belonged to the Earls of Menteith. It thereafter belonged to the Royal Dukes of Albany, one of whom was Regent of Scotland during King James I.'s captivity in England. This Duke was beheaded on the "Heading Hill" of Stirling, along with a number of his nearest kindred, by the orders of his

deeply offended kinsman, the King, shortly after the period when he was liberated and assumed the government in person. monarch was under the impression that his uncle (the Regent) had designs upon the crown, and to further these ends was a party to his long captivity in England—hence sprang the bloody revenge. In the rebellion of 1745 the Castle was held for a time in the interest of "bonnie Prince Charlie." The Earl of Moray row owns this historical building. In its deep well there lives a blind trout. which has had its habitat there for the last 15 years, according to an account given to curiosity hunters by the natives. It lives there unmolested, as it would be considered nothing far short of sacrilege to attempt its capture by deceitful worm. There is an ancient bridge here, which has inscribed upon it-"In the year of God. 1535, founded was this bridge by Robert Spital, tailor, to the most noble Princess Margaret, the queen of James IV." Surmounting it is his heraldic emblem, a pair of scissors. The country for a short distance round Doune is somewhat bare, but, as we advance, matters in that respect improve. Fully 8 miles from Doune we reach

CALLANDER,

And there we leave the train. At this village numbers of our fellow-travellers will tarry to put up at one or other of its most inviting hotels; for is not this the centre of some of the most famous trouting streams in all broad Scotland? But on this occasion, after having a satisfactory interview with "mine host," from whose hotel our coach is about to start for the Trossachs, we take a quiet, leisurely view of the seductive place, and listen to the sweet music of the silver-voiced Teith, before taking our seats behind the four gallant steeds who are to pull us through one of the most captivating regions in "bonnie Scotland." Alexander Smith, the poet, having travelled over this enchanting ground

"In life's morning march, When his bosom was young,"

has left behind him, embedded in his highly interesting and most charmingly-written "Summer in Skye," where nobody would ever dream of finding it, the following brilliant description of Callander and the route from it through the nine miles which separate it from

THE TROSSACHS.

Which I take the liberty of transcribing. At the same time I recommend parties who may contemplate a visit to Skye to invest

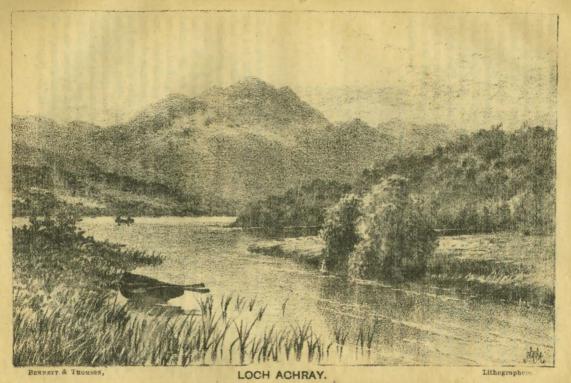
in the volume just mentioned, and they will thank me for the hint. In fact, whether they wend their way thither or no, they will find the volume to be a real treasury of gems of descriptive prose and poetic literature. "But to return to our mutton:"-"Callander is one of the prettiest of Highland villages. It was sunset as I reached it first, years ago. Beautiful the long crooked street of whitewashed houses, dressed in rosy colours. Prettily-dressed children were walking or running about. The empty coach was standing at the door of the hotel, and the smoking horses were being led up and down. And right in front stood Ben Ledi, clothed in imperial purple, the spokes of splendour from the sinking sun raying far away into heaven from behind his mighty shoulders. Callander sits like a watcher at the opening of the glens, and is a rendezvous of tourists. To the right is the Pass of Leny-well worthy of a visit. You ascend a steep path, birch trees on right and left; the stream comes brawling down, sleeping for a moment in black pools. beloved by anglers, and then hastening on in foam and fury to meet his sister in the Vale of Menteith below. When you have climbed the Pass, you enter on a green, treeless waste, and soon approach Loch Lubnaig, with the great shadow of a hill darkening across it. The loch is perhaps cheerful enough when the sun is shining on it, but the sun in that melancholy region is but seldom seen. Beside the road is an old churchyard, for which no one seemsto care—the tombstones being submerged in a sea of rank grass. The loch of the rueful countenance will not be visited on the present occasion. My course lies round the left flank of Ben Ledi, straight on for the Trossachs and Loch Katrine. Leaving Callander, you cross the waters of the Leny-changed now from the fury that, with raised voice and streaming tresses, leaped from rock to rock in the glen above-and walk into the country made immortal by the 'Lady of the Lake.' Every step you take is in the footsteps of Apollo: speech at once becomes song. There is Coilantogle Ford; Loch Vennacher yonder is glittering away in windy sunshine to the bounding hills. Passing the lake, you come on a spot where the hill side drops suddenly down on the road. On this hill side Vich Alpine's warriors started out of the ferns at the whistle of their chief; and if you travelled on the coach, the driver would repeat half the poem, with curious variations, and point out the identical rock against which Fitzjames leaned—a rock on which a dozen eye-glasses are at once levelled in wonder and admiration. The loveliest sight on the route to the Trossachs is about to

present itself. At a turn of the road Loch Achray is before you. Beyond expression beautiful is that smiling lake, mirroring the hills, whether bare and green, or plumaged with woods from base to crest. Fair azure gem in a setting of mountains! The traveller -even if a bagman-cannot but pause to drink in its fairy beauty; cannot but remember it when far away amid other scenes and associations. At every step the scenery grows wilder. Loch Achray disappears. High in upper air tower the summits of Ben Aan and Ben Venue. You pass through the gorge of the Trossachs, whose rocky walls, born in earthquake and fiery deluge, the fanciful summer has been dressing these thousand years, clothing their feet with drooping ferns and rods of foxglove bells, blackening their breast with pines, feathering their pinnacles with airy birches, that dance in the breeze like plumage on a warrior's helm. The wind here becomes a musician. Echo sits babbling beneath the rock. The gorge, too, is but the prelude to a finer charm; for before you are aware, doubling her beauty by surprise, there breaks on the right the silver sheet of Loch Katrine, with a dozen woody islands, sleeping peacefully on their shadows." Our eloquent poet, whose words we have been quoting, seems to have been so carried away by the sublimity of the scenery that he had no eye to observe the world-famed Trossachs Hotel, which we come upon before the gorge of the Trossachs is reached. It is built on a spot called in Gaelic Ardcheanochrochan (high end of the rock), a name unpronouncable by any but a Celtic tongue. The noble, picturesque building, which fits in so well with its surroundings, was built by, and is the property of, Lord and Lady Willoughby D'Eresby. It is a famous rendezvous for tourists. After this slight harking back, we will now resume our journey in a straightforward manner. At the little wharf on the loch the steamer Rob Roy awaits our arrival, and after we and our belongings are carefully disposed of in this tiny craft, away it pants and fumes towards the farther end of the loch. We have not covered above a couple of miles of water until we come abreast of Eilean Molach, or

One of the great lions (if that be an admissable word) of the loch, which we pass on our right. This islet is indebted not only to its own winning charms for its fame, but in a far greater degree it is indebted for the same to the genius of Sir Walter Scott, who fixed

indebted for the same to the genius of Sir Walter Scott, who fixed upon it as a residence for that sweet creation, "the Lady of the Lake." This isle is thickly covered with trees even to the water's

ELLEN'S ISLE.



SKETCHED BY MR HAMILTON MACMILLAN, ARTIST, HELENSBURGH, FROM PAINTING BY HIM, IN POSSESSION OF MR DONALD MAGLEOD, DUMBARTON.

edge, is somewhat circular in shape, and springs up a leafy dome from the crystal circumambient waters, within whose bosom it seems to float twin like isle and shadow. According to the great Wizard of the North, it was opposite to this isle that Fitzjames wandered, bereft of all his noble hunting train, after he had lost his gallant steed, and there blew a blast from his hunting horn which might call some straggler to his aid. Ellen Douglas, the lady of the lake, having heard the same, pushed off to the shore in a light skiff or shallop. Fitzjames, when he beheld the bright vision approach, withdrew to a thicket to reconnoitre the fair one who was hastening to his help, and this is his description of the maiden:—

"A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid, Her satin snood, her silken plaid, Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed; And seldom o'er a breast so fair Mantled a plaid with modest care, And never brooch the folds combined Above a heart more good and kind, Whether joy danced in her dark eye, Or woe or pity claimed a sigh, Or filial love was glowing there, Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer; Or tale of injury called forth The indignant spirit of the north."

There are many more pretty bits in the poem relating to this bright isle, but tourists who have gone, or who purpose going, over the classic ground embraced in this tour, should by all means possess themselves of a pocket edition of the "Lady of the Lake," and therein they will find all the charming incidents, filled in with the hand of a master. When we leave this emerald gem of the loch behind us, we also leave all the fascinating, richly-wooded, fairy, landish-looking scenery in our wake, and enter a region of barrenness and desolation. The hills, torrent-furrowed, are now, from basement to summit, unclothed, and thus they face the summer's heat and winter's cold. The general effect of the scenery in the upper reaches is pretty well expressed by the word dreary. The lake is ten miles long, and the left hand side of it belongs to His Grace the Duke of Montrose, while the right is the property of MacGregor of Glengyle, the Earl of Moray, and others. On the left side, as we are nearing the end of the lake, we descry a jetty, which marks the spot where the Glasgow Water Commissioners tap the loch for the supply of the drouthy Glasgowegians. A tunnel has been cut

in the mountain, 6975 feet in length, which conveys the aqua pura to Loch Chon side. From thence it is conveyed 26 miles by means of aqueducts and tunnels to the reservoir at Mugdock, which generally contains 500,000,000 gallons of water. From it the city of Glasgow can be furnished with a supply of 50,000,000 gallons per diem. The pipes which take it from thence into the city are now four in number, each 36 inches in diameter, and each about 7½ miles long, while pipeage to the extent of about 350 miles are there used in the distribution of the liquid treasure. The works altogether reflect infinite credit upon the enterprising spirit of the inhabitants of "the second city in the empire." The total cost of the undertaking has been £1,400,000. We soon reach the wharf of Stronachlacher, where we bid good-by to the clean, trig little steamer which has so speedily and pleasantly conveyed us thither, and take our seats on the coach which is to transfer us from

STRONACHLACHER TO INVERSNAID.

Having obtained a peep of Glengyle, the country and seat of "the MacGregor," on our right, at the head of Loch Katrine, and passed Loch Arklet on our left, we find that the desolate aspect of the scenery still continues which gave such a sombre character to the western end of Loch Katrine. Moss-coloured waters bock and gurgle by the roadside, down the sterile hills, and through the heathery mosses and tarns. After three miles' experience of this sort of thing, matters improve, and from this point on to the hotel at Inversnaid we drive through as fine a tract of Highland scenery as is to be found "here aboot or far awa"." The hills now present more rugged, loftier, and nobler forms, and we have trotting alongside of us during the rest of the journey, the Arklet, a mountain torrent, which both refreshes the eye and soothes the ear. When four out of the five miles which constitute this journey are passed, look on the hill side, to the right, and you will see the

OLD FORT OF INVERSNAID

In ruins laid, a melancholy spectacle. It stands there desolate, shorn of its strength and o'ergrown with vile weeds. Sunshine gilds it not; rain makes it not more wretched or forlorn-looking. Its congenial clothing would, I opine, be mist and vapour. as through them it would appear as if it were a grey-sheeted ghost of the dead past. When William III. was king this fort was erected to over-awe and keep in clieck the troublesome Highland clans. These having become, in the lapse of ages, the most loyal subjects of the Crown, the place has been allowed to fall into its present



SKETCHED BY MR HAMILTON MACMILLAN, ARTIST, HELENSBURGH. SILVER STRAND, LOCH KATRINE.

dilapidated condition. But while the fort was erected to over-awe the Highlanders generally of the district, yet, at the Duke of Montrose's suggestion, the particular duty of its garrison was to capture Rob Roy, or, at least, put down his thieving operations. But in these matters they miserably failed, for while the bold outlaw had many narrow escapes from their clutches, yet he managed, in defiance of the fort and its garrison, to carry on his cattle-lifting and money-appropriating pursuits to the end of the thread of his long-spun-out mortal life, which was snapped in a natural way by the King of Terrors in MacGregor's own house at Balquhidder about the year 1740. About the period referred to above, the garrison of Inversnaid was for a short time commanded by the celebrated General Wolfe. After passing this ancient land mark, the road becomes flanked by hills, which press closely upon it. trotting torrent, which has thus far kept us company comparatively well-behaved, now becomes outrageous, and madly leaps down the hill side in a series of cataracts, finishing up at the Falls of Inversnaid by taking a glorious header into Lochlomond, and there resting in peace. We have now reached the termination of this section of our journey. There stands open the hospitable doors of the extensive hotel of Inversnaid, for the reception of those who wish to tarry here by the way, and nearing the wharf comes the swiftly-gliding steamer, to pick up those who wish, without delay, to prosecute further their exploration of the "land of the mountain and the flood "



TRIP FROM ARDLUI, HEAD OF LOCHLOMOND, TO BALLACHULISH VIA GLENCOE.

Stepping out of the steamer at the pier, or out of Ardlui Hotel, as the case may be, we take up our respective places in the open conveyance which is to carry us as far on our journey as Crianlarich. After the luggage is all stowed safely away in the boot, away we dash, with four gallant steeds before us, in the most admirable position possible for enjoying the scenery, if the weather be at all on its good behaviour. After a most delightful drive of about two miles we reach the good, old-fashioned, commodious hotel of

INVERARNAN,

Where we generally receive an accession to our numbers. hotel is the first of such places of entertainment which are judiciously placed at certain stages throughout Breadalbane's country, into which we have now entered. Glenfalloch, through which we are driving, is seven miles long, and during the greater part of our journey through it, we have on our right, the river Falloch, softly gliding in the lower reaches through verdant meadows, while in the upper portions, where it is too closely confined by its rocky barriers, it rushes and leaps, roars and tumbles, over its dark, rocky bed, as if in an agony of fury. Whether flashing in cataracts, boiling in linns, or gently moving 'mong green pastures, this stream forms a most interesting feature in the noble glen which is called by its name, and which it so much enlivens. On the right, a short distance up the glen, on an eminence, stands Glenfalloch House, which was the seat of the late Captain Campbell of that ilk, father of the present Earl of Breadalbane, to whom the glen belongs. During a considerable portion of our journey, trees of noble proportions lovingly overshadow us, and sweetly temper the sun's ardent rays; or, on the other hand, should old Sol not be beaming benignantly upon us with his jolly old countenance, but, on the contrary, should the invisible archers of the sky be engaged in discharging upon us the arrowy rain in slanting lines from their inexhaustible store house, as they have actually been known to do in these parts betimes, then the kindly monarchs of the wood in some measure shield us from their chilling onset. By and bye, as we progress towards the head of the glen, we emerge from the leafy arcade and reach the land of brown heath, but not of shaggy or any other wood, for with the exception of a portion of the banks of Loch Tullich, a good distance further on we enter a treeless country, and after two or three miles of this experience we reach the modest, unpretentious, but withal hospitable,

INN OF CRIANLARICH,

Which is much frequented by fishers in the season, as there are many waters and lochs, notably Loch Dochart, in its immediate neighbourhood in which the finny tribe, beloved of those who follow the gentle craft, abound. There is a station here in connection with the Callander and Oban Railway, which takes parties on to Dalmally, and from thence to Oban by coach, viâ Loch Awe and Pass of Brander, and in this train we take our seats, and after a run of about six miles we reach the small village of

TYNDRUM,

Where we leave the train and once more take to coaching. this place there is quite a spacious hotel. The late Marquis of Breadalbane carried on extensive lead mining operations amongst the hills which lie around this village, but from the appearance presented by some of the buildings connected therewith, when I visited the place recently, I was under the impression that the works were stopped. They may, however, by this time be going ahead again in full force, as I understand that the hills are not yet by any means rifled of their leaden treasures. After we have covered a few yards of road, a highway branches off to our left, which leads to Dalmally and Oban, the latter town being about 40 miles distant. When we leave Tyndrum behind us we drive into a district of country where almost everything is in its primeval state, a howling wilderness, terrible in its grandeur and awful in its sublimity, with roaring rivers, sounding cataracts, and brawling mountain streams mingling their weird voices with the sough of the wind. Bens

many and glens many are passed on the journey. Ben Dorran, to our right, a few miles from Tyndrum, and Glenorchy to our left, a little farther on, we mention as fair types of the numerous assemblage of such which we pass en route. If ever this district was populated. it has certainly now been all but de-populated. Hardly a human habitation or a product of the industry of man is to be seen. Everything appears with the stamp of the sign manual of the Eternal upon it. But observe how the gloom and desolation of the scene is relieved in a very pleasant manner as we now approach that bright little gem of the wilderness, Loch Tullich, and skirt its pine-clad shores. While here recently with friends we saw the gentle deer in hundreds cropping the scanty herbage. They fled not at our approach, but only lifted their graceful heads to see who were thus intruding into their domain, and having satisfied themselves on that score, they attended once more to the important task of satisfying the cravings of hunger. If we are privileged upon this occasion to see the same sight, it will be a matter for extreme rejoicing. Across the loch is seen the Earl of Breadalbane's shooting lodge (in connection with the Black Mount Deer Forest, which we have now entered.) This house is furnished and fitted up in a most exquisitely appropriate style, considering the purpose for which it was built. The wainscoted dining-room, the entrance hall and lobbies are adorned with noble stags' heads by the score, while the different apartments are decorated with framed proof engravings of Landseer's famous sporting scenes. "Black Duncan," one of Breadalbane's keepers, whose counterfeit presentment figures in one of these pictures, still lives hale and hearty, up among the hills, a mile or two from Inveroran, on our road to Glencoe, with his gudewife and two or three grandchildren. After a drive of ten miles we now reach

INVERORAN HOTEL,

Which is much frequented by fishers and others who wish for a brief period to withdraw themselves from the busy haunts of men. Here we change horses. While staying at this inn a year or two ago for a few days, and such days ever to be remembered of unalloyed happiness, one evening, after tea, when my companions were deeply immersed in the mysteries of business, I got hold of the visitors' book and transcribed from it the following verses, written by Mr Roberton, a brother, as I was informed, of Professor Roberton of Glasgow University. Lovers of good, racy, descriptive poetry will, I doubt not, thank me for the opportunity of perusing these lines addressed by this genial writer "to Smiling"

INVERORAN

The traveller would be jolly green,
Nay, truthfully described as foolish,
Who, having Mull and Oban seen,
Did not proceed to Ballachulish—
Traversing sad and stern Glencoe,
With many an angry torrent pouring,
And passing Kingshouse, bleak and low,
He comes to smiling Inveroran.

For hours I wandered wet and lone
Among the gloomy lochs of Rannoch,
Where ne'er a traveller has known
The charms of beef and ale and bannock.
Bentirrich's cliffs were streaked with snow,
And eagles o'er their summits soaring,
When, nestled in the vale below,
I hailed the Inn of Inveroran.

Who travels here by night or day,
With toil, or wet, or hunger sighing,
Will get a welcome here to stay
That soon will send his sorrows flying.
The waitress fair runs in and out—
The fire and kettle soon are roaring,
And many a joyous laugh and shout
Rings through the Inn of Inveroran.

Breadalbane, lord of hill and flood,
And Lady Eva here have tarried—
Strathnairn—renowned in fields of blood,
And couples only newly married.
And crowds of women fair, and men,
Old Scotland's grandest scenes exploring,
Have loved to linger in the glen—
The pleasant glen of Inveroran.

The Queen has praised Dee's mountains high, Cairngorm, Macdhui, and Ben Vrackie, And many a peak in Lorn and Skye Has roused thy lyre, Professor Blackie. Give me Glenorchy's hills, that send Their streams to Awe and Lomond roaring, And where Loch Tullich's shores extend 'Mong pine and birch at Inveroran.

I'm tired of London, Glasgow, Perth,
Their smoke and noise and murky weather,
And like a fox that's run to earth,
Find comfort among rocks and heather.

O, were I free from worldly strife,
And some delightful wife adoring,
I'd spend the residue of life
In love and peace at Inveroran.

Another lengthy poetical effusion in the visitors' book is from the pen of that eminent author and genial old Grecian Professor, John Stuart Blackie, who therein styles himself Solicitor-General for the Celts, Edinburgh; but his writing being somewhat difficult to decipher, I left the task of transcription over to a more convenient season, and went to bed. Before this early spring visit my bedroom floor had been scrubbed until you could almost see in it the reflection of your face, and then deer skins of ample dimensions were laid down in suitable positions, such as opposite the bed, the washing stand, the toilette table, and windows. The bedstead was of iron, and without curtains, and altogether the style of furnishing commended itself to me immensely on the score of its sanitary excellencies. As we have time to spare, it will be a pleasure to step inside of this cosy little inn, and get into goodly fellowship with some of the creature comforts which it contains in such abundance, and see how scrupulously tidy and clean everything is within Having gratified our appetites as well as our curiosity, we enter upon the last stage but one of our journey. A short distance from the hostelry, which we have just left, we come to the house of Breadalbane's head gamekeeper, and his dog kennels. The latter are well worth inspecting: they contain many noble specimens of the canine tribe, such as are suitable for deer-stalking purposes. stray dogs arrive here, I have known them go a deer hunting for their own delectation. During a former visit I came across the carcasses of one or two deers in the meadows, the flesh of which had been almost totally devoured by these canine deer-stalkers. But we must hie onwards across the Black Mount, on our road to gloomy Glencoe. While traversing this part of the road, which runs amid a tumult of barren, torrent-riven hills, and great heathclad hollows, with the long, narrow, dark Loch Lydoch, and the gloomy Moor of Rannoch on our right, one is apt to imagine that there could be nothing in the way of scenery more awful, more soul-subduing, more solitary than that contained in the 7 miles that we have just passed over to reach

KINGSHOUSE INN,

Where horses are again changed. We now start on the last stage of our journey (16 miles), and find, on reaching the entrance to

GLENCOE.

That the solitary, awfully-sublime, soul-subduing character of the scenery becomes intensified ten-fold. There, on each side,

"The giant mountains stand To sentinel enchanted land."

These might form the gloomy portals to some Giant Despair's castle or genii-haunted region. The horrid, thunder-riven, torrent-lashed sides of rough-hewn, cyclopean walls, broken here and there with vawning chasms and fearful rifts, now rise up on each side of us with their jagged crests, as we plunge into this valley of death. On our left Buchaille Etive shoots up its massive form 2537 feet "into the lift sae hie," while others of its kindred of not much lesser bulk are strewn about in profusion. In all the glen there are only one or two farm houses, and two or three shepherds' shielings. On the right, opposite the hill of Buchaille Etive, is the Devil's Staircase, an old road supposed to have been formed by General Wade. As we move onward, we come to a hill which is termed Ossian's. Near its summit there is a cave, which also goes under his name. If he dwelt there, and sang within its rocky walls, then we will be inclined to think that his hall would be an airy one, and that the mighty organ of the winds would salute his ear with a music grander than his own. This hill appears as if it had parted company with its brethren on its own side of the road, and was marching to fraternise with those on the other side of the way, when some necromancer with his wand of power, arrested its progress, and fastened it where it now stands bound with the strong chains of destiny for ever. Near the centre of this glen you will observe the meeting of the three waters, which now form one stream, and run their little course together until they pour their liquid treasure into Loch Treachtean, at the foot of the mountains which surround this desolate land. The stream, however, which gives its name to the glen, and which you see here and there running its rapid course, falls into Loch Leven near its centre. This lake, as well as the falls of the serpent stream, would well repay a special visit. Although the land we are passing through is a barren one, and characteristically so, yet here and there the eye is refreshed by a glimpse of the green pastures which lie between the great mountains, upon which are depastured a few sheep, nibbling the sweet grasses which therein abound. The rocks here and there are also gloriously stained with lichens and mosses. As we begin to emerge from the valley, the severe character of the

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scenery gets somewhat softened, and we then reach a meadow, where grows up many a brier bush, and springs up many a wilding flower, and there, where stood MacIan's home, and in a small circuit round about it, was enacted the fearful

TRAGEDY OF GLENCOE.

During a snow storm in the month of February, 1692, thirtyeight persons, including a woman and a boy, were here most foully murdered by the soldiers of the Government under most atrocious circumstances. The Master of Stair, Argvll, and Breadalbane, were principally to blame for the slaughter. Stair hated the MacDonalds because they were Papists, and supposed rebels. Argyll and Breadalbane, because they were a nest of robbers and cattle-lifters, wished them improved off the face of the earth by the sword, so as they would be a thorn in their side no longer; and so they conspired to bring about their ruin. King William, who signed their death-warrant, was to a certain extent the dupe of those unprincipled nobles, yet he cannot be held as altogether blameless, as the circumstances of the case demanded a far more searching investigation than he appears to have given to it. The matter which gave MacIan's enemies power over him was this:-The Government, by proclamation, made known to the chiefs of the Highland clans, who were almost all Jacobites, that they must by a given day swear allegiance to the Government, otherwise they would be treated as rebels and outlaws. MacIan, being a proud man, left that matter over till the very last day, and then started for Fort William, accompanied by his principal followers, to take the oath before the Governor, but he, not being a magistrate, could not accept it. MacIan then immediately made for Inveraray, eighty miles distant, during a snow storm, but, alas! before he could reach it the prescribed day was over and gone; and to make matters worse, the Sheriff of Argyll was not at home, and he had to wait three long, weary, hope-deferred days until his arrival. The Sheriff, seeing that several days had elapsed since the expiry of the period when the submission of the chiefs could be received, hesitated to tender MacIan the oath of allegiance. But being overcome with the old chieftain's entreaties, he at length yielded, and administered the oath to Glencoe and his attendants, a certificate of which was at once despatched to the Privy Council, with a note explanatory of the cause of MacIan's delay in taking the oath. The old warrior now, with a joyful heart, wende Lis way homeward to his mountain fastness, where he dwe with his 200 followers.

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without any perturbation of spirit, having perfect reliance on the protection of the Government, to which he had now sworn fealty. But his enemies were busy at work; they managed to get MacIan's name obliterated from the roll of those who had taken the oath. A set of instructions were, at their suggestion, issued by the King on the 16th of January, ordering the extirpation of the whole clan. A detachment of 120 men, belonging to a clan regiment lately levied by Argyll, were fixed upon, on account of their personal hostility to the MacDonalds, to be their executioners. On the 1st February those men marched to Glencoe, under the command of Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, who is represented in history as a coldblooded, pertidious villain, and in every way a fit instrument for such an inglorious service. When the soldiers reached the glen, the inhabitants were somewhat alarmed, but upon its being explained to them that they were only to be quartered upon them for a short time, so as the pressure upon the space at Fort William might be lessened, their fears were assuaged, and the soldiery were received and entertained with the greatest hospitality. This state of matters continued for nearly a fortnight, when, on February the 13th, peremptory orders were received by the troops that at five o'clock on the following morning the MacDonalds should be slaughtered. All the avenues of escape were to be secured, and all the clan under seventy years of age were to be cut off root and branch Especial care was to be taken "that the old fox (MacIan) and his cubs should not escape the vengeance due to their transgressions," Prompt at the hour (although a portion of those who were to participate in the massacre had not been able to come forward in time, on account of being detained by a snow storm), the work of death began. MacIan's house was treacherously entered, under the guise of friendship, by a lieutenant and a small party of soldiers, and while dressing to receive them, and giving orders for their hospitable entertainment, he was shot dead in sight of his aged wife, who was stripped naked and shamefully entreated. One of the miscreants tore the rings from off her fingers with his teeth. Next day she died of terror and grief. At several other points the soldiers carried on the infamous butchery. The discharge of the muskets alarmed the sleeping inhabitants of the glen, and the half-naked fugitives fled to the mountains for shelter from their remorseless foed Many of the aged, infirm men and women, and tender babes, who were amongst the number, succumbed to the severity of the weather before they could reach a place of shelter. The snow storm which proved their

bane proved a blessing to their stronger brothren, who made their escape by the eastern passes of the glen, which had been left open on account of the detention by the storm of the party of soldiers who were to have guarded it when the slaughter began. Long before their arrival the survivors were safely beyond the reach of pursuit. The only MacDonald whom they found alive in Glencoe was aged eighty, and very frail, and him they wantonly slew. although he was specially exempted from the number of those who were to be slain. The roofs of the clansmen were then given to the flames, and all articles of any value, which could not conveniently be carried off by the soldiery, were destroyed. The four-footed wealth of the tribe, consisting of 900 cattle and 200 ponies, were driven to Fort William, and distributed amongst the officers of the garrison. This perfidious and bloody tragedy, when it became fully known, which was not till fully a year after the occurrence, filled England and Scotland with horror and loathing. The friends and supporters of the Government were covered with shame, and the chief instigators of the enormity were troubled with uneasy feelings, with the exception of Secretary Stair, who said that the only thing he regretted was that any of the thieving tribe got away. So ends this dismal tale; and as the coach has been bowling along all the time of its recital, we now enter

BALLACHULISH,

On Loch Leven, so famous for its slate quarries. Here there is good hotel accommodation for tourists, and from this place, by crossing the Loch Leven Ferry, the highway to Fort William is caught. Or should parties wish to work round by Oban, then they can do so right pleasantly by embarking on board of one of the Messrs Hutcheson's magnificently-appointed steamers.

By referring to the concluding pages of the last section of this Guide, supplementary matter will be found in regard to the drive through 'lencoe, from the stage where horses are changed therein, on to Ballachulish; and also, in the preceding portion of the same section, there will be found a description, at considerable length, of

the run per steamer from Ballachulish to Oban.





TOUR FROM TARBET (LOCHLOMOND) TO INVERARAY, DALMALLY, AND OBAN.

This grandly-varied and deeply-interesting tour can be commenced on either the Caledonian or North British Railway Company's lines. If by the former, vid Loch Katrine, consult pages 55 to 65, and 40 backwards to 35; and if by the latter, via Balloch, then the first 35 pages of the Guide will explain the principal objects of interest on the route from Edinburgh and Glasgow to this stage of the journey, so that, proceeding from the steamer at Tarbet Pier (which we must do whichever of the above routes we take) or out of the charminglysituated and highly-lauded hotel which lies adjacent thereto, as the case may be, we now take our seats in the well-appointed coach which is to convey us to Oban. If the weather be at all propitious, we are sure to have the companionship of a goodly number of fellow-travellers, as this route is a favourite one on account of the wonderfully-diversified character of the scenery which it unfolds, ranging in infinite variety from that of the wild, barren, rugged, and desolate grandeur of Glencroe to the brightly-glancing, soulentrancing, rock-engirdled expanse of Loch Awe, with its many isles of beauty asleep on its calm breast, each one of which is the theme of some quaint tradition of the olden time. Therefore, on account of the popularity of this tour. I would advise, if a large party be travelling together, that they should secure seats beforehand to prevent disappointment; and I would also advise, in the words of an English gentleman, contained in a letter to his county paper in Sussex, that "tourists should not omit in their rambles in Scotland the opportunity of sojourning for a period, however brief, at one or other of the well-appointed hotels on Loch Lounond

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side, as they are the nicest-conducted places of entertainment I know of, and vie very successfully with the hotels in Switzerland. The proprietors are most obliging, and show great consideration for the comfort of their visitors, and really attend personally to the proper management of their respective houses. How different all this from what is exhibited in many British hotels now in the hands of English companies. These are most disagreeable places—a kind of barracks, in fact-for the feeding and sheltering of visitors, established principally with a view to the wringing out of them. with the minimum of trouble, large dividends for the shareholders, and considerable loot to the employees. One sees in such places a struggle going on among irresponsible men of 'how not to do it.' It is pleasant to find the Loch Lomond hotels, of which that of Tarbet is such a delightful specimen, free from such objectionable features and practices." Having given forth the above wholesome advice, we will now enter upon the first part of our journey Obanwards, which is to be accomplished beneath road-o'erarching trees through the pleasant valley of one and a half miles which leads along to the sequestered old village of Arrochar. To the right, shortly after leaving Tarbet, we pass a neat little Free Church, having behind it, but unconnected therewith, an exceedingly small, quiet resting-place for the dead, first used as such many centuries ago, according to tradition, for burying the slain after a bloody conflict between two rival clans. Through the pass which we are now traversing, marched, early in the 13th century, Haco the Norwegian's grim, death-dealing warriors, under the command of Magnus, King of the Isle of Man, trailing light row boats to enable them to reach and desolate the populous islands of Loch Lomond, and the country which lies beyond the same, all of which they accomplished with a vengeance terrible in its results. And through this peaceful dreamy glen marched King Robert the Bruce, Scotland's glorious deliverer from England's hated voke, with his 500 followers, when making his way to winter in Cantyre. Kilted clansmen of various septs must have many a time and oft, when on the war path, swept over this isthmus a torrent of tartan and steel, preceded by their respective chiefs and pipers, the latter blowing with might and main quite a hurricane of sounds out of the great war pipes, which to the Celtic ear and soul of this as of that day acts like a charm. To the true Highlander there is no music comparable to such for kindling manly, heroic vigour; it nerves their arms for battle, and makes them laugh at death. To them it is the grandest and most martial

music under heaven, and from my knowledge of the Celtic character I would hazard the opinion that the Celts would not consider the high and holy place above mentioned quite completely equipped unless it contained within its borders at the very least "a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'," who would on gala days be up "an' gi'e them a blaw. a blaw." More than a century has passed since the last foraying expedition startled the wild deer from their lairs on the sides of the green hills which flank our path. Now lords and ladies, peaceful traders, ardent students, calm and contemplative philosophers, and scientists of deep penetrative vision glide to and fro in peace and joy through the fair valley, without the fear of any Roderick Dhu with his band of kilted warriors starting up from among the brackens to levy forced contributions. These be some of the changes which old Father Time has wrought in the lapsed century—every generation being stamped with the peculiar and unmistakable impress of its own age-each being as clay in the hands of the potter, curiously fashioned. When half-way or so across the isthmus, the rugged crest of Ben Arthur, or the Cobbler, is seen to great advantage. This narrow neck of land crossed, we reach the ancient, romantic little village of

ARROCHAR,

The capital of what was once the Macfarlanes' country. There are two good hotels at this place, presided over by "mine hosts" who are ever sedulous to promote the comfort of their visitors, and near by is a pier, whence sails a commodious saloon steamer, belonging to the Loch Lomond Steamboat Company, to complete the circular tour from Glasgow to Loch Lomond and back to that city by way of Loch Long and Greenock or Helensburgh, and in this well-managed vessel solid and liquid creature comforts are served up in perfection. The quiet, hill-engirdled place which we have now reached is in the summer months much frequented by searchers after health and pleasure, and then all the available accommodation both in the hotel and village is taken up. Our course from this point is round the head of Loch Long, and a few minutes' drive takes us on to the bridge which spans a burn (stream), in the centre of which we are at the junction of Argyllshire with Dumbartonshire, and to the latter county we now bid adieu. Having crossed this boundary line, a short spin along the shores of the Loch, in the shadow of mighty hills, takes us on to a position where, by looking to the opposite side of the Loch, we get a fine view of the Parish Church. of Arrochar, lying so beautifully adjacent to the neat, attractive,

gleaming little cluster of houses which form Tyness, a modern suburb of old Arrochar. We now speedily pass the well-wooded policies of Ardgarten House, on the left, and sweep round the southern base of Ben Arthur, on whose airy summit, amid sunshine or storm, sits the Cobbler, old and weather-beaten, and then we enter the gloomy defiles of

GLENCROE.

This glen is between five and six miles in length, and the rocky ramparts through which it runs are in most part composed of micaceous schist, beautifully undulating-in many parts embedded in quartz and shining like silver. Many of the huge boulders which flank our path display these characteristics to perfection. The first stream that we cross has its source on the summit of Ben Arthur, underneath the part where the Cobbler sits enthroned, and on account of being churned into froth in its wild career down its steep rocky path, it is locally termed the Buttermilk Burn. Feast your soul upon the stern grandeur which this portion of the glen exhibits, as to my thinking it has no rival within its bounds. Through the glen we pursue our way nigh to the margin of the boulder-strewn river Croe, whose rushing, angry waters are fed by innumerable rills, which leap in sparkling beauty down the mountain sides in sounding cascades to swell its volume. When we have penetrated two miles or so into the heart of the glen, we pass a solitary, square, little box of a building, set apart for the noble purpose of education. Here the young ideas of the Glencroeites are taught to shoot. In case that any of you, my friends, should entertain the idea of sending any of your young hopefuls to the Glencroe Academy for training, it may be as well to state that it is only open for business during the winter season. This useful, although not ornamental, "wee hoosie" stands, as you observe, at the foot of a stiff bit of the road, whose top is called "the little rest." Two miles further on from this we tarry at a roadside cottage for the purpose of getting a fifth horse attached to our vehicle, as the mile and a-half or thereabout of road which lies between us and "the big rest" is very steep, and crucially tests the mettle of our gallant steeds. When that coigne of 'vantage is attained, and during the time that the horses are being changed, look back and survey the barren, savage, treeless solitude through which wriggles the waters of the Croe in serpentine links, and you sooth will say that there are few glens in Scotia, stern and wild though many of them be, that can surpass it for grand, gloomy, dreary

desolation. We now stand on the watershed between the heads of Loch Long and Loch Fyne, and the road which has been gone over to reach it is a military one, formed by the 22nd Regiment. Here has been erected a stone of remembrance, with the inscription on it of "Rest and be thankful. Military road, repd. by the 93rd Regt., 1768." Having once more got everything in good working order, we get under way and approach

GLEN KINGLASS,

Which is six miles long. To the right, at an early stage, we pass the dark waters of Restal Lochan, which sleep so calmly at the feet of the rugged hill of Ben Restal. These passed, we go dashing downhill in splendid style; in your exhilaration you inwardly feel that there is no style of travelling comparable to this. When passing over Butter Bridge, and alongside of (to our left) the Black Spout of Glen Kinglass, there is some very nice workmanship displayed by our driver, as the road in these parts goes from zig to zag and from zag to zig in sharp alternations, but little recks our Jehu of these seeming difficulties as he makes our conveyance flash along it like forked lightning, making the blood tingle in our veins. The valley of the Kinglass is not by a long way so deep, wild, and depressing as that of the Croe. Good sweet pasture abounds in the glen, through which we are now passing, and as a consequence the plaintive bleat of many flocks of sheep is heard on every side, and altogether the aspect of the scene is rather cheerful than otherwise. Then the Kinglass water, as it leaps impetuously down, or glides softly along, its boulder-strewn rocky bed, ever crooning to itself a song old as creation, lends a sweet charm to the mountain solitude. When in our progress we get the shimmering upper reaches of Loch Fyne, and the dense woods of Ardkinglass, within our vision, we are delighted with the rapid transformation scene. Our path from near to where that vision of beauty is first obtained lies through a sylvan arcade, formed of noble beeches, and other well-grown wood, gleaming out of which (to our right) we espy, as we near the loch, the square tower of Kilmorich Parish Church, which is out of all proportion large to the very diminutive kirk to which it is attached—the erection as a whole being pretty much all ruffle and no shirt, but notwithstanding that it makes a very pleasing feature in the landscape. Immediately below it, and on the same side of the road, overlooking the waters of Lock Fyne, we joyously hail the good, oldfashioned, snug, clean, unpretentious, yet withal attractive-loooking

HOSTELRY OF CAIRNDOW.

And here we part with the extra horse which was pressed into our service near the head of Glencroe Here, too, a slight refreshment may with propriety, and considerable benefit to the inner man, be partaken of. This rustic inn is the beloved haunt of fishers, who ply their seductive art in the adjacent salt and fresh waters. Its secluded vet cheerful situation also allures to it many of those who are "wearied at business tugging at the oar, which thousands, once fast chained to, quit no more," or, if at all, not until the flagging energies in tones imperative call a halt for recruitment. When this house of refreshment in the wilderness is left behind, our course for two miles lies up the eastern side of Loch Fyne, the head of which reached, we cross a bridge, under which sweeps the water of Fyne in its progress to the sea, and from this (to our right) stretches away Glenfyne in majestic grandeur. We now make a wheel down the western side of the loch, and may distinguish on the bleak hill's side a small, dismal-looking burying-place, called the Clachan of Lochfyne. A four miles' drive from this along the prettily-wooded shores of the loch takes us on to the grey, ancient, ruined castle of Dunderawe, once a stronghold of the M'Naughtons. Very solitary it stands there. No ivy twines itself lovingly about the old place to lend a grace to it. Desolation sits enthroned within its walls. Its slated roof is toppling to its fall. Within and without all is sad and dreary. The sighing winds from out its unglazed windows mourn its merry time clean gone bye for ever. A short drive from this point takes us on to the Bay of Shira, with (to our right) the glen and river of the same cognomen. Over the latter is thrown a very high-arched bridge, with some pretensions to architectural embellishment, and along this we wend our way, having full in view the castle and town of Invergray, the latter being about six miles distant from Dunderawe Castle. A mile and a-half from Glen Shira, we pass the high-backed, consequential-looking bridge which spans the river Aray, upon the verdant banks of which brightly gleaming stream, amid scenes of mingled beauty and stern grandeur, stands the lordly

CASTLE OF INVERARAY,

The Duke of Argyll's principal residence in Scotland. This building, which was founded in 1745, is built of a bluish-grey slatey stone, is quadrangular in form, with conical-roofed round towers or turrets at each comer of its sloping roof, which has a square glazed tower in the centre, by which the saloon and the staircase are

lighted. Its entrance hall is nobly adorned with claymores, guns, and other arms of warfare—attached to most of which there is a history that well might make the blood rush through the veins of the most lymphatic of mortals. While most of the apartments of the ducal residence are furnished in conformity with modern ideas of taste and comfort, vet there are a few of them whose walls are bedecked in the antique manner with rich tapestry, and with general furnishings to correspond. The Castle, as you at a glance may observe, is surrounded with noble avenues, lawns, woods, and drives, the whole being in keeping with the splendid and commanding position which the Argyll family have held for centuries in Scotland by reason of their far-reaching estates, their virtues, their patriotism and shining abilities. Behind the Castle you observe a conical hill, well wooded to its tower-capped summit. That is the Hill of Duniquoich, 700 feet high. From its summit a noble prospect is obtained of the ducal policies, as well as of their magnificent environment of hill, dale, loch, and river. After skirting for the last mile or two the picturesque private grounds of His Grace of Argyll, we draw rein at the spacious Argyll Hotel in the

TOWN OF INVERARAY,

Where the passengers per steamer "Lord of the Isles," who have landed from Glasgow, &c., more than an hour before our arrival, may also put themselves under my charge from this place on to Oban. A few of our fellow-passengers here take leave of us to join the crack steamer just alluded to, on their return journey to Glasgow, Edinburgh, or the South. The quay at which they embark is within a minute or two's walk from the Argyll Hotel, nearly opposite which stands the cross of Old Inveraray (of which I have more to say further on), and these can feast to their heart's content in the gorgeous dining saloon of the floating palace as soon as the steamer leaves the port, while those of us who purpose prosecuting the journey to Oban had better step within the hospitable walls of the Argyll Arms, and there fare frugally or sumptuously, according to taste, as by thus fortifying the inner man the charms of the scenery with which we are yet to become acquainted will become much intensified. The old proverb says that "a hungry man's an angry man, and so's a thirsty ane," and it is not in the troubled minds of either of such that the lochs and hills will be reflected in their majestic beauty. They would in such mediums become distorted. These remarks by the way remind me of a story current in the Loch Lomond boats, in regard to two Cockneys who, when passing Benlomond on board of one of the loch steamers, held a confabulation in this wise:-First Englishman loquitor—"What a glorious hill!" Second ditto, in reply (gruffly)-"Yes: it does seem to be well got up, but I'm confoundedly hungry. Let's dive down to the steward's department and get summat to eat." When we have performed the happy despatch of our "summat," we tranquilly mount to our respective seats in the coach, then Jehu cracks his whip, and, obedient to the sound thereof, the gallant animals each puts its best foot foremost. and away we bowl along in good style through one of the triumphallooking arches which span the road in a line with the hotel, bound for the thirty-nine miles distant town of Obar. At this point strangers are apt to be impressed with the idea that liberties are being taken with one of the Duke's avenues, but such is not the case, as it is the public road on which we have now entered. But before leaving the precincts of the burgh, we have a few words to say concerning the history of the new town, and also of

THE OLD TOWN OF INVERARAY,

(Or rather village), which was situated adjacent to the old Castle of Inveraray which occupied almost the same position as the present ducal residence does. The village had the evil reputation of being rather "a clarty one," offensive alike to the organs of sight and smell, and on account of these disagreeable qualities, and its close proximity to the ducal residence, when extensive improvements were being effected on its policies, in 1742, the village was improved off the face of the earth, which it disfigured; but prior to this wholesale demolition, the greater part of the present town had been built to shelter suitably the displaced population. The new town consists chiefly of a row of good houses fronting the bay, and a broad, wellbuilt street of houses diverging from it at a right angle. In a most commanding position at the head of this street stands the Parish Church, close beside which there is a garden, within whose enclosure stands a small obelisk, erected to perpetuate the memory of certain gentlemen of the clan Campbell who were put to death for their opposition to Popery during Montrose's raid into Argyll; and near the quay fronting the bay stands a monument of hoar antiquity, in the form of a cross, which, it is supposed, was taken from Iona in byegone ages. It did duty as the market cross of old Inveraray for many years, but after the razing to the ground of this place the venerable relic lay neglected for a considerable period of time in an

obscure corner, into which it had been irreverently cast in those days, when the sight of a cross maddened a true blue Presbyterian as a scarlet cloth maddens an angry bull. But, when a more liberal and enlightened spirit began to prevail, this ancient symbol of our faith was by loving hands brought forth from its long concealment, and erected on its present public and most appropriate site. The town of Inveraray is a county and assize town, and as such has its Court-house for the trial, and its prison for the safe custody of such within its jurisdiction as have taken to evil courses. This town, which was created a royal burgh in 1648, is a sea-port on a very humble scale; and has been from immemorial time famous for its herring fishery. In the days of yore the merchants of France sent across cargoes of wine to this remote place to barter for herrings. There is a traditional point of land nearly opposite the town called the Frenchman's Point, where the transfer of these respective commodities was effected. The town's arms represent a net with a herring in it, its motto being "Semper tibi pendeat halec." Other fish than herring, however, abound here, as the Shira, the Aray, and other streams are well stocked with salmon and sea-trout, affording capital sport for the brothers of the angle, in regard to the prosecuting of which the affable "mine host" of the Argyll Arms is in a position to give valuable hints. Farewell must now be said to the ancient capital of herringdom, as during the recital of the foregoing little sketch of the history of the same, our four fresh, sturdy roadsters have been pulling us along a level road, which intersects "the Duke's" pleasure grounds in tip top style, having to our right his lordly Castle, and the proud hill of Duniquioch. These past, our course is through pleasant

GLENARAY,

Which is about nine miles in length. During the greater part of our drive through it, we have, on our right, the flashing waters of "the furious Aray," which roar rejoicingly through rocky banks, crowned with rich o'erhanging woods, amongst which there are some very fine specimens of the silver fir, which for beauty and size stand almost unrivalled in Scotland. The Aray in its descent to the sea pours its amber waters over several falls, but the principal one is situated three miles from Inveraray, and is called Linn a Gluthin. Over it there has been thrown a rustic bridge, and standing on which you obtain a grand view of the tumultuous rushing waters as they leap and roll, toss and tumble over the rocky declivities of

the river. When I passed over this ground last, the driver kindly stopped the conveyance to allow passengers an opportunity of inspecting the principal fall, which I took advantage of, and if you get the same chance go ve and do likewise, and you won't regret it. When the river is in spate the several waterfalls fill the glen with their lusty music. A mile or two before the head of the glen is reached, it assumes the aspect of a tre less, heath-clad solitude, enlivened, however, with the presence of flocks of red deer cropping the scanty herbage, and here, a short distance from the crest of the hill, we pass to our right a humble shieling, which has modestly (although a dram is sold therein) turned its back upon you. Of course, if it suits your state of thirst, you can be quits by doing ditto to it. The name of this innocent "pub." is "Taynafead," as is set forth in good bold letters on a sign at its northern gable end. We are now rapidly nearing the summit of the hills which form the watershed between Loch Fyne and Loch Awe. When our panting steeds have drawn us up thither, then there bursts upon our enraptured vision a considerable portion of the goodly expanse of water vclept

LOCH AWE.

This fresh water lake is 24 miles in length, with a breadth of about a mile, except at one portion near its head, where it expands to a width of four miles. This fair Highland loch, with its thirty greatlydiversified isles reposing beautifully and peacefully on its gleaming bosom, and with the magnificent mountains and picturesquelyvaried shores which encompass it about, presents a scene which never fails to hold spell-bound for a period the cultivated traveller. Right opposite us see how Ben Cruachan's heaven-piercing peak towers aloft into the region of mist and clouds, 3670 feet above the sea level-its mighty base being 20 miles in circumference. throat of the gloomy Pass of Brander, which gapes on his southern side, swallows the surplus waters of the loch, and ejects them at Loch Etive. To the nor-east the desolate Castle of Kilchurn rears up its huge gray bulk over the margin of the loch, sweetly engirdled with trees, and compassed about with a multitude of high, rugged hills. Of this old ruin we have a good deal more to say anon. In the same direction are to be seen the dark, bold summits of the mountains which range themselves on each side of the green straths of Glenorchy and Glenstrae. Those of the latter fade and lessen away in the far distance. The portion of the loch which lies



CELTE & THOMSON,

SKETCHED BY MR HAMILTON MACMILLAN, JUN., HELENSBURGH. LOCH AWE RAILWAY STATION, PIER AND HOTEL.

Lithographers.

to the right of us is many-isled, and these are of varying beauty. Some of their number are richly clad with fine old wood; others are, in addition thereto, crowned with the ivy-clad ruinous old castles of once renowned chieftains, or the mouldering fanes of religious establishments, whence in dark and troublous times flashed forth the glorious light of the everlasting gospel. Almost every one of those isles forms the theme of some quaint tradition of the olden time. To our left, in the sou'-west direction, the loch stretches out its glittering folds amid barren moors and heath-clad hills. The following interesting tradition, smacking somewhat of the Arabian nights, which has been given forth to the world in stately marching verse by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, tells how "the peaceful valley of the Awe was flooded and drowned for ever." It is here given, abridged:—

"These isles were once the crest of pastoral hills In an Arcadian valley, long ago; So says tradition. Bera owned the vale, A coarse Diana, whose wide hunting grounds Were all the mountains round Ben Cruachan, Whereon she dwelt; for near the little tarn That lies between the shoulders of the hill There was a spring, with which her very life Was so connected by some sorcery, That if she failed to roll a mighty stone, Sculptured with mystic characters and signs. Over the spring before the sun had set, Mysterious woes impended. By this tenure Her lands were held, and even life itself. One afternoon she, wearied with the chase, Lay down to rest-for still the sun was high. And she could reach the summit in an hour-And there she slept too soundly, for the sun Reddened and sank while she lay in a bower-And still she slept!

The morning dawned in mist,
And she, in fear of some impending woe,
With hasty steps made for the mountain top
Along a glen through which a torrent poured.
Amazement smote her; for in all her life
She had not seen in that great stony glen
A torrent bigger than a little rill.
At length she reached that dreary land of stones
That on the highest region of the hill
Lies, barren as the craters of the moon,
And there she found her sculptured talisman
Lying above the entrance of the cave

From which the stream gushed forth. Then all the cloud in which the land lay wrapped Was torn away by a most furious wind; And lo! that peaceful, green, and pastoral vale Was flooded; and the windings of Loch Awe Followed the windings of her own rich valley Far southwards, until lost in distant hills. Like a great serpent that had swallowed up Her flocks, and, glutted, stretched itself to sleep. And all the green tops of her fertile knolls Were islands on the water, whereupon Stood houseless groups—the remnants of her tribe When sadly wailing her own fatal sleep, The cloud returned, her heritage was gone. The stream subsided quickly, and she felt Her own life ebbing with it. Faint and sick She lay on her cold deathbed of rough stones, And groaned-'twas like the moaning of the wind Upon the mountain. Through the heavy mist Ben Vorich thundered; and along the peaks That half surround the crater-like ravine The echoes came. Across Bera's dying limbs Drove the rain—the cold, cheerless, pelting rain. And then the torrent ceased its fatal flow, And in the Calliach's veins the blood lay still. So was the peaceful valley of the Awe Flooded and drowned for ever."

As we proceed in our descent upon Loch Awe, and when a mile or so upon the journey from the heights above the erstwhile Inn of Cladich, but which is now a gentleman's residence, we are favoured with a view of

INISHAIL, OR THE FAIR ISLAND,

The property of his Grace the Duke of Argyll, on which are still to be seen the ruins of a small monastery, with its attendant chapel. Conterminous to those venerable buildings is a most ancient burying-ground, which contains the mortal remains of many who were illustrious in their day and generation in many walks of life, but whose names and memories have utterly perished. Over their resting places are laid quaintly-carved memorial stones of various devices, which indicate to those learned in such matters that the poor inhabitants below, were, when they lived, and moved, and had their being on this fair earth, high church dignitaries, noble knights, valiant crusaders, or mighty chiefs, each in his narrow bed for ever laid to sleep the sleep that knows no breaking until the last trump

shall sound through the dull cold ear of death and summon the slumberers forth to judgment. Further up the lake is at exceedingly interesting island called

FRAOCH EILAN, OR THE HEATHER ISLE.

On it there are the ruins of a strongly-built fortalice, once the abode of the chief of the M'Naughtons. Waving on its top, like plumes upon a warrior's helm, are trees and bushes of luxuriant growth, the beloved haunts of sea-birds and large water fowl. This island was fabled to be the Highland Hesperides, on which grew apples all too luscious for mortal palate, fit food only for the gods, who placed a mighty serpent on the isle to guard the treasure, and preserve the sacred place from the profanation of mortal foot. Long, long ago one Sir Fraoch, as a tale goes on to tell, loved a lady bright full well, who, half in jest, a request made, that he would penetrate the shade of the weird isle, where golden apples smile, and bring her of the fruit so sweet. This done with plighted troth, she then would greet his knightship. The fond, faithful Sir Fraoch, after encountering fearful dangers, penetrated the serpent-guarded isle, killed the snake in mortal combat, but he himself was in the dread conflict sorely crushed and wounded. When returning in his tiny craft, weak and weary, with store of golden charmed apples to his lady love, to recruit his exhausted strength he partook of the bewitching poisonous fruit. With parched throat, dim eyes, weak knees, quick-drawn breath, and arms all unstrung, he languidly pulled his boat into the sheltered bay beneath the mount where she dwelt who was fairer and dearer to him than all women in the round globe beside. He. with swimming brain, entered the deer-skin matted hall, carrying in his plaid the shining store of apples, bought all too dear, then sank exhausted by the blazing hearth. Out rolled the golden fruit upon the floor, before the eyes of her to gain whose smile and favour they had been snatched at the expense of life itself. Then, as the mists of death gathered o'er his eyes, and his life ebbed quickly away he spake to his beloved mistress in bated tones and slow, thus:-

"O, gentle love,
My punishment is just! I expiate
The fault I have committed with my death.
Soon will the shades of heroes—whose abode
I rashly entered with this mortal body—
Receive my spirit and forgive my sin.
The snake is dead. Henceforth that isle will be
Even as the other islands of the lake,
For I have disenchanted it."

He then gave a long-drawn sigh and breathed forth his spirit. She also, for whom the sacrifice had been made, ate of the fruit—the death-dealing fruit—and found rest upon the bosom of her lover; and thus by awe-struck servitors in the grey dawn of early morn the pair were found. Having beguiled the way so far with this auld warld story, we speedily pass, on our left, at the roadside, fully a mile from the loch side,

CLADICH HOUSE,

Below which there is a wharf for the embarkation and disembarkation of passengers in connection with the tourist steamboat traffic We now spin along the banks of Loch Awe, but at a considerable elevation, our road running amid a rich fringe of wood, and shortly espy the granite monument erected to the memory of Duncan Ban MacIntvre by the admirers of his Gaelic poetry. From the point where it becomes first visible, it looks like a low square house, with preternaturally tall chimneys; but as you approach it nearer you see it is formed to represent an undomed heathen temple, or a Druidical coped circle of stones, placed upon a broad square base. The structure lacks height—its surroundings dwarf it. Donachi Ban, or fair-haired Duncan, whose birthplace was in Glenorchy. was a true, tender, pure-hearted man, who, though an author, strange to say, could neither read nor write; yet, despite of these drawbacks, an eminent critic says that "his style is distinguished for its elegance, its beauty, and correctness." He was born near this spot in 1724, and died in 1812 in Edinburgh, where he is interred in the Old Greyfriars' Churchyard. A neat monument has been erected there over his remains. The finest song in the Gaelic language, "Fair Young Mary," is MacIntyre's composition, the fair young Mary of the poem being his own faithful, loving wife. After a seven miles drive from Cladich, and sixteen from Inveraray, amid scenery, any, even the smallest portion of which could not truthfully be described as being either tame or barren of interest, we reach at length

DALMALLY STATION,

Where, if time permits, and our inclinations be on dining thoughts intent, we can get our creature comforts attended to in the good old hostelry of Dalmally in quick and satisfactory style. If this important matter be attended to, and whether or no, then we proceed from thence by rail to the $24\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant town of Oban, in company with those excursionists who left Glasgow by the Caledonian Rail-

way, and were by it brought to this stage on their journey, and also by those who left the same city and proceeded by the North British Railway and steamer to Ardlui, at the head of Loch Lomond, and from thence through Glenfalloch by coach to the Crianlarich Station of the Callander and Oban Railway. For continuation of journey to Oban, please consult next section of Guide, under the heading of Dalmally onwards. Then it will be found that when the fascinations of the scenery yet to be explored, and the associations connected therewith be considered, they will bear comparison with the country we have just traversed, transcendently grand and intensely interesting though it has been, and higher meed of praise I could not grant it.

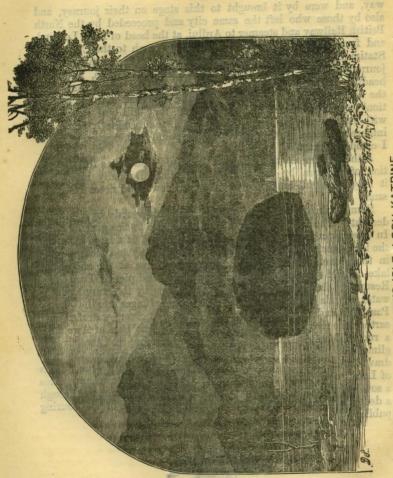
Although the second portion of this Guide contains a full description of the run by rail of $24\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Dalmally into Oban, it may be useful at this stage to give a few rapid notes anent the

same.

From Dalmally the train glides Loch Awe-wards by a gradual descent. The loch is spanned by a handsome lattice girder bridge. In crossing, a most entrancing view is obtained of a large extent of the loch's surface, Kilchurn Castle bulking largely and picturesquely in the scene. After fairly rounding the curve at the end of the lake, a brief stoppage is made at the station and pier of Loch Awe. Resuming the running, the train puffs along by the margin of the water, rounds the shoulder of Ben Cruachan, plunges into the gloomy Pass of Brander, screams down its defiles past river, waterfall, and earthquake-riven crag, emerging into the pleasant Pass of Awe after a run of 3 miles from the lake. After crossing the Awe river, a glimpse is obtained of Loch Etive. Passing westward, the train draws up at Connel station. Shortly thereafter we see the "Falls of Lora," near which is Dunstaffanage Castle. The train now takes a southward course along Glencruiten, and quickly emerges through a deep, dark, rocky cutting into Oban, that paradise of the touring public.



MANUEL CASTEE, PASS OF BRANDER, ORAM.



ELLEN'S ISLE, LOCH KATRINE.



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SECOND PORTION OF GUIDE

TO

THE LAKE DISTRICT OF SCOTLAND,

EMBRACING

OBAN, STAFFA, IONA, GLENCOE, INVERNESS, AND SKYE,

AND THE

LAKES AND PICTURESQUE SCENERY OF THE NORTH.





(Second Portion of Guide to the Lake District of Scotland.)

EXCURSIONS

TO LOCH LOMOND, VIA THE TROSSACHS AND LOCH KATRINE, LOCH EARN (FOR CRIEFF), KILLIN (FOR ABERFELDY), CRIANLARICH (FOR LOCH LOMOND), AND TO INVERARAY, TARBET, &c., BY DALMALLY; AS ALSO TO OBAN, VIA CALLANDER, LOCH AWE, AND PASS OF BRANDER, OR GLENCOE.

THESE delightful excursions are to be accomplished over the Caledonian Railway Company's lines, with the aid of those over which they have running powers, and coach connections therewith. The Edinburgh portion of the supposed party to whom I am to act, for the time being, as "guide, philosopher, and friend," will begin the journey at the Waverley Station, Princes Street, and take the information contained in first portion of this work, to enlighten them in regard to the objects of interest passed between the metropolis and Larbert Junction, where they will unite with the Glasgow contingent, which begins its journey at the Buchanan Street Station, and proceeds by Garnkirk, of fire-clay celebrity, and Cumbernauld, on to Larbert, the place of rendezvous. Contrary to the old adage which says that "blessed are they who expect little, for they shall not be disappointed," I confidently predict that blessed are they who expect to extract much enjoyment from travelling over any (or all) of the above routes, for they shall not be disappointed, either with the scenery, which is peerless, or with the company's luxuriously-fitted-up saloon carriages. These having been specially constructed for the tourist traffic, travellers can from them freely command views of the country traversed. In regard to the scenery en route, the late Mr Blyth, of Edinburgh, the eminent civil engineer, declared, in giving evidence before a

committee of the House of Commons, that "the branch of the Caledonian Railway extending from Callander to Oban would be the most picturesque railway line in Europe, as it would pass through, or afford glimpses of, the Pass of Leny, Loch Lubnaig, Loch Earn, Loch Tay, Loch Dochart, Loch Awe, Pass of Brander, Loch Etive, Dunstaffanage Castle, and the town of Oban, all of which are objects of beauty or sublimity, or betimes a mingling of both in entrancing combinations, in these respects surpassing all that can be seen between the Baltic and Black Seas." High praise that: but it does not appear to me that in it he has overshot the bounds of truth. And now let me assume for the nonce the role of philosopher by advising you (seeing that our journey is to be one of 1231 miles) to get up betimes in the morning, so as to breakfast comfortably without subjecting yourselves to any hurry-scurry, or nervous excitement, then quietly march off to the point of departure with your baggage and belongings, secure tickets, take seats, then hie thee off with serenity of soul to the exploration of the land of the Gael, the land of romance and poetry, "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood, land of the mountain and the flood," the land, possibly, not of your sires, but for all that a land which, when seen with an eye with a brain behind it, is sure to be adored. This discharge of Celtic fervour on my part being over, we will imagine that our forces have mustered at

LARBERT JUNCTION,

(28½ miles from Edinburgh) with the object of making a joint incursion into the territories of the Celt. As the objects of interest between this point and Callander are pretty fully set forth and described from page 55 to page 60 of this Guide, it therefore only remains for me to conduct you as pleasantly as possible from

CALLANDER,

(For Trossachs, Loch Katrine, and Lochlomond,)

(Which is 53 miles from Edinburgh), to the land of lochs, glens, hills, and rivers, which lies between it and Oban. To the goodly number of our fellow-excursionists who will here take leave of us to reach Loch Lomond, by coach and steamer, viâ the Trossachs and Loch Katrine, I would leave the instruction that they consult pages 60 to 65 of this Guide, as these will be found to suit their wants in the way of affording information regarding the goodly land and pleasant which they are going forth to view. Our engine, having

been so far lightened of its load, gives a yell of triumph, and dashes with us who still swell its captive train into the picturesque

PASS OF LENY,

With its birchen glades, brawling mountain torrent, noble hills, and sounding waterfalls. Those be objects which stir the soul with pleasing emotions, and make even the most prosaic of mortals feel for the nonce that Caledonia is in very truth "meet nurse for a poetic child." Sir Walter Scott has interwoven into his world-famed lay of the "Lady of the Lake" the grand scene through which we are now passing. It was up this pass that he represents young Angus of Duncraggan as carrying the cross of fire, having been compelled to leave the funeral of his father to speed the summons.

"Ben Ledi saw the cross of fire;
It glanced like lightning up Strathire;
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,
Nor rest nor peace young Angus knew;
The tear that gathered in his eye,
He left the mountain breeze to dry;
Until, where Teith's young waters roll
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll
That graced the sable strath with green,
The chapel of Saint Bride was seen."

This chapel stood to our right, between Loch Lubnaig and the opening of the Pass of Leny, and there the messenger transferred the cross of fire to Norman of Armandave, who, leaving his unwedded bride at the altar, rushed forth with the signal along Loch Lubnaig side, through Strathire, for the distant braes o' Balquhidder, and over the same ground we are about to fly with a swiftness that would have put his comparatively laggard steps to shame. Having fairly emerged from the bosky Pass of Leny, we enter on a green, treeless waste, and speedily reach

LOCH LUBNAIG,

Situated 3 miles from Callander. This loch extends from north to south nearly $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles, with a breadth of about half a mile. Like Loch Voil, at the foot of the braes o' Balquhidder, this sheet of water is an expansion of the Balvaig, which is the head stream of the Teith. Along the western shore of this lake, which is so much distinguished for stern sublimity and profound solitariness, our iron horse proceeds in his irresistible march, awakening with his terrible

tread, hoarse, panting breath, and shrill neigh, the echoes which lie concealed among the hills which flank its path. As we move on our way, look how, at varying distances, the majestic hills of Ben Ledi, Armandave, Ardchullerie-Beg, and Ardchullerie-More rear their bold summits above the lake, and throw their deep shadows far down into its innermost heart, thus giving to it an air of sombreness that is seldom exchanged for that of gladsomeness. No wonder that Alexander Smith, the poet, called this sheet of water "the loch of the rueful countenance." When we have skirted half of the loch's expanse, we may perceive, on its opposite or eastern side, Ardchullerie House, once the loved residence of Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller. There he wrote the wondrous book of travels which brought forth, when published, such a torrent of abuse and scorn for its author as drove him before it back to this mountain solitude which he had left, in the expectation of receiving the plaudits of his fellows. Thus the incredulous and unbelieving world rewarded this heroic man for the exertions which he had made to extend the knowledge of mankind. His fate has, alas! been the all too common one of too many of those undaunted souls who march too far in the van of the rank and file of humanity. Crucify him! crucify him! or something tantamount thereto, has been the old and convenient cry which has sounded down the ages against many of the noblest benefactors of our species. I trust that we may now indulge in the sweet hope that the judicious will no more require to wail out over such doings,

> "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity Under the sun."

When Bruce's old dwelling-place has been left in our rear, we soon put the loch in the same position, and then, when a short distance from its head, we reach the station of

STRATHYRE,

(61½ miles from Edinburgh), adjacent to which there is a modern-looking, attractive, and evidently thriving village of the same name. The fascinating character of the scenery by which this place is surrounded has evidently led parties who have earned a modest competency in the haunts of trade, to fix on it as the abode of their declining years, far from the busy, struggling crowd. After a run of a few miles up the Strath of Yre, we pass, to our left, the eastern extremity of the Braes o' Balquhidder, at the base of which, near to

the placid waters of Loch Voil, a couple of miles or so from the railway, the erstwhile bold outlaw, Rob Roy MacGregor, sleeps soundly his long sleep. Parties who wish to go on pilgrimage to his grave can get their desires gratified by arranging with the guard of the train as to their being set down from it, and taken up again by a subsequent one, at the pretty little rustic roadside station of

KINGSHOUSE.

There are many delightful portions of old Scotland that have been rendered more lovesome by their praises having been sung by poor Tannahill, the sweet singer of Paisley. Of the number of such are

"THE BRAES O' BALQUHIDDER."

His song in their praise we now give to cheer us on our journey :-

"Let us go, lassie, go
To the braces o' Balquither,
Where the blae berries grow
'Mang the bonnie blooming heather;
Where the deer and the roe,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang simmer day
On the brace o' Balquither,

I will twine thee a bower
By the clear sil'er fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the dark glens sae dreary,
And return with the spoils
To the bower of my dearie.

When the wild wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shieling ring
Wi' the light-lilting chorus,

Now the simmer is in prime,
With flowers richly blooming.
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming;

Tae our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquither."

After a drive of 11½ miles amongst the captivating scenery which I have most earnestly endeavoured to describe vividly, but have in reality, I am afraid, only succeeded in too faintly depicting in the foregoing pages, we are taken on to the station of

LOCH EARN-HEAD, (For Crieff),

(641 miles from Edinburgh). A mile and a half or two miles beyond this station, we are favoured with a most charming revelation of the beautiful in nature, in having the loch of the above name brought within the scope of our vision. On account of the great height at which the railway here is carried along the side of a hill, we completely dominate the lake, and can survey it in its entirety. This exquisitely-lovely sheet of water stretches away seven miles eastwards, with a varying breadth of from one to one-anda-half miles, and has a depth in many parts of 100 fathoms, with such an equable temperature that it has never been frozen over, even in the most severe seasons. The loch, at each of its extremities, is embellished with a small island. The one at its further or eastern end, opposite the village of St Fillans, is called Neish's Island, and by the thus naming of it there hangs the following tale:-The island was called after a family of that name, who inhabited it in the olden time, and lived by plundering their neighbours. A servant of "the MacNab," who lived near Loch Tay, while carrying home provisions from Crieff to the laird for the celebration of Christmas, being robbed of his purchases by the Neishes, went home empty-handed and sorry-hearted, to recite the tale of his dis-MacNab's twelve sons, disappointed of their feast, and mad with rage thereat, were gloomily meditating a bloody revenge, when the wily old laird, their father, put in an appearance in their midst, and said—"The night is the night, if the lads are the lads." Taking the hint, the stout fellows, armed with dirks, claymores, and pistols, carried a boat from Loch Tay over hill and through valley, until they reached Loch Earn, when they launched their craft on its waters, and, by its aid, at midnight, they entered the dwelling of the unsuspecting Neishes, and cut off the heads of the whole party, with the exception of those of a man and a boy, who managed somehow to secrete themselves. The MacNabs, returning with the gory memorials of their victory, laid the same at the feet of their venerable papa, as a meet offering to his offended dignity. "Smooth John," the roughest of his progeny, seized hold of the head of the slaughtered petty chief, and, holding it before his parent's face. said, "Be in fear for nothing." Meanwhile the family piper struck up the pibroch of victory. The savage old warrior, complacently surveying the heads of his enemies, declared "that the night was the night, and the lads were the lads." Dr M'Culloch, a man who in his time travelled much over the length and breadth of Scotland. writes thus of Loch Earn:-"Limited as are its dimensions, it is exceeded in beauty by few of our lakes. Its style is that of a lake of far greater dimensions—the hills which bound it being bold, lefty, and rugged, with a variety of character not found in many of even far greater magnitude. Elegant ash trees, springing from the very water, and drooping their branches over it; green and cultivated banks; rocky points, divided by gravelly beaches, which are washed by the bright curling waves of the lake; the brawling stream, descending along its rocky channel, overhung with wood; and the cascade, tumbling along the precipice which rises from the deep and still water below. These, and the richly-cultivated and green margin, with the houses and traces of art that adorn its banks, produce in themselves pictures of great variety, marked by a character of rural sweetness and repose not commonly found among scenery of this class." Ben Voirlich is the loftiest of the mountains which environ Loch Earn, and near to its base stands Ardvoirlich, on the lake's southern shore, three or four miles distant from us. mansion house is the residence of the representative of an ancient family of the name of Stewart, to whom the Ben alluded to above belongs. The grey, old, castellated mansion of Edinample lies two miles nearer to us than Ardvoirlich, girt with well-grown woods, at the south-west end of the lake. It is the property of Lord Bread albane, and near to it there are the remains of a chapel of the olden time, which visitors to this place make a point of seeing. Earn, attractive as it undoubtedly is, was little known to the touring world before the period when the Caledonian Railway Company established the running of splendidly-equipped four-horse coaches between the Crieff branch of their system and it. Now, with these tempting facilities for visiting the same, it is annually commanding the admiring attention of thousands upon thousands; and the more fully the enchanting coaching tour from Crieff to Loch Earn-head, via Comrie and St Fillan's, and the merits of the scenery along their line from Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Stirling, to this lake become known, in the same ratio visitors are sure to increase. At Loch Earn-head there is a really first-class hotel for the reception of tourists, wherein all the comforts and luxuries that the most fastidious could reasonably desire are attainable. I am afraid that when I got into close proximity to a tradition-haunted, beautiful spot like Loch Earn, I move not on with that celerity which some might desiderate. One, under these circumstances, would require to be reminded that it is not for a walking party of tourists he is writing, but for such as are flying over the country with the speed of the wind. To make up, therefore, in some degree for our lagging pace, we must now go ahead with a will, so as to redeem the time. Almost immediately after we pass Loch Earn-head, we enter the gloomy, Alpine gorge of

GLEN OGLE,

Along whose steeply-sloping side the railway line is carried, at a height of 400 feet. This grand ravine is 31 miles long, and throughout its whole extent, but especially so to our left, has written upon its surface, in indelible characters, a record of the fearful convulsive throes which nature underwent when this wild glen, with its earthquake-riven hills, were upheaved from out its teeming womb. The stream which, far beneath us, rushes tumultuously along its rocky, boulder-strewn bed, is fed by hundreds of rills, which pour their crystal tribute to the brook, and as they leap in sparkling beauty adown the adamantine sides of the deeply-furrowed hills, each singeth to itself a song in tiny treble, or in thundrous bass. according to its volume. The concording voices of so many waters fill the glen with most appropriate music, but for the truth of which you must just take my word, as the sound thereof will not reach your ears, on account of the more profound noise of our rushing chariot wheels, absorbing all those of a lesser degree. The passage through this glen must prove a new sensation to those parties who have hitherto only been familiar with railway travelling over a fertile champaign country, and the contemplation of its gloomy grandeur cannot fail to leave on the minds of such an abiding impression. Those children of the plain have now felt the subduing, solemnising effect which this type of scenery almost invariably exercises over the spirits of men. Frivolity at its presence stands hushed-its flippant jest unspoken. When surveying this dread

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exhibition of Almighty power, one is almost constrained to cry out
—"How dreadful is this place!" Having emerged from this desolate
valley, we, at its head, reach the station of

KILLIN
(For Aberfeldy),

(69½ miles from Edinburgh). Shortly after leaving it, we come to a point where we, to the right, descry, at a little distance, the village of Killin, and at that point we obtain a right pleasant peep of Loch Tay, with Ben Lawers brooding with its giant bulk over its northern shores. Thus far on our journey from Stirling our course has been north and north-west, but from this stage onwards it will, barring a few sinuosities, be due west. Having thus somewhat abruptly, in all probability, put you right in regard to the course we are about to steer, we will proceed to say a few words about Killin. The word Killin itself has been interpreted to mean "the burial place of Fingal," and near to this village there is a small grassy mound, wherein tradition has it that Fingal was buried; and on the same knoll stood the church of the parish, with its adjacent place of sepulture. Then, in regard to the scenery of this favoured place, hear what a traveller says:—

"Far, far hae I ridden, an' mickle hae I seen, But bonny place like this ane, saw I never nane."

"There is about the Killin district the most extraordinary collection of extraordinary scenery in Scotland-unlike everything else in the country-and a perfect series of pictures in itself. You cannot move three yards without meeting a new landscape. A busy artist might draw here for a month, and not exhaust the subject. Fir trees, rocks, torrents, mills, bridges, houses; these fill in the great bulk of the middle landscape, under endless combinations, while the distance is composed of hill, wood, lake, and valley. Among such the bold summits of Craig Calliach and Ben Lawers are conspicuous, and these give a crowning glory to the fair landscape." Through these fascinating scenes passengers, in the season, are conveyed daily from Aberfeldy to Killin in tip top style by the Caledonian Railway Company's coaches. From this place we, en route, for several miles course along the smiling, sheep-dotted, streamgladdened, broad, green, pastoral glen of the Dochart, nigh to the termination of which, before the Loch of Dochart is reached, we in our rapid onward march run abreast of the neat little station of

LUIBet ind reven schemen asself

(75½ miles from Edinburgh). When it is left behind, we quickly skirt the southern shore of

LOCH DOCHART,

A lake which, though beautified exceedingly by its encircling guard of pleasant hills, of which Ben More, with a height of 3843 feet, is the most conspicuous, yet it is still further embellished by two or three miniature islands, which stud its amber waters, on the most western of which stand the old, grev, but not by any means imposing, ruins of Dochart Castle; but for all that, and in spite of their diminutiveness, they, as they stand there girdled with wood amidst the majesty of hills, having for roof the unfathomable abyss of heaven, and with the waters of the loch laving their feet, are far from being either devoid of interest or of picturesque beauty. Your interest in the Castle, however, will be much enhanced when you learn that in its hev-day those now time-battered old walls had the honour of affording a safe retreat and a first refuge to King Robert Bruce, after his defeat at Dalry by his inveterate enemy, MacDougall of Lorn, of which battle a few details will be given a little further on under the heading of Tyndrum. This loch, whose lovely shore we are now running so rapidly along, is about 3 miles long, and is well stocked with trout. Fishers who here ply their gentle but seductive art obtain comfortable and decidedly elegant quarters at the spacious hotel of Tyndrum, and also at the cosy, albeit less pretentious hotel of

CRIANLARICH,

(For Loch Lomond,)

At which station we now halt (81\frac{3}{4}\) miles from Edinburgh). Here those of our party leave us who purpose travelling back to Edinburgh, Glasgow, or the south country, via Loch Lomond. For descriptive matter concerning the coaching journey down the lovely Glen Falloch, consult pages 67 and 66, and for information regarding the excursion of world-wide fame between Ardlui, at the head of Loch Lomond, to the foot thereof, by steamer, and from thence by rail to Glasgow or Edinburgh, see from page 43 to beginning of Guide. Having despatched our friends with these instructions, we will now proceed to say a few words anent the place we are halting at. At Crianlarich we get a first-rate view of Ben More, and also of Stobinian Hill, the latter of which is 3621 feet in height.

These monarchs never fail to be the observed of all observers, whether they be clad in robes of storm or imperial purple. These hills o' high degree, which lie to our left in the south-east direction, are head and shoulders taller than their humbler brethren, being in that respect a brace of Sauls amongst the local fraternity of hills. Tourists who wish to test their powers of endurance by ascending, say, to the summit of Ben More, can do so by making either Crianlarich or Tyndrum their point of departure, as guides can be obtained at either of the hotels which are situated at these respective places. After a few miles railing experience amid a wild tumult of hills, we reach the station of

TYNDRUM.

(For Glencoe,)

(87 miles from Edinburgh), where those of our number who wish to proceed by coach, &c., to Oban, or Fort William, leave the train. For the guidance of such on their route, the matter contained in pages 67 to 74 is applicable, as is also that in the last section of this work, under the heading of "Oban to Ballachulish and Glencoe." When you press the latter portion into your service, begin reading at the end thereof. Once upon a time there was a battle fought near Tyndrum. Near to this place, according to Barbour, King Robert the Bruce, with his handful of followers, not amounting probably to three hundred men, encountered the Lord of Lorn, with about a thousand Argyllshire men, in Glen Dochart, at the head of Breadalbane, near Tyndrum. The place of action is still called Dalry, or the King's Field. The field of battle was unfavourable to Bruce's adherents, who were chiefly men-at-arms. Many of the horses were slain by the long pole-axes, of which the Argyllshire Scottish had learned the use from the Norwegians. At length the Bruce commanded a retreat up a narrow and difficult pass, he himself bringing up the rear, and repeatedly turning and driving back the more venturous assailants. Three of Lorn's stalwart followers banded themselves together to rid their chief of his formidable They watched their opportunity until Bruce's party had entered a pass between Loch Dochart and a precipice, where the King, who was the last of the party, had scarce room to manage his steed. Here his three foes sprang upon him at once. One seized the bridle, but received a wound which hewed off his arm. A second grasped Bruce by the stirrup and leg, and endeavoured to dismount him, but the King, putting spurs to his horse, threw him down, still holding by the stirrup. The third, taking advantage of an acclivity, sprung up behind him on his horse. Bruce, however, whose personal strength is uniformly mentioned as exceeding that of most men, extricated himself from his grasp, threw him to the ground, and cleft his skull with his sword. By similar exertion he drew the stirrup from the grasp of him he had overthrown, and killed him also with his sword as he lay among the horse's feet. MacNaughton, a Baron of Cowal, pointed out to the Lord of Lorn the deeds of valour which Bruce performed in this memorable retreat, with the highest expressions of admiration. "It seems to give thee pleasure," said Lorn, "that he makes such havoc among our friends." "Not so, by my faith!" replied MacNaughton; "but be he friend or foe who achieves high deeds of chivalry, men should bear faithful witness to his valour, and never have I heard of one who, by his mighty feats, has extricated himself from such dangers as have this day surrounded Bruce." Once more we get under way, and, having finished our tale, we resume our race, and pass through a lonely strath of a few miles in length, called Glen Lochy, having on our right the grand range of hills that flank the southern side of Glen Orchy, and on our left a group of southerly and westerly trending mountains, the most "kenspeckle" of which is Ben Lui, with a height of 3651 feet. At the base of one of the hills of this range, the infant Tay leaps forth from the womb of the mountain into the sweet light and life of gladsome day, to run with unresting feet, and wander with prattling voice, along its beauteous eastward course to sweet Loch Tay and the distant ocean. Amid these scenes of wild, solitary grandeur, we make our entry to the station of

DALMALLY,

(For Inveraray, &c.,)

(99 miles from Edinburgh), on the green banks of the famous trouting and salmon river Orchy, with a portion of Loch Awe the beautiful within the scope of our vision; and here, 24½ miles from Oban, we halt for a brief period, to receive, amongst other parties, those who have travelled thus far from Tarbet (on Lochlomond) and Inveraray, by coach, and from Glasgow and other ports, by steamer and coach. By way of exchange, a number of our fellow-passengers here take leave of us to return to the south by the coaches, &c., which brought our welcome new arrivals thither. Those who depart we speed on their way by giving them the following direc-

tions, viz.:- Begin at the end of the immediately preceding section of Guide, and go on in the reverse manner of the usual mode of turning over the leaves, and the objects of interest en route will be found specified duly therein, along with information suitable for the journey. Tourists proceeding from Tarbet down Loch Lomond to Balloch, &c., consult from page 35 to beginning of Guide; but those who go from Tarbet to Inversnaid, and from thence, by way of Loch Katrine, to the Trossachs, &c., should refer from pages 35 to 38 inclusive, and also to the section embraced within pages 65 to 55, beginning at the end thereof. But as a goodly proportion of those parties who have here left us have done so for the purpose. doubtless, of tarrying for a more or less prolonged period of time at the famous, old-established Hotel of Dalmally, which lies a little to the northward of the station, we have a word to say to such. The house that they are going to is a great resort of tourists, artists, and sportsmen. Its excellent accommodation, well-furnished table, grand environments, and the well-stocked hills, lakes, and rivers in its vicinity prove an irresistible attraction to such. The new wing of the hostelry contains a noble dining-room, with richly-varnished vellow-pine-clad walls, which are adorned with many oil paintings of famous Highland scenes, artistically rendered; and in this charming apartment one may luxuriously partake of that which is necessary for the due sustenance of the body without vexatious delays. A poet of the past century has written of changing his theme from "grave to gay:" we will now reverse his process by proceeding from gav to grave, by suggesting to those persons of an antiquarian turn of mind who may tarry here that a visit to the ancient graveyard, or "God's acre," of Dalmally will prove to such a treat of no ordinary kind, as it contains some curiously-carved antique tombstones, which had in the byegone ages done duty in covering the remainsof noble knights, haughty chiefs, and ecclesiastics of high degree in the isle of Inishail, but have been taken from thence at one time or other surreptitiously and irreverently to this place, where they now, in some instances, overlie the dust of churls. "To such base uses have they come at last," thus reminding one somewhow of the fine old lines-

> "Sceptre and crown must tumble down, And in the lowly dust be laid With the poor crooked seythe and spade."

One more hint I beg leave to give to those who set up for a short

period their camp here, and it is this-Hire a conveyance at the inn, and drive up Glen Orchy (the birth place of Duncan Ban MacIntyre, the poet, whose monument you may see planted on an eminence which overlooks this glen and Loch Awe) and proceed to Inveroran, on the banks of Loch Tullich, in the Earl of Breadalbane's deer forest. This journey is performed midst heaven-kissing, torrent-riven, storm-smitten, dark-browed majestic hills, between which rushes the Orchy in its roaring flight seaward. When passing the Bridge of Orchy, at the head of the glen, you will observe (to your right) a lofty conical hill: that is Ben Doran, which has been sweetly sung of by Duncan Ban MacIntyre, the poet. It was one of his favourite haunts; and on its sloping sides he many a time and oft "chased the wild deer and followed the roe." When you have done what I have suggested, then you'll back return, and soothly swear of the country you've explored that desolation sits enthroned there. During the time that has been taken up with the foregoing recital, the spirit of unrest has been quietly simmering in the breast of our iron horse, but now it has reached the snorting, screaming, explosive state, as the engineer once more urges it on to action. Hurrah! hurrah for the road! Onward we rush in the direction of that sweet place of which Professor Blackie declares

> "That in distant or in nigh lands, No town delights the tourist race Like Oban, in the Highlands."

When $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles or so distant from Dalmally, we soon in our rapid course reach the mouth of the river Orchy, which is crossed by means of a lattice girder bridge of 7 spans of 60 feet each in length. In course of transit we obtain therefrom a most satisfactory view, at a quarter of a mile's distance, of the grandly-picturesque building of

KILCHURN CASTLE,

Standing majestic, though in ruins, upon a well-wooded, delightful rocky promontory of gentle elevation, which the floods of winter not unfrequently convert into an island, having, as seen from the farther side of the loch, in its rear and flanks a glorious company of hills of rugged form and towering height, amongst which Ben Lui, to the left of the Castle, by its bold outline of successive curves, stands conspicuous. This Castle is the Ardenvohr of Sir Walter Scott's novel of the "Legend of Montrose," and was founded in the year 1440. If this huge pile be not the largest of old Scotia's

ancient ruined castles, it certainly ranks amongst the most attractive of such, and forms a grand relic of the feudal ages. The great tower of this once stronghold of the Campbells was five storeys in height. The banqueting hall consisted of the whole vast area of its second storey. The kilted warriors who caroused within its tapestried walls did not allow their hilarity to be damped one whit by the knowledge that there lay beneath them, in the dark, damp, cheerless dungeons on the ground floor, a miserable substratum of human beings in utter wretchedness, which the fortunes of war or other causes had brought to this sorry pass. To such miserables the joyous shouts of those who tarried at the wine cup would, if they reached their ears at all, sound as the death-knell of their own byegone joys. It was a rude age in which these men played their part in the drama of life, and qualms of conscience seldom stirred with remorse the sullen depths of their rude souls. If successful in foray or fight, 'twas well: if unsuccessful, they whined not, but accepted their fate like brave men, as they were, almost to a man, It is stated that this Castle formed the principal one of seven such, which owned for lord Black Sir Colin, son of the Knight of Rhodes, who figures prominently in a following legend. That testifies abundantly to the vast territorial wealth which, even at the early period we write of, must have been secured by the progenitors of the now ennobled family of Breadalbane. During the rebellion of 1745, the Castle was garrisoned by troops of the King, and down to a subsequent date a portion of it was habitable, but towards the end of the last, or the beginning of the present, century, a vandal of a factor (in the absence of his lord, and without his consent), unroofed the noble building for the ignoble purpose of utilising its wood in the construction of two houses, which were being built by the then earl in the neighbourhood, of the number of which was Dalmally Hotel, if report speaketh truly. His lordship was highly exasperated at the factor for this act of spoliation; and no wonder. Had an enemy done it, then the law courts would have given compensation or satisfaction of some kind or other; but how he could obtain such from a person who went about the work of destruction in a representative capacity in his lordship's supposed interests, was rather a puzzling question. Care, however, is now being taken to preserve what is left of the gran't old pile from the destroying touch of time's omnipotent fingers, and from the assaults of men's unscrupulous hands; but in its present rootless and fissured state the rain, the frost, and fierce storms will, in the coming

centuries, batter it into indistinguishable dust. P. G. Hamerton in noble verse tells

A LEGEND OF KILCHURN CASTLE.

Which I now proceed to give in an abridged form:

"Sir Colin Campbell was a Knight of Rhodes. For seven long years he risked continually His life in foreign warfare. Seven years Waited the Lady Margaret, his wife, Like a poor widow, living sparingly, And saving all the produce of his lands To build an island fortress on Loch Awe. There to receive Sir Colin, and so prove Her thrift and duty. Little more we know Of what she did to occupy her time: Her clansmen ferried loads of idle stones Across the water: and on what was then An island—and is yet in winter floods— Made them most useful servants-trusty guards Of all the treasure of a Highland chief-His wife, his tail (bodyguard), his cattle, and his goods. But he was absent. After many years He was afflicted by a painful dream In Rome, whereto his wanderings had led: And, seeking counsel of a Roman monk, By his advice set out at once for home,"

Where news had reached his lady of his death, and having been wood for years by MacCorquodale, a neighbouring chieftain, she at last reluctantly consented to wed him, provided Sir Colin did not return by a given day. The marriage day arrived. The chief and lady, with their respective retinues, were assembled in the great dining hall of the Castle. All was ready for the solemn priest to speak the mystic words which was to make of these twain one flesh, when

"Sir Colin entered, as a mendicant
In humble garb, his Castle of Kilchurn;
Looked on the feast awhile, then, in his rags,
Sat down amongst the clansmen in the hall
Of the new Castle, which his dame had built
Out of her savings in these seven years.
Cup after cup they drank. Then to the dias
Came a young chief, who waved his hand for silence
And said, "Brave Campbells, and you, friendly guests,
Who here enjoy our hospitality,

Before you drink "the bride," it is her wish That in deep silence you should testify The love you bore the chieftain we have lost.' All but the beggar drained a mournful draught. To the memory dear of the lost chieftain.

In his rags apart He still sat playing with his empty cup, For which he was reproached, when he replied-'I knew Sir Colin in a foreign land, But will not drink unto his memory Until his widow fills this empty cup.' She acceding, the beggar drained the cup, And fixed his eyes upon her. Still the same She stood before him. In her seven years Of watching her young beauty had matured Into sad ripeness, pale and worn, perhaps, But sweetly pious, full of patient love. Then to her hand the guest returned the cup, And in the bottom, in the lees of wine, There lay a signet ring of massive gold, Like a great waif of shipwreck which is seen Above a shallow pool upon the sands Of the deep ocean when the tide is low. Then from the ring—a waif from the wrecked ship Of her lost hope-a wild, bewildered glance She turned upon the beggar; and he rose Unto his lordly stature, and his rags Were scant to hide the chieftain's noble frame. And in an instant, with a cry of joy, The bride, escaping from the bridegroom's arms, Fell sobbing wildly on the beggar's breast. Then round the board it passed from mouth to mouth-'Sir Colin has come home!' A deafening shout Rose in the hall, and in the crowded court The people answered when they knew the cause; And then, above the din, the pipers played 'The Gathering of the Campbells.'"

The false MacCorquodale (who had slain Sir Colin's messengers, and spread abroad false rumours of his fate) was in after years slain in battle by the brave son of the brave, faithful, loving dame who was Sir Colin's bride, and thus avenged her cruel wrong, and took, according to the good and profitable old custom, "his lands, his cattle, and his goods; and ever since have his descendants been a broken clan without inheritance." This noble monument of Dame Campbell's thrift, self-sacrifice, and love being passed, we speedily find ourselves, on the western margin of the loch, 23 miles from Dalmally, at that most charming and attractive spot,

LOCH AWE STATION AND PIER.

As was anticipated, Mr David MacBravne has made Loch Awe Pier, instead of Brander Pier, the point where the tourists disembark who have travelled from Glasgow via Ardrishaig and Ford by his most admirable steamers and coach, thus far on their way to Oban. It is also the embarking stage for the return journey by this very popular route. Steamers other than his also ply on the Lake, such as the comfortable little "Countess of Breadalbane," belonging to Mr Duncan Fraser, of the Loch Awe and Dalmally Hotels, which sails in connection with the famous circular coaching, railing, and sailing route from Oban to Oban, via Pass of Melford, Ford, Loch Awe, and Passes of Brander and Awe, or vice versa. One or more of the hotel keepers on the central banks of the Loch run small steam launches for the accommodation of visitors to their respective. houses of entertainment. Altogether, Loch Awe is most amply provided with steam craft for the use of tourists and fishermen. On a rocky platform shooting up behind the pier and station of Loch Awe, there is a most commodious and picturesque hotel, the site of which commands one of the most charming views in Scotland. From it the picturesque ruins of Kilchurn Castle, a mile or so distant to the left, are seen to great advantage; as are also the great glens of Strae, Orchy, and Lochy, or at all events their dark, rugged, lofty mountains, and a goodly stretch of Loch Awe the beautiful, bedecked with many a lovely isle, which captivates the eye and makes the gazer feel quite enraptured with the scene. Behind the rocky eminence on which the hotel stands, Ben Cruachan (3670 feet high), that most shapely of mountains, rears its granitic peaks majestically to heaven, companions of the clouds. A more magnificent environment for an inn wherein to take one's ease it would be difficult to imagine. Leaving this station, we skirt the western margin of the lake, and spin along its banks for a couple of miles or so, to where we make a "right wheel" round the base of Ben Cruachan, to enter the gloomy gorge of Brander, and there we are favoured with a most delightful view of a charming portion of the lake. The New Inverawe grounds right before us, which make the extreme southeastern limit of a promontory, form a very lovely picture, with their verdant slopes and well-grown woods; and the more levely these will appear to the mind's eye when we contrast them with the Pass of Brander, their stern westerly-trending continuation, which we will shortly have an opportunity of doing. Casting our eyes here across the lake, many isles of varying size and beauty

swim into our ken. The one nearest to the eastern shore is Inishail, the largest, and, on account of its having been the seat of a religious establishment, one of the most interesting isles on the lake. Notice is taken at some length of it at page 86, which see. A little to the northward of Inishail lie two islands, the farthest away of which is Fraoch Eilan, or the heather isle, and thereby hangs a tale, which can be perused at page 87. This island was gifted by Alexander III. of Scotland, in 1296, to Gilbert Mac-Naughton, the chief of his clan, on condition that he should entertain the King of Scotland whenever he passed that way. The proprietor, in 1745, made secret preparations for entertaining "bonnie Prince Charlie" in the Castle, had he passed in that direction after landing in Glenfinnan. The Black Islands lie close to Inishail, at its southern extremity. Philip Gilbert Hamerton says of them that "in natural beauty, both of shape and vegetation, they are the finest on the lake;" and I think his opinion is indisputable. This enumeration gives pretty exhaustively the names and matters of interest appertaining to the various islands which are scattered over this portion of the surface of the lake, so that we now turn our attention to the

PASS OF BRANDER.

Through which we and the river Awe rush impetuously. Two miles down the Pass. Brander Pier is situated, where passengers disembark who left Glasgow and other ports per steamers Columba and Iona for Ardrishaig, and proceeded from thence by coach to Ford, at the southern end of Loch Awe, and who from that place of embarkation were conveyed thither by as pretty a little screw steamer, and as well-appointed in every respect, as heart could desire. There is exhibited (especially to our left) during our drive through the Pass of Brander, black, thunder-riven, lightningscarred, torrent-ploughed ranges of hills, which shoot up from the crystalline waters of the river Awe their almost perpendicular walls of considerable altitude. These throw their deep shadows over the river, and make it appear "black as Erebus or old night." If it be the fishing season when we sweep along the banks of this stream, which is the only outlet for the surplus waters of Loch Awe, then we are almost certain to see numbers of fishers, some of whom may be of the gentler sex, plying their seductive art from off wooden platform, rocky ridge, or mighty boulder. The brethren of the rod and reel of the more aristocratic type are frequently assisted in

their operations by "gillies," in whose vicinity, among the grass, you are pretty sure to see glistening, with jewel-like splendour, at least one or two specimens of the "salmon, monarch of the tide," in

"His splendid clothing, his back blue grey, His silver spangles, his fins, his speckles, His white-tail'd smooth flank—how noble they!"

When the Bridge of Awe is reached, as it will be shortly, then we will survey the scene of a fierce encounter between the forces of John of Lorn and those of King Robert Bruce. During the hottest of the combat the King's archers succeeded in gaining a footing on the heights which dominated the field, and they from thence poured down upon their foes such destructive showers of arrows as choked for a short time the passage of the waters of Awe with the bodies of the dead and the dying. When the pent up flood broke over its ghastly barriers, it ran crimson with the life's blood of the slaughtered Highlanders. This battle was fraught with disastrous issues to the House of Lorn, from which it never afterwards fully recovered. A few hundred yards below the Bridge of Awe, and 1½ miles west from Brander Pass, our train crosses the river Awe by a bridge of 3 large spans, 80 feet above the river level, and when we have descended the Passes of Brander and Awe 6 miles, we reach

TAYNUILT STATION

(11½ miles from Dalmally), near Loch Etive, and here there is a snug, comfortable hotel, which is extensively patronised by anglers, many of whom come annually to it even from the most southern shires of England. And from this hostelry arrangements can conveniently and prudently be made for the ascent of Ben Cruachan. Proceeding 6½ miles from this, we next stop for a short time at

CONNELL FERRY STATION

(18½ miles from Dalmally), on Loch Etive side. The ferry is over a strait, across two-thirds of whose channel a ridge of rugged rocks run, occasioning, at certain periods of the flood and ebb tides, such a rapid current that no sailing vessel can make head-way against it. At the beginning of ebb tide the pent-up waters are violently discharged through the gut, with a noise which may be heard many miles distant, thus by far transcending the sounds emitted by any cataract in the land. By night the effect is very

eerie. The ferry, in spite of these difficulties, is a safe one. Three miles beyond its vocal waters we pass (to the right) the once royal

CASTLE OF DUNSTAFFANAGE,

Which stands right regally on a promontory overlooking the Frith of Lorne and the entrance to Loch Etive. All knowledge of the period of its erection is swallowed up in the thick mists of remote antiquity. The fatal chair of royalty which it contained was transferred to Scone Palace after the union of the Scots and Picts, under the Son of Alpine. In the time of King Robert Bruce the Castle had got into possession of the MacDougalls of Lorne, and from them it has now passed into the family of Argyll. Sir Walter Scott, in "The Lord of the Isles," draws the attention of his readers in rapt enthusiasm

"To where Dunstaffanage hears the raging Of Connal with his rocks engaging."

The famous stone which formed a portion of the chair of destiny, noticed, above was brought, as a legend has it, from Spain, and was taken by Edward I. of England from Scone to Westminster Abbey, where it forms an integral portion of the coronation chair of state. On it is the following inscription:—

"Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem."

Of which the following is a translation:—"Unless fate deceive, Scots, wherever they will find this stone placed, there are held to reign;" and this prophecy has been literally fulfilled by James VI. of Scotland and his successors reigning in London. The Castle which is the theme of my story is of a square form, 87 feet within walls, having round towers at three of the angles. The average height of its walls is 66 feet, and the thickness thereof 9 feet. The external measurement of the walls is 270 feet. The circumference of the rock on which it stands is 300 feet. There is a small portion of the building still habitable, but the major portion of it is in ruins. Near to it there is a ruined chapel, which at one time must have been very elegant, at one end of which there is an enclosure, used as a family burying place. Two miles further on we pass, but see not, Dunolly Castle, as it is hid from our gaze by intervening woods and heights; but of it I have a few words to say further

OBAN. 111

on during our trip from Oban to Ballachulish. Three miles from Dunstaffanage we are, after our journey of 120 miles from Glasgow, 123½ from Edinburgh, 60 from Tarbet, and 24½ from Dalmally, ushered into the good old town of

OBAN,

Where no difficulty whatever need be experienced in obtaining suitable hotel accommodation to suit every purse, as the hostelries, whose name here is legion, range from those of a very modest up to those of a quite palatial description. Such healthy competition has the good effect of keeping them all up to the mark in regard to liberally-furnished tables, attentive service, and scrupulous cleanliness. Porters from the respective hotels, with the names of such on their caps, are in waiting to convey personal luggage to the inn of your choice, and in one or other of these desirable resting-places we will now imagine ourselves seated, after supper, enjoying a quiet tumbler of toddy, where, before separating for the night, I volunteer, in the way of good-fellowship, to sing a portion of Professor Blackie's merry, easy-going strain, to

"OBAN IN THE SEASON"

"At Oban on the pier, how gay,
How motley, and how grand, Sir,
With tourists all in quaint array
About to leave the land, Sir;
The priest who steals short holiday,
The prince who goes incog., Sir,
The schoolboy, with his dreams of play,
The sportsman with his dog, Sir.
For Oban is a dainty place,
In distant or in nigh lands
No town delights the tourist race
Like Oban, in the Highlands.

Praise be to noble Hutcheson,
Who made the Celtic seas, Sir,
A highway smooth for any man
To travel on at ease, Sir!
Like moving towns his vessels go,
And no one ever dreams now
Of staggering with a face of woe,
So steadily he steams now.
For Oban is a dainty place, &c.

And now your way you steer to Skye,
Where savage green-scarred mountains.
The surly western blasts defy,
And nurse the roaring fountains;
And there, if happy chance befall
That clouds from rain refrain, Sir,
You'll see the rock-built fairy hall
Which mortals call Quirain, Sir.
For Oban is a dainty place, &c.

Or if it better suit your plan,
You'll see the wondrous dome, Sir,
At Staffa, without help of man,
God reared from out the foam, Sir,
Then land upon the sacred beach (of Iona)
Where, like a shining star, Sir,
The saint from Erin came to preach
When gospel truth was far, sir.
For Oban is a dainty place, &c.

And if you know to use your eyes,
And are not stiff and mulish,
You'll spend a day in paradise
At lovely Ballachulish.
Then up the stream you'll wend your way
With thoughtful foot and slow, Sir,
Where white mists veil the bloody tale
Of dreary, dark Glencoe, Sir.
For what my song declares is true,
And wise men think it treason
To pass a year without a view
Of Oban in the season."

After spending a few days in and about this most central place, viewing the thousand and one objects of interest and beauty which are scattered around with such prodigality, we proceed per steamer from

OBAN TO BALLACHULISH, FOR GLENCOE, &c.

"At Oban, on a breezy morn,
The merry bell invites you,
And on the waters you are borne,
Where every turn delights you;
The wooded hill, the bright green isle,
The gleaming loch before you,
The mighty ocean's boundless smite,
The mountain nodding o'er you.



BRETCHED BY MR HAMILTON MACMILLAN, JUN., HELENSBURGH.

For Oban is a dainty place, In distant or in nigh lands No town delights the tourist race Like Oban, in the Highlands.

The huge rock foreland harsh and grey
That fronts the broad Atlantic,
The rainbow that bedecks the spray
From waterfall romantic;
The floating gull, the flying skiff,
That cuts the water hoary,
The ivied castle on the cliff,
Where hangs the grim old story.
For Oban is a dainty place, &c."

So far and so well the genial Professor of Greek in our metropolitan university touches off the general aspect of the surrounding scenery, but for your instruction we now go on to describe more particularly the objects of interest seen en route. To our left, until we clear the noble bay of Oban, we have, at about 1½ miles distance, lying parallel with the mainland, the 3½ miles long and 2 miles broad island of Kerrera, forming an invaluable breakwater to the bay. It was in this island that Alexander II. of Scotland died, while making preparation for the invasion of the Western Isles, which were then under the dominion of King Haco of Norway. King Alexander's body was conveyed from Kerrera to the Abbey of Melrose, where it was interred beneath the noble east window with great solemnities. His tomb is still to be seen there, marked out by a flat stone, nigh to the spot where the Bruce's heart is interred in its silver casket. When we reach the northern extremity of the bay of Oban, we pass

DUNOLLY CASTLE.

The ruined, twelve-centuries old, ivy-crowned, ancient seat of the once almost princely house of the MacDougalls of Lorn. It stands right beautifully on a cliff, which overlooks the bay of Oban and the Frith of Lorne, and is surrounded, as far as the eye can reach, by scenes of rude magnificence. Our Celtic forefathers had certainly a most happy knack of planting down their domiciles in exceptionally fine positions. There stands, upon the base of the exquisitely-green and carefully-tended slopes of the Castle grounds, near to the water, a tall, grey, conglomerate, circular rock, called Clach-na-cau, or the dog's pillar, so called from its having been used, according to tradition, by Fingal as a stake for fastening his celebrated dog Bran to, when his services were not required in the chase. Upon the

side of the promontory opposite to it, the representative of the MacDougall's of Lorn has his residence. It now contains the celebrated brooch of Lorn, which had been wrested in fight by an ancestor of MacDougall's from King Robert the Bruce. A few years ago this invaluable memorial of the olden time was recovered from a farmer, one of whose forefathers had been a shepherd on the Island of Kerrera, when Gulen Castle, in which it was kept, was burned. The lands and Castle of Dunolly, as well as other territories belonging to the ancient house of Lorn, had been forfeited to the Crown on account of the then chief having been out on the rebel side in 1715; but the Castle and lands of Dunolly were restored to the family in 1745, and that event was brought about in this wise. The young chief of the clan MacDougall, after the disastrous year '15, was taken to Dumbarton by an honest, thriving, leal-hearted clansman, who kept a change-house (pub.) there, and there he was educated and kept like a gentleman at its famous Grammar School, until he reached man's estate; and he evidently remained about that ancient burgh down to 1745, when, during the Jacobite rising which then took place, his impatient clansmen eagerly longed for him to take the field at their head "an' fecht for bonnie Prince Charlie." But for once in these latter years the star of the house of Lorn was in the ascendant. The Duke of Argyll solicited an interview with the young chief, who waited upon His Grace at Rosneath Castle, and there MacDougall gave Argyll some valuable information in the interest of the Government, in regard to the district of country in which "Royal Charlie" had landed, and, having further promised to remain neutral in the struggle, when peace was restored there was also restored to him, as guerdon, the Castle and lands of Dunolly, and thus this ancient stock got once more rooted and grounded in the old soil. The date assigned for the erection of Olave's tower, as the name of their old Castle has been translated, is some time before the close of the 7th century. The principal part of the now existing structure is the donjon or keep, but the extensive foundations and ruined walls exhibited in its vicinity give sure indications that in its hey-day it had been as huge a pile as that of Dunstaffanage, which we will shortly see on the south bank of Loch Etive, as we cross the bay which lies at its mouth. When this position is reached, as it will be in a few minutes, then, in a straight line beyond the once royal Castle just mentioned, there will be seen Ben Cruachan's noble form, towering majestically to the height of 3670 feet. The base of this giant

mountain covers 20 miles. In the rear of this monarch there stands (to the left) the dark-browed hills yclept "The Shepherds of Glen Etive." Having left the entrance to Loch Etive in our wake, we make a divergence (to our left) somewhat nearer to the island of Mull, with its misty peaks and deep glens, and by so doing get quickly under the lee of

THE ISLAND OF LISMORE,

Or great garden, as its name implies. This island is 7 miles distant from Oban, and lies along the south-west end of Loch Linnhe. At the south-west end of the island, that is the end nearest to Oban, there stands, on the islet of Musdile, a lighthouse, which exhibits a fixed light visible at a distance of 15 nautical miles, guiding by its friendly beam the storm-tossed barque of the weary mariner through the surrounding treacherous lochs, sounds, and bays. This Pharos or light-tower, with the few leaf-engirdled houses in its neighbourhood, give a pleasing diversity to the wild expanse of scenery exhibited at the junction of Loch Linnhe with the Sound of Mull. The island of Lismore is 9 miles long, with a breadth of about 11 miles. Its sky-line exhibits an uneven rocky ridge of no great eleva-Its soil is a rich black loam of rare fertility, being in that respect a striking contrast to the sterile lands from which it is separated by a narrow belt of sea. This island was anciently the seat of the Bishops of Argyll. The chancel of their cathedral church is still used by the parishioners as a place of worship. Four miles to the westward of this edifice the Bishop's Castle still stands, pretty entire, at a place called Auchinduin. To the right of the island Loch Creran lies, and to the north of it lies Appin, the country of the Stewarts, which we now skirt, and, just before Appin Pier is approached, there is exhibited, at the end of a grey, rocky ridge of no great altitude, a unique natural arch, which might in architectural phraseology be termed a flying buttress. After leaving Appin Pier we pass, in quick succession, Sheep Island, which lies nor'east of Lismore, and, to the right of Sheep Island, Castle Stalker, apparently on the mainland, rears its picturesque form from off a rocky islet of gentle elevation, close to the land; and, still further to the north, we course along the Isle of Shuna, upon which, as you sail towards it, you can observe, perched upon a commanding position, the blackened ruins of its by no means extensive castle. By whom this sea-girt domicile was inhabited in the past ages deponent knoweth not for certainty, but

in all probability it was occupied by a cadet of the great Stewart family, whose territories lie abreast of it on the mainland. As we plough our way onwards through Loch Linnhe, the noble array of the rugged Hills of Morven (to our left) at all times and seasons rivet the attention; but they do more especially hold us spell-bound when seen under such climatic influences as I saw them under towards the end of a past Autumn—the equinoctial gales and consequent floods had then almost ceased to vex the land and lash the sea, and sunshine and shower held alternate sway on the occasion alluded to. The Morven Hills betimes scowled at us through mist, or discharged upon us from their arsenals of cloud the arrowy rain in stinging showers, while the savage growl of the thunder was heard reverberating from peak to peak. Then anon the sun would burst forth from the curtains of darkness which covered him, and smile sweetly upon those hills which appeared to be the abiding place and store-house of storms, and presto they, through their tears, saluted him with smile for smile, and by way of greeting threw from off their heads their lightning-wreathed turbans of storm, and coquettishly donned for the nonce light, graceful, airy caps of mist, pure as the driven snow; and the vapours which had retreated before the howling blast discomfited into their dens amid the deep glens and misty corries, now, wooed forth by the cheering beams of the lord of day, tripped from their hiding-places and clasped the hill's dusky sides in their loving arms, or lay like veils of lawn over their swelling bosoms, into the deep recesses of which the sun, that lusty paramour, was peering all too ardently. During the sunny blinks frequent rainbows were displayed, in all their gorgeous hues. against the dark back-ground of hills. Those betimes formed perfect arches, and at other times mere fragmentary portions of such, but in either form lovely in the extreme. To the poetic eye, in the words of Campbell the poet, these "Bows of God"

> "Are still, as to our boyhood's sight, À mid-way station given For blessed spirits to alight Betwixt the earth and heaven."

The gales of the equinox had borne on their wings from afar rain clouds, which had poured their liquid contents into the reservoirs of the hills, and nursed the rearing fountains from whence leapt with thundrous sound a thousand silvern mountain streams as tributes to the main. Sadness and gloom would once more overspread the

countenances of these mighty Hills of Morven; and so on in pretty rapid succession the transformation scenes went on "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." I have been from childhood familiar with hills, and know -aye, and love-them in their ever-varying moods, but never saw I such a revelation of the awful and the beautiful in such rapid transition as I did upon the occasion which I have endeavoured above to present in a pen and ink sketch to your mind's eye. I can only wish that you, my friendly reader, may some day or other be favoured with such an exhibition. the recital of the foregoing our gallant vessel has been unrestingly churning her way along her appointed path, and has taken us past a miniature isle called Balnagown, and is just on the eve of entering Loch Leven by rounding the shoulder of a huge hill, which, when I last was in its company, was vocal with the sound of the many waters which raced madly down its deeply-furrowed face. heaven-kissing peak passed, our steamer has entered the waters of

LOCH LEVEN,

With the paps of Glencoe rearing their apparently mist-exuding summits in full view a few miles ahead of us. Disembarking at a pier about a mile up the loch, we will find an open conveyance of considerable capacity in waiting to convey passengers and their luggage on to the hotel of

BALLACHULISH,

And 9 miles beyond it, if they wish, up the rugged defiles of Glencoe, returning from thence in ample time to catch the Oban steamer. Parties who are desirous of exploring the whole pass by means of a public conveyance, which leaves this for Tyndrum Station early in the morning, on the arrival of the Fort William passengers, will require to take up their quarters over night at one or other of the charmingly-situated, tastefully furnished, and decidedly comfortable hotels which are here situated, and thus obey the instructions of Professor Blackie by

"Spending a day in paradise At lovely Ballachulish."

Those of us who have done so, after an early breakfast on the following morn, mount the well-appointed, four-horse conveyance, in which soon we are to be

> "Traversing sad and stern Glencoe, With many an angry torrent pouring."

By way of making up for a few deficiencies in page 74, in regard to the latter part of the journey through the glen thitherwards, I have now to state that the distance between Ballachulish Hotel and the entrance to the glen is 4 miles, and that from that point through the glen on to Kingshouse hotel is 12 miles. Shortly after leaving the hotel, we pass (to our right) the Ballachulish slate quarries, which are most extensive ones, and employ usually 550 men. When skirting the same we drive through several slate-stone arches, near to which there are millions of tons of slatey debris, and, betimes, past rows of the quarrymen's cottages, from the doors of several of which, at the sound of our carriage wheels, issue forth numbers of ill clad, dirty-looking children of both sexes, who run after our vehicle for a mile or two, clamouring most incessantly for pennies in their broken English. This ordeal past, we in due season reach the foot of

GLENCOE.

The little island in Loch Leven which you see lying close to the land, off the entrance to the glen, has been for ages the muchvenerated burying-place of the MacDonalds of Glencoe, to whom the glen anciently belonged; and just before our carriage makes a wheel into the gorge, there stands, at the water-side, facing you, adjacent to Invercoe House, engirdled about by the leafy denizens of the forest, the blackened gable-end of the dwelling house erstwhile occupied by the murdered chief MacIan, who perished in the brutal massacre which was here perpetrated in the reign of William III. Further up the glen there are (to your right) several other spots where other members of the clan MacDonald where inhumanly butchered. The coachman and the guard are familiar with the same, and will obligingly point them out to any traveller who wishes such information. No vestige remains, so far as I have seen, of any of the dwelling places of the ancient clansmen who in this valley of death received their quietus, either to point a moral or adorn a tale, but for all that the sad tale of their bloody taking off is embalmed in history for the execration of mankind, and still lives, and ever will live, in the wild traditions of this wild country, a tale of horror. When we have penetrated the glen to the extent of a couple of miles or so, we pass (to our right) the Glencoe Hotel, which stands on a pleasant meadow, with a back-ground of rugged mountains, tall and grim. This house of refreshment in the wilderness presents a very modest, yet withal scrupulously clean,

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tidy appearance, and is a "houff" of those of the fishing fraternity who take a delight in lashing the waters of the Coe in search of finny prey. This was one of the places where a portion of the MacDonalds were killed, but the modern dwellers in this savage spot are not disturbed, so far as I am aware, with the intrusion at midnight's solemn hour of the misty wraiths of the departed, to break their slumbers. A little beyond this interesting hostelry fresh horses are yoked to the vehicle, so as you may be pulled along in proper style to Kingshouse, which is the next stage on the journey. As we are nearing the termination of our mutual journeying, I am under the impression that the following extract from the late Hugh Miller's Sketch Book of Geology, in regard to the geology of Glencoe, will prove acceptable to the great bulk of those parties into whose hands this little volume may fall:-"Let us now deem ourselves (says he) all safely arrived at the western extremity of Glencoe. In the course of our journey by the Loch Lomond road, we shall pass in the ascending order over all the great primary formations. Let us first mark the character of the glen—not less famous for the severe and terrible sublimity of its natural features, than for that dark incident in its history which associates in such melancholy harmony with the terrible and severe. We are in a region of primary porphyry-in the main a dark-coloured rock, though it is one of its peculiar traits that in the course of a few yards it sometimes changes its hue from dark green to black, or a deep neutral tint, and from these again to chocolate colour, to brick red, or to iron grey. But the prevailing hues are dingy and sombre; and hence, independently of the brown heath and ling, and those deep shadows which always accompany steep rocks and narrow ravines; produce a sombre tone in the colouring of the landscape. When, however, for a few days the atmosphere has been dry, and the sky serene, the dark rocks seem in many parts as if strewed with an exceedingly slight covering of new-fallen snow—the effect of the weathering of a thin film of the compact feldspar, which forms the basis of the porphyry into a white porcelanic earth. It is, however, in the form of the rocks that we detect the more striking peculiarities of the porphyritic formation. They betray their igneous origin in their semi-columnar structure. Every precipice is scarred vertically by the thick-set lines which define the thin, irregular columns into which the whole is divided; and as the columnar arrangement is favourable to the production of tall, steep precipices, deep, narrow corries, and jagged and peaked summits, the precipices on each side

120 GLENCOL.

are tall and steep, the corries are deep and narrow, and the summits are sharp, spire-like, and uneven. A hill of primary porphyry, where not too much pressed upon by its neighbour hills, as trees press upon one another in a thick wood, so that each checks the development of each, generally affects a pyramidal form; and we find fine specimens of the regular pyramidal hill in the upper part of the valley, just as we enter on the open moor. I may mention, ere we quit Glencoe, that the more savagely sublime scenery of Scotland is almost all porphyritic. Emerging from Glencoe, we enter upon a scene that, in simple outline, abstracted from the dingy tone of the colouring, and the bleak and scanty vegetation common to both, contrasts with it more strongly than perhaps any other in Scotland. We have quited the porphyritic region, and entered upon a region of granite and gneiss. Looking back from that most solitary of Scottish inns, Kingshouse, we find that we can determine with much exactness, from the form of the hills, where the porphyry ends and the granite or gneiss begins. The last of the porphyritic hills is a noble pyramid, broken into dizzy precipices, and lined vertically, like some of our semi-columnar traps; whereas the first of the granitic hills, placed immediately beside it, with but a narrow valley between, is of rounded outline-a mere hummock magnified into a mountain, and wrapped round by a continuous caul of brown heath. On the other hand we see the granite rolling out into a moory plain (Moor of Rannoch)—one of the dreariest in Scotland -and forming a basin for a long, flat-shored loch (Loch Lydoch), whose broad waters do not reflect a single human dwelling." And now, my travelling companion, should you wish to reach the land of the Sassanach (Saxon) from Glencoe by way of Loch Lomond, consult pages 74 to 66, and from page 43 to the beginning of the Guide. Should you, on the contrary, elect to be taken on to the same destination per rail from Tyndrum, by way of Killin, Callander, and Stirling, see pages 74 to 67, and also 100 to 90; or should you prefer reaching the Lowlands, via Tyndrum, Dalmally, and Inveraray or Tarbet, then refer to pages 74 to 67, 100 to 101. and from 89 to 75, and these pages referred to will post you pretty well up in regard to the objects passed en route.

Having thus intelligibly marked out your course onwards, it only remains for me, now that our journeying together is over, to make my salaam and say farewell, a long farewell, to you, my corteous companion. May peace and prosperity ever attend you as handmaidens during the remainder of your earthly pilgrimage, and may

our supposititious gossiping over such a wide range of country form food for pleasant and profitable reflection in the aftertime, as you sit by the side of your blazing "ingle" while the wild winter winds "mak' roof an' rafters dirl." Au revoir!

APPENDIX



TIVE STEAMBOAT, COACHING, AND RAILWAY CONNECTIONS; AND ALSO AN EXCURSION BOUND THE ISLAND OF MULL, TROM ORAN TO STAFFA

D. IONA; and one to Fort-William, Increase, Style, Guirloch, Stornarczy, Sc.

ng the principal siches in Scotland, reglects them is held not to here leve bineself justice, and to have denied himself a suprime pleadure. The streamers, in which the major part of the journey is performed, may be termed, without any exceptivition floating palence, and the

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APPENDIX:-

CONTAINING TOURS FROM GLASGOW TO OBAN, VIA ARDRISHAIG AND CRINAN CANAL, AND VIA LOCH AWE, PER STEAMERS "COLUMBA" "IONA," AND VIA INVERARAY AND LOCH AWE, PER "LORD OF THE ISLES," AND THEIR RESPEC-TIVE STEAMBOAT, COACHING, AND RAILWAY CONNECTIONS; AND ALSO AN EXCURSION ROUND THE ISLAND OF MULL, FROM OBAN TO STAFFA AND IONA; and one to Fort-William, Inverness, Skye, Gairloch,

Stornoway, &c.

THE tours above indicated are so famous that the tourist who, in visiting the principal sights in Scotland, neglects them is held not to have done himself justice, and to have denied himself a supreme pleasure. The steamers, in which the major part of the journey is performed. may be termed, without any exaggeration, floating palaces, and the scenery exhibited en route is something transcendantly interesting. ranging, as it does, from the lovely to the sublime, or consisting of a combination of both in a thousand fascinating, ever varying combinations. It is doubtful if in these respects it can be equalled, and it certainly cannot be surpassed, by the choicest scenery of Great Britain or Ireland of equal extent. I have heard of an Englishman who came to Scotland to spend a brief holiday term of eight days, who made a trip, the first day he landed here, in one of the above-named steamers, and became so enamoured with the scenery and the bill of fare that he day by day journeyed to and fro with the vessel during all the time which was at his disposal, and thought that he had done a most judicious thing. He felt that

no custom could stale the infinite variety of the scenery, or exhaust the infinite resources of the steward's department. He was on a quest for happiness, had found her on board of a Clyde steamer. embraced her, and was blest. Having, I trust, sufficiently whetted your desire for the journey, I now, most worthy masters, to round off and give completeness to my work, am once more ready to wait upon your honours, in the capacity of guide to your wandering feet o'er a fresh portion of "Bonnie Scotland." The immediately following sketch answers entirely to the movements of the "Columba" and "Iona" to Ardrishaig, and also up to that point to those of the "Lord of the Isles" (which, however, passes on without touching at that place), with the exception that the last-named steamer starts at Greenock, and, in addition to calling at Dunoon and the other ports mentioned herein, also calls at Wemyss Bay Pier, for passengers who have elected to travel that length per rail. These few introductory sentences over, we, at seven o'clock sharp, muster our forces at

THE BROOMIELAW BRIDGE WHARF, GLASGOW,

Where we get on board of our steamer, which, prompt to time, steams slowly down the malodorous Clyde amid a forest of masts two miles or so in extent. After emerging therefrom, and wending our way between docks and shipbuilding yards, we, in a quarter of an hour, reach *Partick Pier*, where passengers are embarked. The muddy stream that lies to the west thereof, flanked by two iron shipbuilding and engineering establishments, is the classic Kelvin, which, though now unsavoury and foul, was once the delight of a poet who drew from it inspiration, and addressed to his lady love the strains—

"Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O,
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O;
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant scented brier,
E'en to thee, of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O."

To it also we say farewell, and push on in our destined path. Between this point and Bowling, which is our next stage, many gentlemen's seats are passed, as well as the towns of Renfrew and Paisley, to our left, and Kilpatrick, to our right; but the great feature of the upper reaches of the Clyde is the multitudinous iron shipbuilding and engineering establishments that line its banks.

One of their number, that of Messrs John Elder & Co., of Fairfield, a little below Partick, on the opposite side of the river, is capable, within its ample bounds, of holding sixteen vessels of great capacity on the stocks at one time. I have seen that number in their yard, and a most interesting sight it was to see ships in all the different stages of development, from that of the backbone or keel lying prone on its bed of blocks, up to the skeleton or framed state, and culminating in their being panoplied in complete iron or steel, prepared to do battle with winds and waves, and carry the meteor flag of Britain, or that of any other country, in triumph round the globe. When the Clyde shipbuilding yards are full of work, the rat-tat-tatting sound of countless hammers closing rivets up, fills the air with rude music of a pleasantly suggestive kind, and the bustle of thousands of industrious artisans within their borders is an animated sight not easily forgotten. When three quarters of an hour or so on our journey, we reach Bowling Wharf, where local passengers, and those from Dumbarton and the Vale of Leven, join us. Bowling Harbour is the terminus of the Forth and Clyde Canal, and Old Kilpatrick, a mile or two higher up the river, on the same side, was the terminus of the Roman wall which stretched across the country from thence to the River Forth. Kilpatrick is also the reputed birthplace of St Patrick. Opposite Bowling there stands Erskine House, the residence of Lord Blantvre, so beautiful for situation 'mid its gentle, well-wooded, stream-laved, green slopes. As our steamer ploughs its way onward from thence, we in a few minutes pass, perched on a grey rock by the margin of the water, the ruins of Dunglass Castle, once a seat of the powerful family of Colquhoun of Colquhoun, baronets, now of Colquhoun and Luss, amidst and towering over which there is an obelisk erected to the memory of Henry Bell, the first in Europe who successfully applied steam power to the propulsion of vessels. These left in our wake, we quickly in succession pass, to the right, the richly-wooded, bold headland of Dumbuck, and the Pier, bifurcated Castle Rock, and town of Dumbarton. (For a few particulars in regard to this isolated rock, which now fills such a large space in your visual organs, and in the history of Scotland, please consult pages 10 to 13.) Westward of the Castle, the River Leven mingles its waters with those of the Clyde, and when looking northward at that point a pleasant view is obtained of the Vale of Leven (in which Tobias Smollett was born), with the lofty-headed, broad-shouldered Ben Lomond, like a huge giant, brooding over it in the distance. If it be high water

when Dumbarton Castle is passed, then the firth presents a beautiful, lake-like aspect, hemmed in, as it appears to be, on the west and north by the Dumbartonshire and Argyllshire Hills, and on the south by those of Renfrewshire, all of which, in the far distance, assume a grandly-rugged aspect. A quarter of a mile below the debouchure of the River Leven, there stands, on the side of the Clyde. on an almost level space of ground, and at a short distance from its margin, an imposing structure in the classical style, which is called Methlan Park. It is the property of Robert M'Millan, Esq., a partner of the eminent, old-established firm of Messrs Archibald M'Millan & Son, iron shipbuilders and ship owners, Dumbarton, who have built some of the finest sailing ships affoat, the model of one of which, the "Coriolanus," by Mr John M'Millan, jun., one of the firm, carried off the prize against the world at an exhibition in Fishmonger's Hall, London, and secured for him a gold medal, the freedom of the city of London, the freedom of the worshipful company of shipwrights, and 25 guineas. The palatial edifice which we pass a little way further down the river (still on the same side), upon a commanding eminence, is that of Helenslee, the residence of Peter Denny, Esq., iron shipbuilder, engineer, and ship owner. He and his forebears have been engaged in shipbuilding in Dumbarton for close upon a century, and the firm of Messrs William Denny & Brothers, of which Mr Peter Denny is the head, have for many years held quite an exceptionally high position in the shipbuilding world. They have turned out from their yard some of the most magnificent and highly-finished steam vessels affoat. connection with Mr Denny's residence there is the finest and best equipped fernery in Scotland, or possibly in Great Britain or Ireland. It contains over sixty varieties, ranging from those of the most humble order up to the lordly palm-like tree ferns of our good colony of New Zealand. A quarter of a mile behind Mr Denny's house there stood, in the olden time, Cardross Castle, the much-loved residence and death-place of the patriot King, Robert the Bruce. The Cardross village of his time lay opposite Dumbarton, on the side of the River Leven, where the ruins of its ancient parish church are to be seen to this day; and it was within a mile of it that the Bruce departed this life, and not at the modern village of Cardross, two or three miles further down the river, as is represented by some writers. Westward of Mr Denny's house, the ancient coast line of old red sandstone is most distinctly marked, and in a cave at the end of the first ridge, called Havock Hole, that incomparable patriot, Sir

William Wallace, and a small band of devoted followers, took refuge for a night, after having set fire to the lodgings of the English soldiery in the town of Dumbarton. On the opposite side of the Clyde from it we see, most picturesquely planted on a hill-side, amid grand, old, ancestral woods, the mansion house of Finlaystone. once the residence of the Earls of Glencairn. There John Knox, the zealous church reformer, in troublous times, underneath a venerable yew tree, which is still flourishing, administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to a band of devout men and women of high rank and saintly character. From this on to Port-Glasgow is a distance of two or three miles, and near the latter place there are several very pretty villas, the residences of business gentlemen connected with "the Port," and also an old, time-battered, dingy, forlorn, yet withal picturesque-looking baronial pile, called Newark Castle, dating from 1597, and built by Patrick Maxwell, the then lord of the manor. A descendant of his, in 1668, sold to the Glasgow authorities 22 acres of land in the Bay of Newark, for the purpose of forming a harbour there, and that led to the origin of Port-Glasgow, which our good ship passes, but does not call at. Port-Glasgow is now, and has for long been, an eminent shipbuilding place. The little "Comet," the first steamer that plied on the Clyde, was built there by Mr John Wood, to the order of Mr Henry Bell. After sailing for a couple of miles past the succession of shipbuilding yards, gas works, docks, potteries, and houses small and great that connect "the Port" with

GREENOCK,

We pull up at its busy quay to receive local passengers, and those from other places who have preferred to travel thus far by the Caledonian Railway, and when that is accomplished, we steam towards Prince's Pier, where we take on board parties who have travelled from various parts by the Glasgow and South-Western Railway. That also accomplished, we without delay leave Greenock, that extensive shipping port, and bustling, shipbuilding, engineering, and sugar refining town, the birth-place of the eminent engineer, James Watt, and the burial place of Burns's Highland Mary, and the place where many tourists to and from the Highlands for convenience elect to tarry. Off Greenock, at "the Tail of the Bank," there is usually quite an imposing fleet of vessels, small and great—amongst the same being a leviathian representative of Her Majesty's navy, in the shape of an armour-clad frigate, and a

revenue cutter or two. To our right, opposite Greenock, the charming town of Helensburgh lies basking in the sun, while nearer us, in the mid distance, lie the lovely point of Rosneath and the pleasant watering place of Kilcreggan, for descriptions of which places I refer you to pages 46 to 50. On our left, when our gallant bark has steamed down the firth a little, beyond the noble esplanade of Greenock, we pass Fort Matilda, which stands guarding the entrance to the upper Frith of Clyde as best it may with its seven big guns. Of a verity it is not a very formidable-looking concern, but one, for all that, that might be able to give a good account of itself should any enemy come within range of its ordnance. Behind it, under the shadow of a dark-browed hill, is situated a very useful institution, founded by the late Sir Gabriel Wood, for the benefit of decayed mariners. Pressing still onwards, our stout craft scuds, without halting, past the town and bay of Gourock, with its quiet waters filled with yachts, whose exquisitely fine lines and generally first-class equipments are a sight to behold. It was off Gourock (or Kempock) Point that the ill-fated "Comet" steamer (second of the name) was wrecked by collision, in 1825, and seventy valuable lives lost. Casting our gaze onwards, on the same side, we observe, standing on a rugged point of gentle elevation, gleaming white and fair by the margin of the Clyde's green waters, the Cloch Lighthouse. When Gourock is left in our wake, a magnificent prospect opens up to our admiring gaze. To our right we have the noble entrances to Loch Long and Holy Loch, and the grand array of rugged Alpine hills that flank their sides, stretching many a league away to the northward—(for description of Loch Long see pages 50 to 54)—and in continuation the Cowal coast stretches along in grandeur, with its bewitchingly-beautiful watering-places. To the left we have the Ayrshire coast, with its fertile fields, noble woods, sweet villages, and pretentious mansion houses, and in front the islands of Cumbrae and Bute. At the head of Holy Loch lies Kilmun, which is, and has been, the burying place of the Argyll family for many generations. Nearly at its mouth, on the western side, is Hunter's Quay, a famous rendezvous for yachtsmen, and, in fact, their headquarters for the Clyde district. The existence of a really high-class hotel in that comparatively quiet place, testifies to its great popularity. At the junction of the Holy Loch with the Clyde, on a charmingly-wooded, villa-besprinkled promontory of gentle elevation, with towering hills for background, stands the highly popular watering village of Kirn, with its comfortable hotels and lovely residences, at which yachtsmen and others love to tarry for a season. Here we stop to exchange passengers with the place. When we once more get under weigh, we, for the mile-and-a-half or so that separates the Pier of Kirn from that of Dunoon, pass about as enticing-looking residences as the heart of man could desire. These in this gay summer time are filled with visitors from Glasgow and the other smoke-tormented Clyde burghs, as well as by strangers from afar who are led hither by the captivating beauty and salubrity of the place. The distance above-mentioned being covered, we call a halt at the highly popular, picturesquely situated, and most ancient village of

DUNOON

(For Inveraray via Loch Eck),

Of which Kirn may be termed a continuation. This town is quite a favourite houff of tourists and searchers after health and pleasure, and as a result the hotel and other accommodation for such is, as you may see by casting your eyes about it, of a really very high order. is a most central and, therefore, convenient tarrying place for travellers, on account of the many opportunities afforded them of prosecuting delightful trips therefrom. Coaches start from here for Loch Eck. in connection with the Gondola steamer plying thereon, and coaches from thence to Strachur, 21 miles from Dunoon, where the "Lord of the Isles" is caught for Inveraray. This is a newly-organised route, and one of the most favourite and captivating of such in Scotland. So far back as the year 1837 an early specimen of iron shipbuilding plied on the loch in connection with the journey to Inveraray. This steamer was named the "Aglaia," and was 30 tons burden, so that the so-called new route is really only a revival of an old one. In addition to the boats whose course I am describing, those going to and returning from Loch Long, Helensburgh, Loch Goil, Ayr, Millport, Largs, &c., touch at its busy pier. (For further particulars about this place see pages 48 to 50.) As our steamer carries a good many passengers to, as well as takes a good many from, this place, we are generally detained here a few minutes, but no time is lost, and our good ship anon steams along on her appointed path Rothesaywards, past the ruined castle, the seductivelooking West Bay, and the Bullwood of Dunoon, with their towering background of hills that screen them so effectively from the cruel breath of the north and east winds. A few miles below Dunoon, on the Cowal shore, we touch at the Pier of Innelian.

Here there are a cluster of good houses, and a large and most captivating-looking hotel, wherein one would like to take his ease for a time, however brief. Along the Cowal coast we course our way, until we reach the lighthouse of Toward, when we strike to the left for the Island of Bute. Looking to the right, when at Toward, we will descry Castle Toward, amid its far-reaching woods and green braes, standing majestic, gazing over the heaving waters to the notfar-distant Island of Bute. This noble edifice is the property of, and is occupied by, the Findlay family. Then looking to our left at the mainland on the opposite side, we in succession may espy, beginning at the eastmost point, Ardgowan, the seat of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Bart., the feudal superior of Greenock, from which he derives a princely revenue. Then, nearer us, Wemyss Bay pier and village catches our eye, the most conspicuous object there being Castle Wemyss, of ruddy hue, the noble residence of John Burns, Esq., of the Cunard Company, and then the pleasant watering places of Skelmorlie and Largs are seen stretching many a rood along the margin of the firth's bright waters. During the enumeration of these objects, our vessel has steamed into the spacious bay of

ROTHESAY,

Which is capacious enough to hold on its bosom the whole British navy. Craigmore Pier, on our left, being passed, with its terrace above terrace of white-gleaming, "bien"-looking houses, we pass in quick succession, before reaching the quay, Glenburn Hydropathic Establishment, on a commanding position on the heights. This was one of the first of its kind established in Scotland, and is one of the largest. The late Dr Paterson was its founder, and it is a well patronised and most prosperous concern. Near it, on the margin of the bay, stands the Royal Rothesay Aquariam, a handsome freestone building, and one well worth visiting to study therein the wondrously-diversified forms and habits of the piscine tribes which disport themselves, for the delectation of mankind, within its crystal tanks. When surveying this deeply-interesting collection, one is constrained to think how "Marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; in wisdom hast Thou made them all." Rothesay and its surrounding country has many objects of attraction for tourists and pleasure-seekers, and for such there is ample and superior accommodation, well-furnished tables, and attentive service, to be found in the many hotels within its ample bounds To mention one or two of the most interesting of its sights, in addition to

those mentioned above, there is, for instance, its ruined Royal Castle (in which dwelt some of the kings of the Stuart line, dating from early in the 12th century) which has quite recently, at great expense, been put into the best possible order, and its surrounding grounds laid off in the best of taste by the most noble and most scholarly Marquis of Bute, K.T., one of the Stuart race, to whom two-thirds of the island belongs. His mansion house of Mountstuart stands, in aristocratic state, on a richly-wooded slope to the southward of the town, a few miles away from the near neighbourhood of any upstart houses. My time, and the space at my disposal, will not admit of mentioning at this stage more of the lions of the place; but we will give, in the words of a genial deceased poet and essavist, his opinion of the charming island of which Rothesay is the capital:- "Bute we love with that perfect love which casteth out all fear. For days and weeks, and months we could hang over her fair bosom, and revel in the luxury of her charms. She is not too large for loving either. 'She is just as high as our heart,' as somebody says in the world of Shakespeare. Standing on Barone Hill we have her altogether in the embrace of our eye. She is, in fact, 'a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.'" The climate of Bute is exceedingly mild, and on that account the island is much patronised, especially in the spring months, by those unfortunates who know to their cost what it is to have a not-too-wellfilled chest; and, for invalids, hath not Rothesay a mineral well of good repute? Rothesay giveth the title of Duke to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, a title which for many centuries the eldest sons of our Scottish kings have worn. While lying alongside of the quay of Rothesay, it will be patent to the most cursory observer that the town is a thriving, bustling one. The advent of the "Iona" or "Lord of the Isles" is sure to be eagerly watched by crowds of welldressed people, especially of the feminine gender, some of whom are drawn thither by curiosity, others to join one or other of these steamers for an outing to Ardrishaig or Inveraray and back, to agreeably diversify their ordinary routine of enjoyments. Our giving forth and taking in of passengers at "Rosa" being over, our engineer receives orders to go ahead, and we now shape our course for the far-famed Kyles or Narrows of Bute, having on our left the Chapel Hill, crowned with a museum, and adorned with buildings many, including a spacious school and sundry kirks. To our right we have Loch Striven, with its sublime rampart of kills, South Hall, with its extensive pleasure grounds and stiff, formallooking woods, meant to represent the respective positions of the French and British armies at the field of Waterloo. Of a verity, wonderful are the absurdities some men do perpetrate. Having rounded Ardbeg Point, we almost immediately cross the bay and pass the Port of Bannatyne, to our left, and to our right, within a short period of time thereafter, we run abreast of Colintraive Pier, at which our steamer halts for a few brief moments. The traffic here is not great, as the houses are few and far between. The walks about the place are very attractive, however, and these draw to this charming solitude ever and anon numbers of gav pic-nic parties, with their well-stocked baskets, who give for the nonce unwonted life and animation to the quiet place. When the paddle wheels of our good craft are once more set in motion, we are carried through the most contracted, and withal the most beautiful and interesting, portion of the Kyles, but how that is to be accomplished appears a perfect puzzle to those who now go through them for the first time, as the high hills immediately ahead of us seem to block the passage and make it a cul de sac, and the low-lying reefs of black, broad-backed rocks that flank our vessel's path seem to leave too little water for it to glide through. But on we go unresistingly, and find, when we have proceeded a short distance, that we have ample room and verge enough for exit, there being water to right of us and water to left of us. That to the right is Loch Ridden, and that to the left is our appointed path. At this stage on the journey there is afforded to the delighted gaze the most enrapturing bit of scenery to be witnessed en route to Ardrishaig or Inveraray. It, indeed, will compare favourably with that of any other portion of equal limits in broad Scotland for picturesque The noble villa which we see nestling at the foot of a cloud-capt peak, amid its trim, well-kept lawns and noble, farstretching woods, is called Glen Caladh, and is the property of Mr Stephenson, C.E., of Newcastle, who, while possibly great in himself, also shines with the reflected lustre of being Stephenson thegreat engineer's nephew. On the Bute shore, nearly opposite to this place, there sit, a few feet from the margin of the water, on a grassy couch, side by side, two grey lichened stones, yclept, from their humanlike aspect, the Maids of Bute. Some years ago a fellow whose soul was utterly devoid of æsthetic feeling painted the upper portion of the figures a glaring red colour, to represent shawls. I trust that they have once more been made to assume their wonted grey auld warld look, as if they had lain there in peace since they were

stranded by the great flood, wrapped in garments which wax not old, and not bedizened with the horrid imitation of eighteen penny finery, which dispels all sentiment, and only makes one grin. When we have passed Rugha Ban Point, on our right, in a few minutes our vessel takes us on to the exquisitely beautiful sea-side retreat of Tighnabruaich, at the pier of which we touch. A little beyond this most enticing spot we pass, on the same side, Kames, bleak, barren, and unattractive, with its extensive powder mills. We have now nearly threaded the Kyles, and have before us Inchmarnock Isle, and beyond it the Holy Isle, and when rounding Ardlamont Point, to enter Loch Fyne (which we will do in a few minutes), a view is obtained, to the right, of the leaf-engirdled dwelling place of the chief of the Clan Lamont, which was once all powerful in these parts, but centuries ago they had to pale their ineffectual fires before the rising sun of the Campbell's prosperity. Southward, to our left, the Island of Arran looms up grandly in the blue distance, with its towering peaks, the highest of which, Goatfell, reaches the goodly altitude of 3000 feet. This island is almost solely the property of his grace the Duke of Hamilton and Chatelherault, one of whose ancestors was fortunate enough to secure the hand of the Princess Margaret, daughter of one of our Scottish kings, and with it there was handed over to him, as dowry, the Isle of Arran, measuring twenty miles by ten. From that alliance the house of Hamilton draws its royal lineage. In clear weather, when entering Loch Fyne, the Ayrshire coast can be discerned across the broad waters of the frith. Loch Fyne, so celebrated for the fine quality of its herrings, being fairly entered, we approach rapidly the Cantire coast, and after coursing along it for a few miles we are taken on to

EAST TARBERT PIER

(For Campbeltown and Islay.)

Tarbert has many natural beauties of a rugged type, which have made it a great houff for artists. The gaunt, hoary, picturesque old ruin which stands looking so sadly at you from its rocky seat, figures in paintings innumerable. It is said that the Castle of Tarbert was built for and inhabited by King Robert the Bruce, in the early part of the 14th century. When our vessel has steamed a short distance from the place, we pass to our left the bold, rocky island of Barmore, and the charming residence and captivating woods and lawns of the same cognomen, the property of

Campbell of Stonefield. While scudding along over the five miles or so of water which divides it from Ardrishaig, a good view is obtained of the upper reach of Loch Fyne to beyond Minard Castle. Our journey by the "Columba" or "Iona" is now rapidly drawing to a close, for before us lies Loch Gilp, the short and shallow, at whose mouth stands

ARDRISHAIG,

At the quay of which passengers disembark who wish to proceed by boat to Oban, via the Crinan Canal, as also do those who go thitherward by coach to Ford, on Loch Awe, from thence by steamer to Loch Awe Pier, and then to their point of destination by the train through the Pass of Brander, &c. While we leave you, my friends, on Ardrishaig Pier, engrossed for a few minutes in making preparation for your forward march, we have a few words to address specially to the "Lord of the Isles" passengers in regard to their journey from this port on to Inveraray, and they are these: Your journey beyond Ardrishaig (at which you do not call) to Inveraray is about twenty miles north-east, and when a few miles of it is covered Loch Gair, and beyond it the lovely residence of Minard Castle by the loch's fair margin are passed on the left. Five miles further on Furnace granite quarries are skirted, where passengers on certain days, at not unfrequent intervals, are favoured with the sight of monster blasts by which thousands of tons of granite are at one fell swoop displaced. Seven miles above that gunpowder tormented place, but on the opposite side of the loch, the steamer calls at Strachur Pier to receive those passengers who travelled from Dunoon thence via Loch Eck. Four miles or so from that stage

INVERARAY TOWN.

On the opposite side of the loch, is reached. Parties who wish to be posted up in regard to its history will please consult pages 80 to 83, and those who wish to prosecute the journey to Oban via Loch Awe, &c., will please further consult for guidance pages 80 to 89 and 101 to 113, and those who elect to make the circular tour via Glens Kinglass and Croe by coach to Tarbet (on Loch Lomond side) there to join the steamer, will find all the requisite information up to that point from pages 80 to 75. For the journey up or down Loch Lomond see first section of guide. Those who go south by way of Inversnaid, Loch Katrine, and the Trossachs are referred to pages 65 to 53. Having disburdened our breast of

the above information for the benefit of the "Lord of the Isles" passengers, we will now join the little army of tourists whom we left looking after their luggage and belongings on the quay of Ardrishaig, and without further delay start with them through

THE CRINAN CANAL

And Frith of Lorn on to Oban. The first part of our right pleasant tour from this is accomplished by the aid of the pretty little screw steamer "Linnet" over the crystal waters of the Crinan Canal whose banks (six miles in length), in the sweet summer time, are adorned most profusely by the sweetest of wilding flowers—the odoriferous breath of which is wafted by the desert air to our dilated nostrils which sniff it up with delight. On the canal which we are about to pass over there are a considerable number of locks, but our little craft only requires to pass through nine of them. When we have got ourselves comfortably stowed on board, and have left Ardrishaig in the rear, on the opposite side of the loch we espy the Castle of Kilmory, and to our left we pass, at the foot of a picturesque glen. Glendarroch whisky distillery, on the bill above which there is a noble waterfall with a leap of over 100 feet. These passed, we quickly become aware of the existence of Lochgilphead town, the most conspicuous of the buildings of which are the Argyll and Bute Combination Poor House, and Bishopton Chapel and House, the seat of the Episcopal Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. To our left, in pretty quick succession, we pass the mansion houses of Oakfield and Auchindarroch, and shortly thereafter Cairnbaan and Cairndhu are reached, near which there are several Druidical and other stones, of considerable interest to those who are of an antiquarian turn of mind. Here, within the short distance of a mile, there are nine locks, which our steamer takes about three-quarters of an hour to go through, which being tedious to those on board, they usually disembark ere the operation begins, and take "shanks's naggy" for it along the canal banks, by the side of which stand at intervals sweet, sad-faced Highland girls, upon whose spirits the silence of the glens has evidently weighed, and crushed the buoyancy out of their young hearts. These are provided with ample store of what that illustrious personage, Lord Dundreary, calls "cow juice," alias milk of unimpeachable purity and richness, for the due and proper refreshment of those of our number who delight in such beverages. I have in my time seen those who delight not in the milk, which is on the highest authority declared to be for babes, dive into a certain pub. on the roadside, and call for and partake of "the dew of the mountain," the potency of which was visible in their rosy countenances and elastic The canal, in its westward descent, skirts the Knapdale Hills, having on its opposite side the flat, dreary, dismal Moss of Crinan, 5000 acres in extent, beyond which, in the far distance, may be descried the sweet village of Kilmartin, and Malcolm of Poltalloch's mansion house, while nor'-east of our little craft, but many a league away, the rugged peaks of Scarba and Mull form attractive objects in the extensive and varied picture. A quarter of an hour or so after the lowermost lock has been left in our rear, we reach Ballenoch bay and village, which are situated at the head of Loch Crinan, immediately before reaching which we had, to our right, the River Add, moving leisurely along through its meadows and mosses, bearing its silver tribute to the main. A short distance from Ballenoch we pass the ancient burying-ground of Kilmahumaig, near which, to the left, there stands a rude stone seat, upon a grassy mound, upon which, tradition sayeth, the Lords of the Isles sat while dispensing justice in the dark ages. To the right of this the famous rocky Lion Couchant of Crinan lies, prepared for the spring it never takes; and across Loch Crinan Duntroon Castle, an ancient erection, rears its lofty head from off a picturesque promontory. Having reached the little village of Crinan, we have now got to the end of our pleasant canal journey, and take leave of the cheerful little "Linnet" which brought us hither so comfortably, and hie to the convenient quay, alongside of which lies moored the "Chevalier," or other first-class saloon steamer, with steam roaring at its funnel-head, ready and impatient for instant departure. When its moorings have been unloosed, and its powerful engines have steadily begun their Herculean labours, then the sound of the welcome dinner-bell, with its pleasantly-suggestive music, gladdens the hearts of us its hungry passengers. As all Mr Mac Brayne's (late Hutcheson's) vessels are famous for their liberallyfurnished boards, the dinner table is always patronised extensively. It is quite refreshing to witness the execution that is committed thereat. The keen Highland mountain and sea air is of a verity a most excellent whetter of the appetite. Our vessel's course Obanwards lies due north, along the coast of Nether and Upper Lorn, to gain which we pass, on our right, the mouth of Loch Craignish, with the two islands of Macaskan and Righi, and the small morsel of an islet that lies between them, stuck in its throat. On the

right side of the loch, opposite Righi, there stands Col. Gascoigne's magnificent mansion house of Craignish Castle. The Colonel also owns the Island of Scarba, which he has converted into a To our left there lies the Island of Jura, whose deer forest. "paps" attain the goodly height of 2000 feet; but whisky and not milk is the most famous beverage yielded by this island. When four miles or so from Crinan, we pass between Craignish Point and the Island of Garraeasar. Here the tides which rush tumultuously landwards from the Sound of Jura-being obstructed by the peninsula of Craignish, and the score or so of islands, islets, and sunken rocks that lie round about it-are chafed into angry impetuosity therewith, and course through this confined channel at the rate of eight miles an hour. It was while rounding Craignish Point (at the Dorus Mhor, or "Big Door") that the first "Comet" steamer came to grief. She had, on the beach at Helensburgh, been lengthened twenty feet by her owner, who was, although an inventive genius, vet no ship carpenter (he had formerly been a stone mason, and latterly a wright), and it was where the join had been made that the hull gave way. Another illustration that it is always safer for the shoemaker to stick to his last. But little recks our stout ship of such an exhibition of the Atlantic, with its rocks engaging, as it cleaves its way through the gut triumphantly, and quickly rounds the point, and ploughs its way along the peninsula, at the south end of the Isle of Correasar, which lies off the entrance to a small loch, at the head of which stands Craignish Castle, old and hoarv. Here there is a public ferry between the mainland and Jura, where stout hands, hearts, and boats are all required to manage matters with safety. Right ahead of us there lie the islands of Luing and Shuna, and to our left the famous whirlpool (the gulf) of Corryvreckan writhes in ceaseless agony, between the islands of desolate Jura and brown-hilled Scarba. The waters of the Atlantic between those islands attain the awful velocity of eighteen miles an hour, and the noise of its rushing, rock-troubled, cribbed, cabined. and confined waves may be generally heard at the distance of several miles. While passing the scene of this commotion, a peep may be obtained of the out-lying Island of Colonsay. Our vessel now heads a little to the westward, to enter Scarba Sound, passing consecutively in doing so the mouth of Loch Shuna, the island and sound of the same cognomen, and Ardluing Point. In running through the sound we have, on our left, the north end of Scarba, the Island of Lunga, and the Fullah Isles. Opposite the centre of Lunga lies

Black Mill Bay Luing, to the north of which is situated Ardlarach House, which is occupied by the gentleman who farms the major part of the island. Nigh the bay are to be seen three remarkable rocks, called the Three Sisters of Luing. The tides in this strait run at the rate of about seven miles an hour, and under certain conditions their waters present to your gaze millions of tortuous whirlpools, in miniature, spitting forth crystalline jets as if all aboil with rage. In our onward course we pass, on our left, the lighthouse of Phladda and the Isle of Belnahua, having on our right the slate quarrying village of Collipsol. Two or three miles westward of the island there is a congeries of islands. On Dunconnel. the most northerly of these, there are the remains of extensive fortifi-Then follows Garveloch, the largest of the series, while the most southerly of all is the Holy Isle. It was there that Saint Columba, according to a long-descended tradition, landed on its eastern shore, at a little bay, near which, when his blessed feet touched its soil, a bubbling spring of delicious water bubbled forth to refresh his parched lips. Adjacent to the Saint's Well, there are the ruins of a very ancient place of worship and burying-ground, an under-ground cell, two structural edifices of the bee-hive order, and some quaintly-carved grave-stones, and on a slope, a little to the south of these, there is a circle of stones, and on one of them a cross is rudely carved. These are supposed to mark the place where Columba's mother was buried. During the time that we have been discoursing of these old world matters, our vessel has churned its way into the broad waters of the stormy Atlantic, where we have for a short period of time, on our left, as the nearest land, the great continent of America, visible only to the eye of faith. When the north end of the Island of Luing is cleared, we, to the right, pass Cuan Sound, and the southern end of the Island of Seil. Then passing through Easdale Bay, we enter the Sound of Easdale, within the tortuous channel of which lies the Pier of Easdale, at which we call. At this place there are very extensive slate quarries, which furnish employment to fully 300 hands. The village has a population of about nine hundred souls. When we have wormed our way through the sound, where the Isle of Seil flanks our path to the right, we find that the Island of Mull lies to our left, in all its majesty of cloud-capped hills and misty corries. Off the southwestern portion of this island, there lies the saintly Isle of I, Icolumbkill, or Iona, for under all those names it has at one time or another figured in song and story. This island is intimately connected with the labours of St Columba, in his glorious and successful efforts to Christianise the kingdom of Scotland, which before his time was immersed in heathen darkness. If any spot of earth may with propriety be called holy, that distant speck on the Western Ocean most assuredly deserves the appellation. The Isle of Staffa, with its famous Cave of Fingal, lies a few miles to the north of Iona. We have now entered the Frith of Upper Lorn, having to the north of us the entrance to the Sound of Mull, the southern end of the Island and Lighthouse of Lismore, and, in the far distance, the gloomy Hills of Morven. We are still coursing along the Island of Seil, having Sheep Island to our left. When five miles or so from it, and when heading for the Sound of Kerrera, in passing Barnacarvn Point we see upon it a curious squat rock, yelept the Frog of Lorn. Looking back at this point there is seen to advantage the thirty feet high bridge which connects Seil with the mainland. Having passed the entrance to Loch Feochan, we find ourselves quickly under the lee of Kerrera, near the southern extremity of which, upon a rocky, sea-lashed cliff, we perceive the ruins of Gulin Castle. It was on this island that Alexander II. of Scotland died. in 1249, while making arrangements for invading the Western Islands, which were then under the dominion of Haco, King of Norway. Nearly opposite Gulin Castle, in a snug hollow on the bold, dark, frowning mainland, there stands the castellated mansion house of Gallanach. Three miles or so beyond this while entering the charming Bay of Oban, we observe Altna-Craig, the much-loved summer residence—the "breezy home in the Highlands"—of that fervid, genial, ever-green specimen of humanity, Professor John Stuart Blackie, poet, philosopher, and Professor of Greek in the metropolitan University of Edinburgh, who delights in being considered the doughty champion of the Celtic race wherever they are scattered over the world. May his shadow (which by the way is not a very great one) never grow less. There are several other attractive-looking villas near his, but so far as I am aware they are not inhabited by men who have made any great noise in the world; so we quickly and quietly pass them by without note or comment. Before us now lies, in its entirety, the romantically-situated town of

OBAN,

Gleaming white and fair by the margin of its lovely bay, with the ivy-crowned ruin of Dunolly Castle, a thing of beauty, standing at its northern extremity, on a bold, beetling cliff of grey, con-

glomerate rock. "A lump of pudding-stone, such as it is built on, is a thing to look on, to think about, to study over, to dream upon, to go crazy with, to beat one's brains out against. Look at that pebble in it: From what cliff was it broken? On what beach rolled by the waves of what ocean? How and when embedded in soft coze? which itself became stone, and by-and-bye was lifted into bold summits and steep cliffs." We now speedily reach the Quay of Oban, and each steps forth from the steamer to seek the hotel of his choice—and choice hotels there are in this delightful place, as one may see at a glance—one and all of us enraptured with the exquisite combination of the beautiful and the grand in scenery with which we have been favoured in our great day's outing. But there is no rest yet for me. I had almost forgot that I must forthwith fly back on the wings of fancy to Ardrishaig, to conduct the party that I unceremoniously left therein from thence on to

OBAN, VIA LOCH AWE AND PASS OF BRANDER.

We quickly mount the well-appointed four-horse coach, which stood ready to receive us when we landed from the steamers, and start with it for Ford, at the southern end of Loch Awe, a distance of fourteen miles. The first portion of the road for a considerable distance runs almost parallel with the canal, and in the early stages of it we pass on the right Loch Gilp, and the town of Lochgilphead, and when two miles beyond it we strike off due north, having to our left a great stretch of level fields, green meadows, and spongy moss, beyond which pleasant glimpses are obtained of old ocean and its rugged isles. In our progress we pass not unfrequently large circular stone cairns of remote antiquity. When five miles on our journey, we pass Kilmichael Glassary, to our right. During almost the entire journey we have a range of hills flanking our path. our upward course, and when three miles from Kilmichael Glassary we halt at Kilmartin Inn, and here we have a little time to spare to drink in the beauties of the place, and a little also of something else beside, if so inclined. In looking down the valley, on reaching this coigne of 'vantage, one is very much struck with the exquisite beauty of the steep tree-clad hills which had been passed en route. village of Kilmartin, while charming for situation, is also charming itself. It was entirely remodelled and rebuilt about a quarter of a century ago. The slated cottages, of which it is composed, are of quite a superior description, and these are much beautified by having neat garden-plots in front. Altogether it is one of the most attractive of

Highland villages. Its church, which is a handsome Gothic one, with a square massive tower, was built in 1835, and is seated for 520 people. It stands on the site of former religious edifices, and its churchyard contains some very ancient memorial-stones, one or two of which can be seen by looking over the gate. Immediately to the north of the village there stands the ruinous Castle of Kilmartin, which was in Roman Catholic times the residence of the successive Rectors of Kilmartin. The valley, through which we are dashing so gaily, is watered by the rivulet Skeodnish, which discharges itself into Loch Crinan; and, in our progress forward, the vale will prove itself to be, as it has been for the last few miles, winding and narrow, but robed with a thousand charms, which render it one of the most delightful of Highland valleys. Beyond Kilmartin, to our left, we pass Carnassary Castle, which stands on a commanding height. We then run through the rugged Pass of Craigentury, and skirt the lochans of Aligan and Ederline, which lie to our right, and then we with joyous anticipations hail

LOCH AWE,

The beautiful, and espy, at a little wooden jetty, the pretty little pleasure steamer, "Loch Awe," in readiness to receive and convey us on to the north end of the lake, to which—when our persons and luggage are all on board—she quickly glides. Loch Awe, on which she now seils, is 24 miles long, and is only about a mile broad, except at the northern end, where it swells out to four. It is popularly supposed to have as many islands as there are miles in its extent (thirty, however, is nearer the mark). There is an interesting legend about the fabulous origin of the lake, which you will see quoted at page 85. The southern end of the lake, as compared with its opposite end, is tame and uninteresting; but the charm of a sail along its bosom is, that ever as you move onwards, its beauty heightens until the sublime is reached. When six miles or so on our excursion, we pass a brace of islands, and beyond these there looms in sight—

"Ardhonnel, the four-square keep of Old Argyll, A grey tall fortress on a wooded isle, Not buried, but adorned with foliage; Near to Ardhonnel Inish Erreth lies, Close to the shore a little ruined church, And a few tombstones on a barren mound, All its attractions."

Our trig little craft in her progress northwards calls at Port Inisherrich

(for Falls of Ardchonnell), also at Tychcreggan, and when 15 miles or so from the point of embarkation we reach Port Sonnachan where there is a comfortable, well-patronised little hotel near the margin of the lake. At this point the loch is about its narrowest, and here there is a public ferry. Four miles from hence we run alongside of

CLADICH PIER

(For Inveraray),

Where there is a first-class coach in waiting to convey passengers to the capital of the Campbells' country, which is distant about a dozen miles. There is no hotel now at this station; it was converted a few years ago into a gentleman's private residence. The nearest hotels thereto are those of Port Sonnachan to the south, and Dalmally to the north, each at a few miles distance. For some quaint old legends and descriptive matter respecting the isles, &c., which are passed by us on the remaining part of our journey of about four miles to

LOCH AWE PIER AND STATION,

Which lie on the opposite side of the loch, I refer you to other parts of this work, and for continuation of tour Obanwards by rail to pages 101 to 112. (Should any of you, however, wish to return from this station via the Caledonian Railway to Edinburgh or Glasgow direct, or to the same destination by rail to Crianlarich station. coach down Glen Falloch, Loch Lomond steamer from Ardlui, and North British Railway from Balloch or from Inversnaid on Loch Lomond, and from thence via Loch Katrine, the Trossachs, and railway from Callander, the table of contents will indicate to such at what pages the information necessary for their guidance may be obtained). Having disembarked at Loch Awe Pier, our pleasant journey by water over, I will without further ceremony, for a short period, bid you farewell and wish you a pleasant journey down the grand passes of Brander and Awe and along the picturesque Loch Etive side to Oban, that paradise of tourists where early on the morrow morn I hope to have the pleasure of offering you my services as guide round the island of Mull to the world-famed isles of Staffa and Iona. which calls up visions of St. Columba and the "Lord of the Isles."

OBAN TO STAFFA AND IONA.

Early in the morning, or, to put it more definitely, at about six o'clock, the "Boots" knocks at our bedroom-door, and, at his peremptory summons, the airy fabrics reared by our heated imaginations within the halls of memory crumble into nothingness, and forthwith we leap out of our quiet resting-places to once more prepare for a day's enjoyment. When we reach the public room, what a goodly muster of the touring public we do find, in the highest spirits, surrounding the breakfast-table, and what admirable feats are displayed by them in the way of laying a good solid foundation for the day's exertions to rest upon. Commend me to an Oban breakfast when the season is in full swing; it is as if breakfast and the other diurnal meals were all at one and the same time served up for our delectation. I have right pleasant memories of many such matutinal symposiums. Our provisions having been taken on board, our bills settled, and our belongings mustered, we steer straight for the quay, where the good craft—which is to be our pleasant floating home for the day—lies moored, lustily blowing off her steam, and eager as a strong man to run a race. Punctual to time. her hempen attachments to the pauls on the quay are thrown off, and away she glides on her appointed path round the Island of Mull. The first part of the journey from Oban to the Island of Lismore will be found detailed in pages 112 to 115, so that we will begin our independent narrative now when we have reached a position to the south-west of Lismore Lighthouse, where we shape our course towards Here we may espy the Island of Mull.

THE LADY'S ROCK

Rearing its black iron beacon-crowned head above water. This amphibious islet is the scene of the following story of eld: The M'Lean who, many centuries ago, inhabited Duart Castle, which sitteth solitarily on a bleak promontory a few miles ahead of us, overlooking Loch Linnhe and the Sound of Mull, had for wife a daughter of the house of Argyll. As time went on his love for her waxed cold, and was succeeded by cruel hate, and he determined that death should be compelled to sever the galling chains that bound him to her. So, on a fair summer-day, M'Lean, with unwonted smiles and courtesies, persuaded his hapless dame to accompany him in his galley for a sail over the gleaming waters of the frith. When this rock was reached, M'Lean, with treacherous speech, said, "Let us dis-

embark, my love, and muse awhile together upon the majestic scene by which we are encompassed." After pacing the rock for a time, the penetrating sea-breezes having somewhat chilled the lady, she said unto her stern lord, "The wind is cold." M'Lean, with great alacrity and unwonted gallantry, said, "My dear, I shall to the boat, return, and bring to you my plaid, so shall you be comforted.' When once on board, the stern chief, his fell purpose being served, gave to his vassals orders to reverse the vessel's prow and steer for Mull.

- "And as she bounded through the freshening waves, The lady gazed in mute and dim despair; Seeing, but unbelieving, till she heard A fiendish laugh across the rippling deep; And all the hate and cruelty of years Finished with bitter mockery—'Good night!' As the lady sadly paced her lone rock She saw the white sail of her faithless lord On the dark cliffs of Duart, and the sun Sank in a cloud behind the purple hills.
- "The tide was rising eagerly to clasp
 Her lovely form—even now it kissed her feet;
 With its foamed lips, as biting at the stones,
 Mad with sheer hunger it did rage for her;
 Then like a martyr calmly she prepared
 Her soul for death, and through the starry heaven
 Sang to the Virgin her last vesper hymn;
 But ere she sank into her last long sleep
 Her brother's galley opportunely came
 And snatched her from the very jaws of death.
- "Again restored unto her father's house,
 She lived and died. A chieftain grey with years,
 In open street in Edinburgh town,
 Was stabbed by that bold brother who had snatched
 A sister from the closing arms of Death,
 A sacrifice from the altar of the sea—
 The victim was MacLean."

Two miles from the legend-haunted islet, of which we have been discoursing, we pass to our left Duart Castle, on the Island of Mull. The walls of this ancient keep are about fourteen feet thick, and may rear a bold front o'er the dark waters of the frith for yet a thousand years. The view from this point across the sound is magnificent. The mountains of the mainland crowd along the shore, stretching their lines from north to south, like an army of giants repelling the encroachments of the sea. The gloomy, time-defying, hoary, old ruin of the keep of M'Lean being passed, we

skirt Duart Bay, where Duart House is situated, and when one mile north of it our vessel calls at the Ferry of Craignure, where our ship may be said to have fairly entered the Sound of Mull. Our steamer after leaving this diverges to the Morven shore, where we are favoured with a view of Ardtornish Castle, on its rocky promontory, having in its near vicinity, to the east, an interesting range of basaltic cliffs. After rounding Ardtornish Point, our stout craft touches at Loch Aline, at the foot of which loch, on its eastern shore, a little above the old castle, stands the modern seat of the laird of Ardtornish. It, and Loch Aline House on the western side of the loch, give a pleasing diversity to the stern landscape. After our steamer has churned its way over four additional miles of water, we to our right pass, on the Morven shore, the manse of Fuenery, an early home of the late lamented Norman MacLeod. D.D., editor of "Good Words," and minister of the Barony Parish. Glasgow, a man much beloved in his time by all ranks and conditions of his compatriots, from the Queen upon the throne down to the humblest of her subjects. His memory still giveth forth a sweet and wholesome odour, redolent of all that is best, noblest, and most attractive in the Celtic character. The present occupier of the manse (1880) is the Rev. John MacLeod, uncle of the departed patriotic divine. The Rev. John being very tall of stature, is designated "the high priest of Morven" by his confreres. This gentleman is the third in succession of the same family who have been incumbents of this parish. The MacLeods appear to have a peculiar aptitude for ministerial work, preaching peace on earth and good-will unto men, now that their fighting days are over. Eminent members of the sept are to be found in considerable numbers occupying foremost positions in all the different denominations of Churches in the land, more especially in connection with the Established Church. We are new carried across the Sound, where our ship calls at Salen Pier. When barely two miles northward from it, we pass the ruined pile of Aros Castle, and obtain grand views of the highest peaks in Mull, Ben More, &c. These hills are the almost constant abiding-place of mist and vapours, and are the great agents in compelling the rain-gorged clouds, as they sweep shorewards from the Atlantic, to discharge their pluvial contents upon the well-watered land beneath, rendering the production of cereals a matter of great difficulty, but conducing to the production of sweet grasses for the sustenance of its enormous herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. Three miles from Aros Castle, but on the

Moryen side of the sound, we pass the ruins of Castle Con, and northward of it Kilundine House. When six miles of more water are covered, we arrive at the pretty little village of

TOBERMORY (MARY'S WELL),

The capital of this part of the Mull country, with its good quay and lovely isle (Calla) protected bay. As we lie at its quay let us improve the time by looking about us a little and we will not miss our reward, for right across the bay towers Drumfin Castle over its woods, in stately pride, beautiful for situation. This noble building is the modern seat of the laird of Aros. Near to it there flashes into the bay a beautiful and most picturesque waterfall. The bay before us, hemmed in as it is with steep copsewood-covered hills. through which murmurs many a brook that pours its silvery tribute to the bay in a series of cascades, is allowed to be one of the most charming in dreary, rugged, sea-indented Mull. When Tobermory, with its pleasant whitewashed cosy-looking houses on the bay's margin, its smart villas on the heights, and its quiet bay and bustling quay are all left behind, we descry opposite to us. on the Morven shore, the private Roman Catholic chapel, and beyond it, a little further inland, the handsome residence of Lady Gordon of Drimnin. To our left in quick succession we now pass Rhu Na Gal Lighthouse and Bloody Bay, where, four or five centuries ago, a sanguinary naval combat had taken place between a chief of the M Donalds and his son, and their respective adherents, and then when about to round Ardmore Point we see right before us on the Ardnamurchan shore the ancient fortalice of Mingarry Castle once the lordly seat of the M'Ians, a branch of the Clan This building, although it must be classed amongst those termed ruinous, yet it is in a wonderfully perfect state of preservation. The structure is hexagonal, upwards of 200 feet in circumference, and has been pronounced to be one of the most interesting architectural antiquities in Scotland. It was besieged and captured in 1644 by one of the Marquis of Montrose's partizans, and, once upon a time, although now deserted and shorn of its strength, it was a stronghold of some account; for

> "It in its heyday sternly placed, O'erawed the woodland and the waste."

Ardmore Point being rounded, we obtain a view of the large modern

Castle of Glengorm, and after having skirted the northern shore of Mull we round the point of Caliach on our southward journey. By looking back there swim into our view the islands of Muick, Eigg (in a cave of which two centuries or so ago 200 Macdonalds of all ages and both sexes were smothered to death by the MacLeods in revenge for injuries or insults inflicted by the former upon the latter.) Rum, Canna, and, in the far distance, melting into the blue of heaven, we observe the sharp, serrated range of the Cuchullin Hills in Skye. Turning round, after having feasted our eyes upon these isles that stud the melancholy main, we have to our right the islands of Coll and Tyree; and to our left Calgary Bay and Castle; and before us the Treshnish Isles, including Fladda and Lunga, which lie guarding the mouth of Loch Tuadh, which opens between the Mull shore and the islands of Gometra and Ulva, to the eastward of which loch, and in continuation, Loch-na-Keal cuts into the island of Mull to such an extent as to leave only four miles of land between its head and the pier of Salen, on the opposite coast of the island. Still moving southward, we shortly, while gazing o'er the western world of waters to our right, are made aware of the existence in it of an island of peculiar configuration, five or six miles off—that is, Back Mor, or the Dutchman's Cap, so called from its resemblance to such an article of head-gear. The elevation in its centre that corresponds to the seat of the head in the article after which it is named, makes it a conspicuous object amongst the islets in its vicinity, which are of a flat outline, with precipitous sides; it, therefore, serves as a landmark to the storm-tossed mariner while navigating his vessel through the tempestuous seas of this rocky archipelago. As we near Staffa, we have to our left the islet of little Colonsay, lying to the south of Ulva, whose chief in the olden time—according to Thomas Campbell's ballad-decamped with Lord Ullin's daughter, and got drowned in Loch Goil while making for the Lowlands, as he and she were flying before her father's men, who were in hot pursuit. (See pages 52 and 53.) We now see the mouth of Loch-na-Keal, with the little island of Inch-Kenneth, and a few other islets, stuck in its fairway. Isles many and lochs many being passed, our steamer ceases to vex the green waters of the Atlantic for a short space of time, and lies gently or briskly rocking, as the case may be, on the heaving bosom of the deep, opposite the wondrous

ISLE OF STAFFA,

From which we may have seen stout row-boats depart a short time

ago, manned by brawny Highlanders, for the purpose of taking us ashore to view its world-famed caves. The place that we will be landed at depends upon wind and wave. If these be favourable, then we will be landed either at the mouth of Fingal's Cave, or rowed into its furthest extremity and back. Should the elements not be propitious, it is just possible that we may be landed at the other extremity of the island, one mile or so distant from the usual landing place. Let us suppose that all has gone favourably with us, and that we have been conveyed into

"That wondrous dome God reared from out the foam."

A feeling of awe creeps over you as you enter its sacred portals, and glide over its emerald liquid floor, flecked with mysterious light and shade, with basaltic columns to right of you, also to left of you, and ends of columns above you in thousands unnumbered. Sure such a weird chamber there is not in all the wide world beside. Fingal's Cave measures 227 feet with a breadth of 42 feet, and a height of 66 feet. This cathedral of ocean, where the winds and waves in concording voices ever chant their Maker's praise, although possibly not equalled in sublimity, is far surpassed in size by some of the works of man, notably by St. Peter's at Rome. "There is, however, an effect of indestructible strength and overpowering massiveness in the solid walls of columns, whose immense thickness is visible at the entrance, unrivalled in architecture, though nearly approached by the twin towers of some castle gateways, guarding the gloomy arch of the portal." Many poets have struck their lyres in praise of this unique temple of ocean, but the space at our disposal will only permit of our submitting that given by Sir Walter Scott in the "Lord of the Isles," 10th Canto.

Isles guard famed Staffa round.
Then all unknown its columns rose,
Where dark and undisturbed repose
The cormorant had found,
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And weltered in that wondrous dome,
Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself it seem'd would raise
A minster to her Maker's praise!
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;

Nor of a theme less solemn tells,
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone prolonged and high.
That mocks the organ's melody.
Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy fane,
That Nature's voice might seem to say,
Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!
Thy humble powers, that stately shrine
Task'd high and hard—but witness mine!"

Having explored the cave, we will now visit the other objects of interest. The first that I will draw your attention to as we move onwards is the Corner-Stone, which is the only square one on the island. The Bending Pillars are seen to great advantage from this point. They appear as if they had been bent out by the weight of the superincumbent mass of rock. Still progressing, when half-way along the black tesselated causeway, we reach Fingal's Wishing-Chair, where, if tradition speaketh truly, you may, while you sit on it, wish three wishes, and they shall all be granted to your heart's content. A little distance beyond this mystic chair of eld we make an ascent to the top of the island by means of a steep wooden gallery. After a stiff pull we reach the summit and are rewarded for our exertions by obtaining fine views of the surrounding isle dotted sea. Southward lie Iona, big Colonsay, Islay, and Jura, and to the northward lie scattered within the range of our vision most of the islands that we have mentioned as being visible from the time that we entered the open waters of the Atlantic. Then as regards the interesting objects on, or rather in, the island, there are M'Kinnon's Cave seen most favourably from near the top of the gangway, and the Scallop or Clamshell, Cave on the opposite side of the isle both grand, but the majesty of Fingal's excelleth them all, and is intensified by the contrast. The caves in the island are so numerous that it may be said to be perforated by them. Five of the number on the north-east, when there is a heavy sea rushing into them, reverberate with deep muffled sounds resembling those of the distant discharge of big guns. In descending the gangway, from the right hand side, a wondrously grand view is obtained of the causeway and the conoidal pile of columns 30 feet high called Buachaille or the Herdsman, and a confused mass of basaltic rock of hexagonal and pentagonal forms lying at every conceivable angle like the blackened ruins of some cyclopean temple of the world before the flood. But the steamer's first



BENNETT & THOMSON,

IONA CATHEDRAL.

Lithographers.

SKETCHED BY MR HAMILTON MACMILLAN, ARTIST, HELENSBURGH, FROM PAINTING BY HIM.

bell has rung the summons to embark and we must make haste to get on board by the aid of the stout row boat that brought us from her hither. That is always accomplished speedily and safely, and then the isle being once more depopulated our steamship moveth onward on her appointed path Ionawards, keeping pretty close to Staffa for the purpose of her passengers getting a view from the sea of Fingal's, M'Kinnon's and the Boat Caves. After sailing for about half-anhour our steamer reaches

IONA,

And here we again disembark by means of boats, and are landed at a stone slip quay. While making our way along under the charge of an official guide appointed to the office by his Grace of Argyll, to whom the island belongs, we will now pass, in all probability, through a small lane of quiet, decent-looking natives who have come out dressed in their best to see the strangers who have invaded their isle. The small boys and girls of their number offer green stones and other curiosities for sale. The first place we are taken to is the chapel of the nunnery dating from about the 12th century. The building is in good preservation, and measures about 60 feet by 20, its roof anciently vaulted and partly remaining, and its arches round with plain fluted soffits. The architecture is purely Norman. Here there is shown a court, and the vestige of what is said to have been a church, but the other buildings which belonged to the nunnery cannot be intelligibly traced. The chapel contains a good many tomb-stones, the most interesting of which is that of the last prioress, with a Latin inscription in old British characters round the ledge. A figure of the lady in bas-relief in barbarous style, and in the attitude of praying to the Virgin Mary, is supported on each side by the figure of an angel, and has under its feet the address, Sancta Maria, ora pro me. The Virgin Mary holds the infant in her arms, and has on her head a mitre, surmounted by a sun and moon. Adjacent to this is St. Oran's Chapel, the oldest of all the ecclesiastical buildings that lie scattered around. It dates probably from the middle of the 11th century, and was built by Queen Margaret of Scotland, wife of Malcolm Canmore, on the site of St. Columba's Church, of wood and wattles. On this sacred spot that illustrious saint worshipped, and died, and within its bounds he was in all probability buried. His bones, however, lie not here, for two hundred years after his death, in 597, they were removed by the fugitive monks of Iona, who had to fly before the

heathen Scandinavian invaders who at that period devastated Scotland. The sacred relics were taken by the monks first to Kells, in Ireland, and then to Dunkeld, in Scotland. Where they rest now only the Lord knoweth, to whom the very dust of His saints is dear. The Chapel of St. Odhrain, or Oran, is built in the Norman style of architecture, but it is mean in conception, and has been clumsily executed. There are a few tombs in the interior, and along the pavement, and many carved stones, one of the number being pointed out as St. Oran's. It lies under a canopy of three elegant, pointed arches. On the south side of the chapel, and adjacent to it, is an enclosure called Reilig Oran, "the burying-place of Oran." This was the grand cemetery of Iona, where for many centuries the illustrious dead from far and near were laid to sleep their long sleep. Amongst the number was Duncan, King of Scots, and MacBeth, the regicidal king. Proceeding to the cathedral by way of the chapel of the nunnery, we pass up the so-called street of the dead, past the Parish Church, manse, and tall, noble, venerable moss-embossed Cross of MacLean, supposed to be the oldest cross in Scotland. At one time it is said that there were 365 crosses on the island, of which number MacLean's and that of St. Martin's at the cathedral, are the sole survivors. A little way north-east of the Reilig Oran, and nearly opposite the western entrance to the cathedral, there is an isolated rocky hillock called Torr-Abb, or Abbot's Knoll, well worthy of a visit, for on it, according to Adamnon, Columba, with uplifted hands, stood on the last day of his mortal life and uttered this prophecy—"Unto this place [Iona], albeit so small and poor, great homage shall yet be paid, not only by the kings and people of the Scots, but by the rulers of barbarous and distant nations, with their people also. In great veneration, too, shall it be held by the holy men of other Churches." Of a verity this prophecy has been fulfilled to the letter. We now enter the cathedral, which is the chief ruin of the island. This building, it may be seen at a glance, is of two distinct periods. The portion eastward of the tower that stands

"Four square to all the winds that blow,"

is probably of the same date as the chapel of the nunnery; and the other part probably dates from the 14th century. The building is cruciform, 160 feet long, 24 broad, and the length of the transept 70, while that of the choir is about 60 feet. The style of the building is intermediate between the sharp and the ornamental Gothic. and although displaying some fine points, yet as a whole it is not considered to be very effective. The most notable tombstone contained within its hallowed walls is that of an abbot's in table form. exhibiting in high relief a fine recumbent figure, with vestments and crozier, having four lions at the angles, and bearing an inscription. There are several other ruins and relics scattered around the cathedral, such as those of the bishop's house, cloisters, &c., but of them and their history, it does not consist with my plan of this hurried sketch to say anything further. I must now draw my remarks about Iona to a close, as our vessel's steam is roaring impatiently at its funnel-head, and her bell has rung in imperative notes to urge on our speedy embarkation; but before closing this portion, we would say that Iona, early in the Christian era, was the favoured retreat of science and literature, and of the fine and useful arts, as well as of religion. Columba himself excelled in all secular learning, was a proficient in the knowledge of medicine, and the practice of eloquence, and laboriously instructed the barbarians who then inhabited the adjacent districts in agriculture, gardening, and other arts of civilised life. He sent forth missionaries also from this centre of light to spread the truths of the gospel in England. About the peginning of the 8th century, learning of every sort was hunted out of almost every part of the continent of Europe, and here in this lone isle of the ocean it found a safe refuge, and shone awhile with distinguished splendour. Within the sacred soil of this early home of piety and worth lie the mortal remains of martyrs, confessors, kings of Ireland, Scotland, and Norway, knights, chieftains, and high ecclesiastical dignitaries. The beautiful funeral galleys of the olden time which conveyed the remains of such to this dear spot were moored in the bay of Martyr's just below the cathedral, and the bodies, when they were taken ashore, were first placed on a grassy mound not far from the present landingplace. As we muse on all these things we may say, in the words of Dr. Johnson, "That man is little to be envied whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." We will now suppose that the scattered members of our party have all once more reassembled on board of the steamer, and that she has started again on her voyage through the sound of Iona, which is here one mile broad. We have now before us to the south-east the low-rounded hills of red granite which form the Ross of Mull with the distant towering paps of Jura looming be ond it. It is not long until our vessel makes a left wheel round the south end of Mull

Obanwards, and this is effected between the Torran-an rocks, and at that point we may see to the south-west the 12 miles distant lighthouse of Dubh-Artach which is perched on St. John's Rock at the end of the submarine portion of the Torran-an reef. In our progress while rounding Ardalanish Point we are, or ought to be. vividly impressed with the bold frowning and majestic character of the headlands of Mull as here exhibited, the highest of which, M'Gorrie head, rises almost perpendicularly from the sea. succession we now pass the rocky Arches of Carsaig, similar to those of Staffa in formation, and the Nuns' Pass and Cave, out of which it is said the freestone rock was taken that was used in the construction of the ecclesiastical buildings of Iona. It is reported, but with what amount of truth I know not, that the walls of this cave are covered with carvings of crosses supposed to be tracings of some of those that were erected at Iona, and were possibly formed here. To the eastward of this we run abreast of Carsaig Bay, at which the steamer generally stops. We shortly thereafter reach the mouth of Loch Buy, at the head of which stand side by side the old and new Castles of that Ilk, the property of the MacLaines. On the eastern headland of Loch Buy there is an almost imperceptible hole which gives entrance to a cave of large dimensions called Lord Lovat's Cave on account of its having been occupied by him for several days when under hiding from his foes. A regiment of soldiers could easily be quartered in it, while it could be defended by one man before the era of "villanous gunpowder." Our vessel now shapes its course towards the sound of Kerrera and enters Oban Bay by the south. Having been safely landed at Oban Quay we find ourselves, after our pleasant and profitable day's outing, in tip-top order for enjoying our ease and creature comforts at our inn, where, in the words of an old ballad, I will wish you from my heart.

"Guid nicht, an' joy be wi' ye a'."



OBAN TO BALLACHULISH, GLENCOE, FORT-WILLIAM, INVERNESS, SKYE, &c.

By MR. DAVID MACBRAYNE'S ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS. HIGHLAND RAILWAY, &c.

Most patient, courteous, and, I trust, appreciative reader, the following pages are principally devoted to the setting forth of an exceptionally interesting journey from Glasgow to Inverness, &c., made in the middle of a recent June by myself and "Rib." Starting from Glasgow on an altogether lovely morning, per the steamer "Columba," we in due course reached Oban, and from thence visited Staffa and Iona; but as the immediately preceding sections duly describe the scenery and interesting objects seen by us so far en route, recapitulation even in the slightest degree in regard to these is needless. Further, as the journey between Oban and Ballachulish (for Glencoe) is narrated in pages 112 to 117, we will hold these as read, and proceed at once to say that after our steamer tarried for about five minutes at the last mentioned place she left lovely Ballachulish and the Paps of Glencoe in her rear, and quickly issued forth from Loch Leven's placid waters and re-entered Loch Linnhe's spacious breezy expanse. In doing so we shaped a northeast course and rounded the south-western extremity of Invernessshire. We then had to our right the district of Lochaber, associated in one's mind with battle axes, and the admirable song or the lament of "Lochaber no more," and the exhumation from Ballachulish moss of the wooden effigy of a Celtic or Norwegian goddess, at least a thousand years old. From this point the Moray Firth, on the east coast, a little beyond Inverness, is distant about 72 miles. and is accounted for as follows:-The remaining portion of Loch Linnhe 10 miles; Caledonian Canal 24 miles; and the natural lakes that it forms into a continuous water way 38 miles; but when you add thereto the 28 miles already sailed over it makes the distance in all between Oban and Inverness 100 miles. Argyllshire. that we had skirted from Kirn on the Clyde, was still to our left and continued to be so until we reached a distance a little beyond Banavie, where our thirdday's journey ended. Then we had Invernessshire on both sides of us during the cannalling portion of the trip. As our stout ship clove her way through the green sparkling waters of the Loch we enjoyed very much the reading of the following graphic description of the scenery of Loch Linnhe, and of the effect of early summer hail showers, on the same from the pen of that accomplished divine the Rev. Mr Stewart of Nether

Lochaber. It goes on thus :-

"Nowhere in all the world is there anything lovelier than our own Linnhe Loch at this season and in such weather as this, with its lesser inlets of Etive, Creran, Leven, and Eil; with its silvery bays and wild-fowl haunted promontories; with, on either hand, its magnificent mountains, corries, and glens, its lights and shadows, its sunrises and sunsets, the deep blue of its skies, and the rich cool depths of its emerald verdure! Very fine is the effect when, as frequently happened in the early days of the month, two or three hail-showers in rapid succession sweep along the mountain summits, driven by a north-west wind, whose terrible force is sufficiently indicated by the surgings and gyrations of the hail cloud over peak, and corrier and scar, while in the glen below and by the sea-shore all is brilliant sunshine and a peaceful calm, undisturbed save by the ripple of the wavelets on the beach, or the brawl of the almost dried-up brook that babbles musically through the birchwood copse beside you. More striking still is the effect when these early summer hail showers, leaving the uplands owing to a sudden shift of wind, rush adown some mountain gorge and strike the surface of the Linnhe Loch or the Leven with such impetuosity and force that a huge crater of hissing, swirling, boiling waters is the instant result, the noise of which may be heard a league away, for except at that particular spot the waters elsewhere around are calm and waveless as a mirror, and a flood of brilliant sunlight. For some hundred yards along the sea, the hailshower blast tears its way in a huge furrow or trench of seething, hissing foam, until in a few minutes its force is expended, and the waters again peacefully commingle, assuming the level surface of a breathless calm, to be disturbed, perhaps, in less than half-an-hour again by a similar hail whirlwind from, as likely as not, a totally different point of the compass. These early summer hail squalls seem to be somehow connected with the presence of icebergs in the North Atlantic."

Having exhibited this beautiful word picture we once more proceed with our narrative. A mile or so to the north-east of the

mouth of Loch Leven, to our left, we passed a lighthouse on a low gravelly promontory at Corran Ferry, where the Loch is at its narrowest, and the currents of water run at a furious rate. Beyond this we made a sharp sweep into Ardgour Bay, where there is a hotel of a plain, unadorned description, and a good Pier, where some of our Highland friends left us only to find fresh friends awaiting their landing. It did one good to see the warm, hearty Highland welcome they received. And this was no solitary, isolated case, for we were very much struck everywhere on our journey with the right pleasant hearty greeting that the Highland people, "gentle and semple," gave to each other, proving them to be in peace a people of a kindly affectionate nature, although fierce and unrelenting in the fiery field of fight. A few miles from Ardgour, Ben Nevis is conspicuously seen heaving his huge deeplyscarred bulk 4406 feet into "the lift sae hie," with his head powdered with everlasting snow. As seen from this point he dominates two ranges of lower hills that lie between us and "his highness," who lords it over his brethren of lesser bulk. Ben Nevis differs from Ben Lomond, Ben Cruachan, and many others of our most famous mountains, in having a comparatively level summit of very considerable area. From this stage on to Corpach at the head of the Loch the hills assume a softer and less rugged appearance than those that we had just passed, and at their base there stand a goodly number of modest little shielings, with, in their vicinity, well-cultivated crofts. On the right-hand side of the loch, and near its head, we ran abreast of the pier of

FORT-WILLIAM.

This town is evidently a clean, thriving, tidy little place, in which there are a number of really good hotels, an exceedingly handsome Board school, an imposing court-house, and quite a host of neat villas and cosy cottages. One can drive from this famous place to catch the steamer in the morning at Banavie, or cover the ground that lies between Fort-William and the seven-miles-distant Glen Nevis over capital roads amid grand scenery. There is also communication by coach with Ballachulish for Glencoe, and also with Kingussie in connection with railways to the north and south, so that the town, on account of these advantages conjoined with its own attractions, is a favourite rendezvous of the tourist class, one favourably spoken of by all who have tarried for a season within its borders. The whole population of the place, supplemented by

a deputation of collie dogs, seemed as if they had turned out on the quay to welcome our arrival. We soon left them all behind, and made for Corpach, at the head of Loch Linnhe and foot of Loch Eil, where the Caledonian Canal begins. At Corpach we to our left saw, on a commanding position an obelisk erected to the memory of the gallant Colonel John Cameron, K.T.S., who fell at Quatre Bras while leading a charge of the renowned 92nd Highlanders. At Corpach we found a commodious omnibus drawn up to convey our persons and luggage a mile or so further on to Banavie, where we were to spend the night. During this drive, we to our right had before us all the way Ben Nevis, with his mighty head, steep precipices, and huge corries, as well as a magnificent congeries of his rugged confreres, flanking his terrible sides, and stretching away eastward from him a grim army, bare and blasted as the craters of the moon, over which he, the highest hill in Britain, presided as a sort of Saul or leader and commander. About eight o'clock at night, after three hours of most pleasant travelling we brought our third day's excursion to a termination at the Lochiel Arms Hotel.

BANAVIE,

The property of Cameron of Lochiel. This noble hotel is built of grey granite, and contains a magnificent dining-room capable of accommodating 250 guests. The four-mullioned bay window of this room fronts Ben Nevis and the glen of the same cognomen, and the foreground and middle distance is made up of sweet green meadows, brown moss haggs, and the upper reaches of Loch Linnhe, making altogether about as perfect a picture of the stern Scottish Highlands as one could see anywhere in broad Scotland. In addition to the striking objects above narrated, there is also seen from the window, or front of the hotel, Inverlochy Castle, whose massive round towers and subline background of Ben Nevis have been made familiar to many by an engraving from Horatia MacCulloch's famous painting of the same.

"Ruin, cold and pale and wan,
Oh! the change that's come on thee!
Once the king's fit dwelling place—
Great and lofty, high and fair;
Now the cattle's evening fold,
With thy mossy corners green;
Grassy is thy crested top,
Thy walls are bending earthward down!"

A little distance from it there stand to the left buildings that fit in indifferently well with the landscape. These form Long John's distillery, where the famous "Dew of Ben Nevis" is distilled, that might operate by its potency on humanity of the soldiering type in the fashion described by Burns in his famous lines—

"But bring a Scotsman frae his hill, Clap in his cheek a Highland gill; Say, such is Royal Geordie's will, An' there's the foe— He has nae thocht but how to kill Twa at a blow."

Or among ordinary mortals it might fan the flame of friendship to a warmer glow, or "kindle wit an' wauken lair and pang us fu' o' knowledge." But, if abused, terrible are the evils it brings in its train, giving our friends of the teetotal persuasion only too good

reason for banning it.

In Glen Nevis there was, in 1646, a battle fought between Montrose and Argyll, in which the latter was defeated with a loss of 1500 men, and had to make a difficult escape by his galleys, which lay moored at some little distance in the loch. Glen Nevis, besides being historically interesting as the scene of a battle, is in itself a grand object, with its stern background of many-peaked hills. There is in it a very fine water-fall and a noted cave, called, for what reason I know not, "Samuel's Cave." It (the Glen) also contains a rocking stone of 12 tons weight, so nicely poised that if touched with the hand, even but slightly, it rocks to and fro. "The Logan or Rocking Stones are but few now in Scotland. Religious zeal has overturned many of them, because of superstitious rites connected therewith. Nicely balanced, they moved, as it seemed by special power. The Logan was the priest's standing place, where supposed heavenly influences were received, and from which inspired utterances proceeded. It was also the Stone of Ordeal." A drive up the Glen is a favourite excursion for tourists staying at the hotel. Ben Nevis, as seen from the hostelry, seems as if composed of three hills, one of huge, savage bulk in the centre, divided from the other two component parts by deep gullies. There is on its eastern side, a sheer precipice 1600 feet deep, in the furrows of which the snow lay thickly. The most impressive view of Ben Nevis to my thinking is that obtained from a point on the journey a few miles north-east of Banavie, for there its horrid precipices show more distinctly, and its crest exhibits a sharp, serrated edge.

From the other previously-mentioned points of view it appeared hummocky and unshapely in my estimation, although still savagely grand. After a tea-dinner had been partaken of in the hotel of Banavie, we enjoyed a quiet seat in a garden-chair on a grassy plot opposite the hotel, and allowed the spirit of the scene to enter our souls as the shades of evening were by slow degrees and more and more enveloping the landscape, softening its rugged aspect. We hied early to bed, as we had to be once more early on the move on the morrow morning. At seven next morning, obedient to the sound of the breakfast gong, we took our places at the breakfast table, and by eight we embarked on board of the steamer "Glengarry" on the

CALEDONIAN CANAL,

Which at one time and another has cost well on for a million and a half pounds, and after a brief sail along its bright, tranquil waters we found ourselves abreast of New Inverlochy House, Lord Abinger's residence, which stands on a gentle green slope, a mile or so from the canal, to the right. There, on one occasion, Her Majesty honoured his lerdship with a visit. Lord Abinger's estate in this quarter is about nine miles long, and includes Ben Nevis. After a pleasant spin of a few miles through the canal, we were ushered into Loch Lochy, the first of the chain of fresh-water lakes that the Caledonian Canal links together in one continuous series. This lake is ten miles long, with an average breadth of a mile. On our left, after our vessel had steamed a short distance over the lake, we espied, a mile or so up a well-wooded glen, "Lochiel's" Castle of Achnacarry, backed by grand ranges of hills, those immediately behind it being well wooded, while others in the distance were so barren of anything like vegetation that a mountain goat would find it difficult to make a breakfast off them. Near to the charminglysituated modern residence of "The Cameron" there stands the ivvclad ruins of the old castle, which was burned by the "red soldiers" after the battle of Culloden, in revenge for the part that the Lochiel of that day had taken in the rebellion. His estates were all confiscated, but they were afterwards restored. Loch Lochy is flanked by hills of a goodly altitude, which are deeply ploughed up by the mighty torrents of rain that fall here, especially in the early springtime of the year. The hills to our right were covered with green grass to their smooth summits, and those on our left were vernal with the freshening touch of early summer up to their rugged crests,

and assumed a somewhat pyramidal form and were picturesquely broken up here and there by valleys and corries. On reaching the head of the loch, we, at Laggan, were once more cribbed within the comparatively narrow limits of the canal. The banks, from Laggan to Loch Oich, were beautifully planted with young fir trees, which gave our watery way quite an avenue-like appearance. On each side of us rose green pastoral hills that hemmed in the glen of no great width that we were sailing through. The day we passed up the valley being one of unclouded sunshine, the sight of the tender green of the young fir trees was most refreshing to the eye. Threequarters of a mile from Laggan we entered Loch Oich, which is 100 feet above the sea level, and is the most elevated of the waters that we pass through on our journey. It is three and a-half miles long, with a mean breadth of fully a furlong. To the left, near its southern extremity, there stands a small cottage near the margin of its waters, before which is placed a little obelisk to mark a spring of water called "The Well of the Seven Heads," or "Tobar-nanceann." On the obelisk there is an inscription in four languages, showing forth the reason why the memorial was erected. The story may be related thus :- A laird of Keppoch, in the olden time, sent his two sons to be educated in France, and during their residence there he died, and left the management of his estate to seven of his nearest kinsmen. When the young lads returned to the home of their ancestors they were brutally murdered by the seven faithless stewards who had been appointed to manage their estates, and these then entered into possession. The Lord MacDonnell and Aross, head of the clan, gave forth orders that the base perpetrators of the bloody deed should be decapitated, and their heads presented to him, but before being presented at the feet of that illustrious personage in Glengarry Castle, the gory, ghastly temples of the brain were washed in the spring that has ever after been known as The Well of Heads. The story altogether is such a brutal, savage one in all its horrid details as the world would willingly have let die. Its memory should have been allowed to rot and not have been graven with an iron pen on the stone, to flaunt its tale of blood in the face of high beaven. When we had sped over half the loch, to our left we steamed past Invergarry Castle, old, brown, timebattered, desolate and deserted, yet standing proudly forth, mid its green woods and velvetty lawns, an object of such surpassing beauty that it would well repay any one of artistic or poetic tastes to travel many a weary mile to feast upon its charms. Contiguous to the

old Castle there stands the less romantic but much more comfortable residence which belonged to the deceased Edward Ellice, Esq., late M.P. for Fife. The view that opened up to our entranced vision when we reached a point just beyond Invergarry House was one of bewitching beauty. It held all the passengers spell bound for a time. Here you had all the elements of an interesting scene. A hoary old historic pile perched on a grey rock, engirdled with noble woods, and a modern house of good architectural design, with its adjacent policies laid out in walks, drives, verdant lawns, and extensive conservatories, contrasting strongly with the picturesque old edifice just passed; and near these where the Garry River pours its silvern tribute to the Loch through a bosky glen of marvellous beauty and softness, with a background of rugged hills, and a foreground of the few pretty little leaf-clad islets that at this sweet place bedeck the loch's fair bosom, there was exhibited such a combination of the grand, the beautiful, and the romantic, as could not easily be matched in fair Scotland. At the north-east end of the loch there are some grey, tree-capt, beetling cliffs rising grandly out of the loch's deep dark waters, which agreeably diversify the charming scene. Near the extreme end of the loch there is an elegant suspension bridge that crosses a river, close to which "Bonnie Prince Charlie's" army mustered before they made their daring and romantic march to the low country, so as "the king might enjoy his own again." At Cullochy we again went in for canalling to the extent of two miles to Kyltra Lock, where a number of passengers disembarked to walk the two miles that remained before Fort Augustus could be reached. I was of the number of such, and a right pleasant walk it was, and one that gave a very agreeable diversity to the journey. Our path was richly adorned with the "lang, yellow broom," and majestic specimens of the Scotch fir, while beneath our level, in the natural glen to our left, a grand mountain stream swept on in its seaward course rejoicingly. The hills of soft outline that closed in the valley to the right were characterised by their abundant crop of brown heath and meagre crop of shaggy wood, while those to our left rose in bold. richly-wooded cliffs. Before the "Glengarry" had reached the lowermost of the five locks that she descends ere launching forth in the deep waters of Loch Ness, we pedestrians visited the only building at

FORT AUGUSTUS

Worth noticing, namely, that of St. Benedicts' Monastery,

College, and Hespice, which is a truly magnificent quadrangular pile of buildings built of blue stone with dressings of white. The northern or college portion of the edifice is built in the old Scotch baronial style, and is adorned with a central tower 110 feet high, which contains a clock and chime of nine bells. On the south are the Scriptorium, Lady Chapel, and Church; on the east is the Monastery; and on the west the Hospice. The new buildings, with the exception of the College portion, are of the 13th century style of Gothic architecture. When the whole pile is thoroughly completed, according to the original plan, it will have cost fully £100,000, including the cost of a very handsome Church not yet erected. The site whereon the buildings stand, and the grounds connected with the same, were gifted to the Benedictine Order of Monks by Lord Lovat, whose father, in 1867, bought the same from the Government for £5000. The present lord has also endowed it with a farm of 200 acres for 19 years. The position of this most imposing cluster of buildings is very fine, standing as they do on the green, grassy, trimly kept, well-laid off grounds that overlook the grand expanse of Loch Ness; but when a stiff nor'-easter is in full blast they will catch it severely. Having but little time at our disposal we only made a hurried visit to a portion of the buildings. We crossed an old bridge over a moat and entered the place by the west front of the old fort, the buildings of which remain to the top of the first floor windows, and inspected the room on the north-west angle that was occupied, after the battle of Culloden, by that ruthless butcher—the Duke of Cumberland—of execrable memory. We then took a walk round the Cloister. The floor thereof is formed of well-designed encaustic tiles; the roof is of concrete, richly decorated and groined, the walk is lit by 30 mullioned windows, each of which represents a different style of Gothic architecture. The grotesque gargoyle spouts, through which the water is discharged from the roofs into the turf-carpeted court, are a triumph of the sculptor's art. We also took a peep into one of the spacious class-rooms on the ground floor; but the day being a Saint's day, or something of that sort, it was empty—the scholars had gone a holy-daying. The apartment was a spacious one, and well furnished with the most advanced educational appliances. During our visit we saw a number of venerable looking Fathers at various windows of the main buildings, which overlook the Cloister Court, and in the beautiful and extensive surrounding grounds we saw several gowned priests and sportive pupils moving

about in joyous mood. From what came under our observation I am sure that the place is most admirably adapted for the purposes intended to be subserved by its erection, and is at the same time a splendid monument to the good taste and munificence of the adherents of the old faith who built it. We were informed that a recent Scotch convert had given 20,000 guineas to the fund for its erection and endowment. The great majority of the inhabitants around Fort Augustus are Roman Catholics. They are still content to remain within the pale of the Church that their fathers refused to forsake at the Reformation. Our vessel, during the time that we had been wandering about the Monastery, had got through the locks down to the loch's level, where we stepped on board. and then she once more got fairly under way, and quickly ploughed the waters of Loch Ness, which is the largest of the series of lochs that are linked together by the Caledonian Canal. This loch is 24 miles long, and averages in breadth about 12 miles, with a depth in some places of 900 feet, which so stores up the summer's heat that the loch has never been known to have been frozen over. The hills that flank Loch Ness are of considerable altitude, and in their lower slopes are richly wooded. More especially is this the case at Fourts Bay and Pier, where the steamer tarried for about three-quarters of an hour, to allow passengers to visit the famous falls less than a mile distant. At this most delightful place the "birks" could be seen by hundreds of thousands shaking their graceful dresses in the wanton winds that loved to toy with them. The way to the falls is up a hill-side by a well-formed and carefully-kept walk through a wood, from whose borders there peeped coyly forth many a sweet wilding flower. After a good stiff pull and a very considerable expenditure of surplus moisture, we reached the famous water fall, and were amply rewarded for our exertions. The glen into which the principal fall takes a header of 90 feet into its deep, dark basin below, is, I should think, close upon 120 feet in depth, and this rocky chasm exhibits a most picturesque confusion of cliffs and huge boulders, over-run with luxuriant trees and flowering bushes revelling in the sun's rays, which are there concentrated, and force vegetation as if in a hot-house. We gazed with rapt admiration upon the falls from a projection almost on a level with them, but some of the younger and suppler members of the party in addition went down further into the valley by a narrow path, and there looked upon them from a bold, projecting promontory. They



Bennett & Thomson, FALL OF FOYERS, LOCH NESS.

Lithographers.

SKETCHED BY MR HAMILTON MACMILLAN, ARTIST, HELENSBURGH.

would obtain from that coign of 'vantage a more comprehensive view than we did. As I have not in this hurried sketch inflicted too much in the way of poetical extracts upon my readers, I will take the liberty of transcribing the lines written by Robert Burns upon the Falls of Foyers, as I have the sense to know that nothing that I could write in the way of describing the same would be half as acceptable. The poet wrote the lines with a pencil in his notebook on the spot, so that they are impromptu, and if they lack the polish of more laboured productions, they have a freshness, force, and appropriateness all their own:—

"Among the heathy hills and ragged woods,
The roaring Foyers pours his mossy floods
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, through a shapeless breach his stream resounds,
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And, viewless, echo's ear astonish'd rends.
Dim seen through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
The hoary cavern, wide surrounding, lowers,
Still, through the gap the struggling river toils,
And still, below, the horrid cauldron boils."

After passing a few minutes in silent contemplation of the above scene, our conductor gave us a hint that it was time we should be on the move downwards. In less time a good deal than it took us to go up, we reached the bottom of the hill and delivered up our tickets, for which we had each paid 4d., and embarked. Two miles further on than Foyers we touched at Inverfarigaig Pier, near to the romantic pass of the same jawbreaking cognomen, in which Dr Bryce, of Edinburgh, the eminent geologist met with his death by the fall of a stone in 1877, while examining the strata of the gorge. A memorial stone has been erected by his friends, to point out where the sad accident occurred. A few miles beyond this we steamed past the venerable ruins of Urquhart Castle, on the opposite side of the loch. Of this once extensive pile the only portion that remains anything like tolerably entire is its square grey tower, which occupies an exceptionally fine position on a lowish rocky premontory. The ruinous walls of the other parts of the building ring round the higher portions of the goodly-sized peninsula on which they stand in utter decay and dreary loneliness. It is related that the building was erected by King Edward of England, "the hammer of Scotland," to facilitate his conquest of

the country. I was going to observe that he must have had a keen eve for the beautiful when he chose such a position for his stronghold, but it is much more likely that it was selected because of the easiness with which it could be defended as compared with one that was open to attack on all sides. The remains of the moat that surrounded the same are still distinctly visible. The castle, centuries ago, fell into the hands of the Grants, and it now belongs to the Earl of Seafield, the head of the clan. A few yards beyond the castle we swept into Urguhart Bay, and called at its pier. Around the curving sides of the bay we saw unwonted signs of rural industry. Small fields sown with oats, and planted with potatoes, having there been wrested from the wilderness, and made to yield food for man and beast; but still the natural beauties and sublimities of nature were in the ascendant. Wood, wood, lovely wood, clothed the major portion of the stern hills with garments of green, and mantled their savage, stoney gorges, with charming boscage. When in our voyaging we reached the north-eastern extremity of Loch Ness, we touched at Aldourie pier, adjacent to which there is the most attractive residence of Charles Fraser Tytler, Esq., built in the Scotch baronial style. Here Sir James Mackintosh was born. Around this mansion house there is a good deal of rich level ground, adorned splendidly to the very edge of the silver strand of the loch with oak, birch, and pine trees, of noble proportions. On the opposite side of the loch the hills shoot up like windy walls, reminding one somewhat of the hills in the pass of Brander. Opposite Aldourie House there stands that of Dochfour, the seat of Evan Bailie, Esq. It is a remarkably fine building, in the Italian style of architecture, with all the etecteras in regard to lawns, gardens, conservatories, walks, and drives, that are only to be found in connection with houses of the most superior class. Prince Albert on one occasion honoured the place with a visit. At Bona Lighthouse we entered Loch Dochfour-both the last and least of the series of lochs that stretch their glittering folds through the great Caledonian valley. Here, on the hill sides to our left, several acres of promising larch and fir trees had been burned, nobody knows how, only leaving dark, brown, scorched herbage to mark where a plantation had been, but in the near vicinity of the blasted spot acres of broom, in full blow in all its golden splendour, lit up the solitude. Where Loch Dochfour ends the river Ness has its beginning, and here the scenery assumes that of a lowland type.

At Dochgarroch Lock we started on the last portion of the canal journey, and when nearing its end we, to our left, espied, some distance off on the heights, a huge building with multifarious towers. That is an asylum for those "whose minds are as sweet bells jangled all out of tune." It is the property of the counties of Inverness, Cromarty, and Ross. To our right, beyond the river Ness which flowed at our side, but at a lower level, there lay a highlycultivated, richly-wooded plain, bounded by gentle heights, bearing crops to their very summits. These made us feel that we had left the stern Scottish Highlands behind us, and once more rejoined the haunts of men, and when Muirtown, a mile from Inverness, was reached, and the picturesque capital of the Highlands lay in its beauty before us, we felt as if we had been transported into the heart of the Lowlands. At Muirtown we quickly transferred ourselves, and what little luggage we had, to an omnibus which runs in connection with the hotel at

INVERNESS,

To which we had been recommended to go, and having reached it after a short drive we quickly proceeded to remove the stains of travel, and then we partook of "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," and dipped into a daily paper to post ourselves up somewhat in regard to what was going on in the great world, of which we have heard little or nothing for about a couple of days. Having satisfied ourselves that matters generally were running in their accustomed grooves, we sallied forth, and hired an open conveyance, so as to be driven to view the unique burying-ground, yclept "Tomnahurich," and survey, from its summit, the surrounding scenery. On our journey thereto we were very favourably impressed with the beauty of the town of Inverness and its surroundings. High Street is a fine street, and presents quite a city-like aspect. Its chief attraction is the Town Hall, one of the most richly-adorned Gothic buildings, and one of the most imposing, size considered, I ever set eyes upon. It has cost £10,000 and seems to be worth every farthing of the money. Within a short period of starting on our journey Tomnahurichwards, we crossed the river Ness by means of a very strong suspension bridge of fine appearance, with its tall, massive stone arches at each of its ends, the piers, &c., of which are utilised to swing the bridge from. The river Ness at this point is a pretty, broad, rapid stream, about the width of the Clyde at Glasgow, and

up its northern bank we made a left wheel and passed a row of private dwelling-houses of such beautiful design and magnificence of size as is rarely met with except in cities of first importance. On the heights, on the opposite side of the river to these edifices, the Castle of Inverness rears its bold, defiant head. It is a manytowered castellated modern building, erected on the site of the ancient Castle of Inverness. The buildings which compose it are used as a court-house and prison for the extensive county of which Inverness is the capital. It was most probably on this site that the Pictish Kings, so early as the seventh century, had their fortified place of abode "with its royal house and gates," which certainly stood on the banks of the Ness. As far as we drove up the side of the river we found its banks lined with dwelling-houses of quite a pleasing description-not that they were all costly edifices, for some were comparatively humble, but there was an air of neatness and comfort pervading them all, which one likes to see. When we en route passed the Episcopal Cathedral of Inverness, a noble Gothic edifice which would do credit to any town in the empire, we struck off to the right from the river side, and bowled along a level well-formed road, skirted by tidily-kept, comfortable cottages, with dainty flower plots in front, and found ourselves in a few minutes at Tomnahurich. This hill, which is used as a place of sepulture, rises abruptly from the level plain in somewhat of a conical form, and it is from basement to summit clothed with trees and bushes of many varieties, from the lowly whin and broom with their apparelling of green and gold, up to the graceful birch and the sturdy oak. We were driven to the top of the hill along a winding carriage drive. The lower slope and the summit of the hill, which is as level as a bowling green, are the only portions of the huge mound that are at present used for interment purposes. On the crest of the hill, which appeared to me to be about 200 feet above the plain, there are a good number of carefully-executed monuments of exceptionally fine designs. Especially were we struck with the great variety of crosses exhibited (including Iona ones) in marble, granite, and red freestone. The memorial stones at the foot of the hill are also a long way above the average in regard to design and workmanship. Having feasted our eyes on the fair landscape, which from our coign of 'vantage lay like a panorama before us, embracing softly undulating hills, cultivated plains, gleaming river, spacious frith, mighty ocean, and a manyspired highly-picturesque town, we mounted our chariot and gave







our Jehu the word of command to drive townwards. In our descent to the plain, the sun, which had westered towards its setting, transfigured land, stream, town, and sea with his parting smile-his fond good night. The hill of Tomnahurich seems to be composed of drift, as sand and water-worn boulders and gravel make up its component parts, making it in these respects correspond with the low hills that flank the north side of the Caledonian Canal for a mile or two before Muirtown is reached. These evidently owe their existence to a common origin. Hugh Miller, in his "My Schools and Schoolmasters," says that "There is a wonderful group of what are now termed osurs, in the immediate neighbourhood of Inverness-a group to which that Queen of Scottish tomhans, the picturesque Tomnahurich belongs, and I must say that after investigating the matter of the origin of the osars it remains a mystery still. They, however, belong to a later period than the boulder clay, and we may infer that they were formed not very long before man was introduced upon our planet." The dream of ancient superstition peopled this whilom ward hill with colonies of fairies, and assigned it as the burial place of Thomas the Rhymer. The objects of interest around this spot which our limited time precluded us from visiting may as well be mentioned here, so that parties who are more favourably situated in that respect may make a pilgrimage to them. They are all accessable by short walks or easy drives. First and foremost, there are the Ness Islands which form a charming promenade, then follow the columnar monument above Clachnaharry, the high gravelly ridge of Tor-a-Bhean, partly encircled with ditches and ramparts—the Ord hill of Kessock, the site of a vitrified fort, the Druidical temple of Leys, the famous battle-field of Culloden Moor, the stone monuments at Clava, Castle Dalcross, Fort-George, the Roman station at Bona, the Vale of Beauly, and the falls of Kilmorack. The inspection of these will give the tourist an ample opportunity of pleasantly and profitably utilizing the time at his disposal. When Inverness was reached and our coachman's most moderate demands satisfied, we strolled out of town and surveyed Cromwell's Fort, the earthen works of which are still wonderfully entire, and the moat, although now dry, easily traceable. This seems to be a favourite lounging place for the natives, and a spot where, instead of the costly game of war, the cheap and pleasant game of cricket is indulged in by the youngsters of the town. After a walk in the direction of the sea, and a stroll through some field paths and lanes we once more entered the town, and early sought our place of repose, as we had to be up betimes next morning to get ready for our return journey by the

ISLE OF SKYE.

Accordingly, next morn in due time we left our most comfortable quarters on our homeward journey, a description of which is in part mixed up with and embodied in the few following sentences which wind up this rapid, yet, I trust, graphic sketch of one of my jaunts to Inverness, the fair capital of the Highlands, and Skye the Magnificent. I have now only a very few observations to make to you, my worthy friends, who have honoured me by placing yourselves for the nonce under my charge. and they are to the following effect :- Should some of you wish to return south by a route other than by the Caledonian Canal or Skye, then you can reach Edinburgh or Glasgow either by the Highland Railway, via., Dunkeld, or by the Highland and Great North of Scotland Railways via. Keith and Aberdeen, and their respective railway connections. While winging your way south should you desire to get a peep of Balmoral Castle, Her Most Gracious Majesty's much-loved Highland home, then you can get your most laudable desire gratified by breaking the continuous journey at Aberdeen, and making a detour from thence per rail to Ballater, and returning either by rail to Aberdeen or continuing the journey by coach to Blairgowrie, where the almost direct south railway system is once more available. The distance to be covered in following the latter circuitous route is between 80 and 90 miles. and as the biggest half of the journey is performed by coach, the trip, as a matter of course, is a rather expensive one. But when the charms of the scenery and the exhilaration of travelling in an open conveyance are taken into account the excursion is well worth the not inconsiderable amount of money that it costs. To these of my readers whose inclinations point Skyeward, I would say-

"Lovest thou mountains great,
Peaks to the clouds that soar,
Corrie and fell where eagle's dwell,
And cataracts dash evermore?
Lovest thou green grassy glades,
By the sunshine sweetly kist,
Murmuring waves and cehoing caves?
Then go to the Isle of Mist!"

And follow in my footsteps by penetrating the region that lieth between Inverness the beautiful and that most picturesque spot Strome Ferry, with a view to the exploration of the wondrouslygrand, historically interesting, and legend haunted Isle of Skye, the country of the MacLeods, MacDonalds, and Nicholsons. Right pleasantly can the journey be accomplished by pressing the Highland Railway into your service, and proceeding by way of Beauly, Dingwall, Loch Luichart, Strath Bran, Glen More, and Loch Carronside, as far as Strome Ferry, 70 miles distant, where you embark, after your four hour's ride, on board one of Mr. MacBrayne's most admirably appointed steamers which will in other four hours take you on past scenes of soul-stirring grandeur to Portree (the king's port), via. Plockton, Broadford, Raasay, &c. Broadford is the landing place for tourists who wish to visit the Cuchullin Hills, Loch Scavaig and Coruisk, the aspect of which is so savagely wild, earthquake riven, and sublime, that Glencoe is tameness itself in comparison therewith. Portree, 40 miles from Strome Ferry, is the place of disembarkation for those visitors who wish to go on pilgrimage to the Quiraing, "which is a huge spire or cathedral of rock some thousand feet in height, with rocky spires or needles sticking out of it." 'Tis in truth a very nightmare of nature—a fit scene for a Walpurgis night or a Norway witches Sabbath. Those singularly interesting basaltic pillars are situated about 21 miles from "The Port," from which place excursions can also be made in small boats to Prince Charlie's Cave, four miles distant, and also to the famous Storr Rocks. When you have satisfied your curiosity or used up your spare time in the island, the return journey south can be undertaken either by the Highland Railway and its connections, via. Strome Ferry, or by sea by a series of Mr. MacBrayne's swift, luxuriously fitted up passenger steamers, via. the Sounds of Sleat and Mull, the deeply interesting Crinan Canal, and the far-famed Kyles of Bute; or you can leave the vessel that you embark in when it reaches Oban, and proceed south from thence in most admirably constructed carriages over the Caledonian Railway system, which wends its way through a most charming combination of hill and dale, rushing stream and roaring waterfall, and lake and river scenery. Whichever way you may elect to go, my compagnon de voyage, you are sure to be thoroughly delighted with the majestic, highly imposing character of the scenery that will be spread out en route before your vision. The particular features of the various routes, and the many objects contained therein, are pretty fully set forth in different sections of this work, which see. In this the latest edition of my Popular Guide to the Lake District of Scotland I flatter myself that I have rendered the book really worthy of that high sounding title, by the introduction of this last section of the same, which describes the grand, romantic series of charming salt water lochs and fresh water lakes that lie in the great Caledonian Valley, and traverse from S.W. to N.E., the whole breadth of the island. To ninety per cent. of parties touring through Scotland this guide will now prove quite as useful and far more handy than a cumbersome guide to the whole country would be, inasmuch as it guides them over by far the most famous districts within the borders of "Caledonia, stern and wild." My task is accomplished, and now, my friends, farewell must needs be said. May your roaming over the land of the mountain and the flood that still lies before you be fraught with present and prospective beneficial results, both mental and physical, causing you to say in the slightly altered words of a poet-

> Ye Highland shires, what mortal hand Can e'er untie the spell-wrought band, That knits me to thy rugged strand.



POSTSCRIPT

REGARDING ROUTE TO SKYE, GAIRLOCH, STORNOWAY. &c., FROM INVERNESS.

In pondering at my leisure over the immediately preceding or Skye section of this work, I was forcibly struck with the fact that I had written the same in far too cursory and brief a manner. The sternly grand district, therein only very faintly sketched, ought to have been painted in more pronounced colours on a larger canvas, in a more elaborate style, and with more attention to minutiæ. And such treatment in what follows I have endeavoured to give it. I also give in connection therewith a description of a drive from Auchnasheen to Gairloch, via Loch Maree, and append to the combined whole "A Cruise in Mr MacBrayne's Crack Steamer 'Clansman,' from Portree (in Skye) to Gairloch (Ross-shire), Poolewe and Stornoway, and from thence per same steamer to Greenock via the Mull of Cantyre." I have also, in connection with the said cruise, made mention of an alternative route from Portree to Stornoway, via Ullapool and Lochinver, and of another from Stornoway South, via Ullapool, Garve, Inverness, and the Caledonian Canal or Highland Railway, &c. Having disburdened myself of this explanation, I shall, without further delay, issue to a discerning public my unabridged notes of travel, which I hope may pass current freely from hand to hand without their intrinsic value being once called in question.

The point at which we begin our supplementary narrative is

INVERNESS,

The ever fascinating capital of "The stern Scottish Highlands, which was entered by my better half and self at 5 p.m., via our favourite route, the Caledonian Canal, on a glorious day in the leafy month of June. The fair earth appeared at that happy time as if clad in robes of immortal beauty. The sky, sea, and lake

were "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue." The air was faint with the burden of the odours which it bore on its wings of zephyr. All nature rejoiced, and its joy was carolled forth by the sweet birds in notes of gladness. After these blissful experiences, we found our way to one of the many most spacious and well-conducted hostelries for which Inverness is famous, and there for a brief period took our well-earned ease. After tea, and a look at the newspapers, we strolled for a mile up the banks of the River Ness, and visited the Ness Islands. These are four or five in number, and are connected with each other and with both banks of the river by bridges. The islands are heavily and beautifully wooded. Many of the oaks are several centuries old. A few laburnum trees and rhododendron bushes, with their showy apparelling, gave a richness to the scenery. The grounds are suitably intersected by well-kept walks. On our return it came on a drizzling rain, but despite of that the homeward march was pleasant, for at 8 o'clock the Episcopal Cathedral bells rang out joyous peals as the prelude to the execution of a series of sacred tunes endeared to the Scottish ear and heart by many tender and hallowed associations, Old Hundred leading the van; and what more fit? Is not the tune indelibly associated with those sublime words?-

> "All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye before Him and rejoice."

Then followed French, and a host of psalm and hymn tunes. Nor were they wasted on the unmindful air, for we saw many parties in meditative mood at garden gate and open window listening to the strains. We personally felt thankful to our Episcopalian friends for the pure elevating treat that we enjoyed as we strolled homeward by the banks of the fair river. Life, as a rule, in Scotland, since the Cromwellian era, has been too colourless and prosaic. Twould be better for us in many ways if the example of Inverness were more extensively copied in our centres of population. The hallowing, refining influence of such music as we there heard could not but work for good. Twould help to exorcise the fiend of worldliness that possesses the innermost sanctuary of the souls of so many in this high pressure age of luxury and unhallowed racing after riches. On Friday morning we, at nine o'clock, took out tickets at the Highland Railway Office entitling us to travel from Inverness to

Strome Ferry, 70 miles distant. The weather was gloomy in the extreme during the run from Inverness to Dingwall. Between these two places, the country is beautifully varied, exhibiting frith, stream, cultivated fields, whose hedges were gay with hawthorn blossom, thriving plantations, softly undulating hills, with ever and anon a peep in the far distance of great frowning mountains, dark as Erebus, on the crests of which rested dense banks of rain-charged clouds. We changed carriages at Dingwall, which appeared to be an important county town, with imposing county buildings, and the usual number of churches for towns of such a size, the most beautiful and capacious of the lot being that in which Dr Kennedy, the leader of the "Free Highland Host," officiates. A little way beyond Dingwall we drove through part of the lovely, undulating, well-wooded, richly-cultivated valley of Strathpeffer, to which the dark barren hills of Strathglass form a strikingly impressive background. Anything more charming in the way of a landscape could hardly be conceived. The village of Strathpeffer is a most paradaisical one. It richly deserves its great reputation for beauty and salubrity. Its mineral wells, and snug hotels, have achieved a high reputation. Both are much patronised, and they each in their own way minister to the corporeal welfare of their respective patrons. Near it stands Castle Leod, 'mid far reaching ancestral woods. This is the property of Lord Tarbat, second son of the Duke of Sutherland, inherited through his mother, nee Miss Hay MacKenzie. We now entered, without any nice tapering off, into a bleak, desolate valley, and ran through a cutting made in the Raven's Rock. Sheer precipices of considerable elevation here hemmed us in on both sides. On emerging from this darksome gulf, we found ourselves still in a savagely-grand country, but one toned down a little by the fringes of wood that grew by the watercourses. We, in our onward course, swept past Loch Garve, sleeping quietly in the hollow of dark-brown heathery hills, whose lower slopes were sparsely clad with Scotch firs and silver birches. and these formed a pleasing feature in the wild howling wilderness through which we were passing. And here there is the station of Garve, where passengers disembark who wish to proceed to Ullapool by coach, or to Stornoway by coach and steamer. Before reaching Loch Luichart Station we passed a grand sheet of water called Loch Achanault, about eight or ten miles long, engirdled by abrupt, rugged hills. Loch Luichart, a little farther on, is surrounded by hills of considerable altitude—the northern ones are richly clothed with wood, and the southern ones with a russet toat of heather. At Auchnasheen Station a number of our fellow-travellers left us to join the coach that starts from Auchnasheen Hotel and goes on to Gairloch via Loch Maree. We ourselves entertained thoughts of going that way once more, but as the day looked threatening, and the rain began to fall as we halted at the station, we reluctantly deferred that most desirable jaunt to a more convenient season. Although, however, we did not during this raid into the solitudes of the Highlands make the diversion indicated that is no valid reason why we should be silent in regard to

LOCH MAREE,

Which is unmistakably one of the grandest and most picturesque of Scottish lakes. This fascinating mountain-begirt sheet of water is about eighteen miles long, with a varying breadth of from one to three miles. The loch is charmingly diversified, more especially at its widest part, opposite Loch Maree Hotel, by a glorious cluster of beauteous isles, numbering in all about twenty-seven. Of these the largest are Eileans (Islands), Sooin, Maree, Rorymore and Rorybeg. The first mentioned is a heathy isle, thirty acres in extent, embellished with a few fir trees and a small lochan. Rorymore is gracefully bedecked with fir trees of half a century's growth; while Maree isle is beautifully wooded with many varieties of trees. The latter is by far the most interesting of the group. It contains a much venerated burying ground, the ruins of an ancient monastery, and a sacred well of miraculous power, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, after whom the whole loch is Eilean Rorymore contained a stronghold of John. named. grandson of Hector, who founded the present family of MacKenzie of Gairloch. The grandfather filched the adjacent territories from a branch of the MacLeod family, and the grandson had a tough job to retain the same, as the ousted clan ever and anon made desperate but unavailing efforts to wrench their erstwhile broad lands from the grasp of the hated MacKenzie. These were times of sturt and strife, when might was right, and each clan, as it had opportunity, followed

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they do take who have the power,
And they do keep who can."



SKETCHED BY MR HAMILTON MAOMILLAN, ARTIST, HELENBBURGH. LOCH MAREE, ROSS-SHIRE.

In prosecuting the journey per coach from Auchnasheen to Gairloch (for Portree or Stornoway), when three miles or so of the road are covered, the traveller skirts the pretty little Loch Rosque, which is close upon four miles in extent. When five miles more are bowled over, Kinlochewe Hotel, a noted houff for anglers, is reached. The highway from this point for about eight miles skirts the southern margin of the loch. Two miles short of that distance Loch Maree Hotel, of more than local fame for comfort and beauty, is grandly situated, at the entrance of Glen Talladale. This hostelry has been occupied by Her Most Gracious Majesty, and is a great resort of the fishing fraternity. The drive is a perfect feast to the cultivated taste that revels on the contemplation of the majestic in Nature. What a noble hill Ben Slioch is, at whose feet, and under whose shadow and protection, the islands most do congregate. How majestically from the loch's limpid waters he shoots up his burly body, great rugged shoulders, and kingly head 3216 ft., into the region of vapours and clouds, his brow adorned with misty wreath, or capped with turban of storm. Contemplate how he stands, firm and unmoved, amid a world of change, in appearance another Benlomond, but of more savage form and more threatening aspect. In leaving the margin of the loch we strike off to the left, and after a drive of six miles the coach pulls up at Gairloch Hotel (James Hornsby), which, for situation, size, elegance, and comfort, has few equals in the Highlands of Scotland. The distance from Auchnasheen to Gairloch may be put down at say twenty-seven miles, and the distance from thence to Poolewe by road across the peninsula that divides the two places is seven miles. There is hotel accommodation, and good fishing to be obtained there, and there also Mr MacBravne's boats call in their journey to Stornoway. It is in contemplation to put a beautiful Gondola steamer to ply on Loch Maree, which will doubtless be the means of still further popularizing this exceedingly grand and deeply-interesting route. After this somewhat lengthy divergence, we resume the account of our journey to

STROME FERRY.

Our course from Auchnasheen on to Loch Carron lay through a treeless, grassy, mountain solitude, abounding with mountain tarns, lochans, and meandering streams. These, and deep, dark, heavilywooded glens, through which rushed, leaped, and swirled, foaming roaring mountain torrents, flanked our path until Loch Carron, a salt water loch, was reached, and then we had for the last few miles of our railway journey on the right the loch, and on the left for the most part high hills, that shot up from our side steep as walls. Arriving at Strome Ferry at half-past one o'clock, P.M., we immediately hied to the Quay, at which the stout little steamer "Glencoe," belonging to Mr MacBrayne's fleet, lay moored, and went below and partook of a good, substantial dinner, during the time that the vessel lay at the Quay. Punctual at 2.30 P.M. the boat started for Portree, in Skye, to which place we were bound to catch the "Clansman" on her northward run to Stornoway. Shortly after leaving, we passed a score of very primitive-looking thatched huts, that lay by the margin of the loch, as grey and old looking as the bold lofty pyramidal hill that shot sheer up behind them. About this part we had to our right several islets, and to our right and left on both sides of the loch bold cliffs, several thousands of feet high, adorned at their base with wood of various kinds, and behind these range beyond range of hills appeared until they melted from view, in the far distance. To the west, the serrated peaks of Skye rose up in majesty to heaven. The climax of grandeur was reached when we passed Duncrag Castle, a noble edifice, which stands at the base of a hill near the loch's fair margin, surrounded by miles of plantations and backed and flanked by a sublime rampart of steep, barren, rugged cliffs, that in almost any other country than Scotland would be pronounced wonderful. We are constrained to say that the view offered to the artistic eve here is absolutely sublime, and will stand comparison with the most famous views in "the land of the mountain and the After halting at Plockton we headed for Skye, and had a peep at Kyleakin, over which a shower was passing. The huge peaks and majestic billowy ranges of the Skye hills looked menacingly upon us, making us realise the appropriateness of the simile of one of our minor poets in regard to misfortune--" That gloomed through her fingers like hills through a shower." When the Sound of Raasay was entered, the mighty hills of Blaven, Glamaig, and their rude confreres, robed with storm, rose up before us in their stern majesty a very tumult of black, mist-turbaned peaks. About half-past 5 P.M., we steamed into the spacious, almost land-locked harbour of Portree, passing on our right a wrecked schooner that had on the 1st of April come to grief while being navigated at night into the harbour. She had been run by her ignorant pilot right on to a projecting reef of rocks. The land shoots up somewhat abruptly from Portree bay. leaving only a narrow strip of ground at its margin, and on it there are built several blocks of fairishly good houses, including the Marine Hotel. The best part of the town, however, is built on the heights. In it there are three hotels—the Royal, the Portree, and Caledonian, all of them seemingly thriving, well-conducted hostelries-at least two bank offices, and an equal number of churches; also an exceedingly handsome Board school, a creditable town house, a suitable post office, and all the other accessories of a well-regulated, go-aheadish sort of town, striving to keep abreast of the age. It was part of our original plan to explore the wonders of Skye from this as a centre (for the principal of these see page 169), but we departed reluctantly from our purpose, and arranged that after a few hours' nap we should proceed by the steamer "Clansman" to Stornoway. This vessel was expected to arrive in port at two or three in the morning, and she put in an appearance at four. Immediately thereafter we went on board, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. The vessel having a large quantity of goods to discharge and take on board, it was eight before she moved off, and at that time we sat down to an ardently longed for breakfast of the orthodox guid tousey Scotch description. including tea and coffee, rolls, plain and toasted bread, fish, ham and eggs, sausages, plain eggs, &c., in large quantities, cut and come again being the order of the day.

PORTREE TO STORNOWAY,

Via ULLAPOOL AND LOCHINVER.

Our route was by Gairloch and Poolewe, but on certain days of the week the journey may be accomplished via Ullapool and Lochinver, a description of which route we now give for the benefit of those who may prefer it. From Portree the vessel ploughs her way northwards, through the Sound of Raasay, having on the right the islands of Raasay and Rona, and on the left Skye, with Prince Charlie's Cave, the Storr Rock and Quiraing, that give such a deep interest and weird aspect to its eastern seaboard. When the steamer emerges from the Sound and enters the Minch, she is steered across it in a north-eastern direction, having the glorious billowy range of the Ross-shire hills on the right, and passing in

pretty rapid succession Loch Torridon, Gairloch, and Lochewe, that so picturesquely indent the coast. Ru Rea Point, at the entrance of Loch Ewe, is reached after about three hours steaming. That promontory cleared, the ship soon pushes her way past Greenstone Point (at the north-western extremity of Grinnard Bay), Little Loch Broom, Isle Martin, and Priest Island, and then she enters Loch Broom, with its bold, rocky shores, and strikingly grand scenery. Ben More, the monarch of the mountains in this mountainous district, is here seen to great advantage from the deck of the steamer. After the lapse of three-quarters of an hour from the period when the loch was entered, the ship glides alongside the safe and substantial pier of Ullapool, situated half-way up Loch Broom on its northern bank. The village of the same cognomen presents a clean, tidy, attractive appearance, with its rows of white-washed houses ranged in parallel lines on a fine terraced, gravelly promontory, embracing an area of about half a mile square between the loch and the river Ullapool. The most conspicuous houses in the village are the church, the manse, and the hotel. The inhabitants of the place, numbering about 800, are principally devoted to piscatorial pursuits. There are splendid facilities for bathing here, as the beach is very fine, and the water very salt and invigorating. The air is delightfully soft, yet withan bracing. The hotel accommodation is good, and the attendance, &c., everything that could be desired. There is in the village a postal and telegraph office. Daily during July, August, and September, and less frequently during the rest of the year, a coach and mail car runs between Garve Station, on the Dingwall and Skye branch of the Highland Railway, and Ullapool (and vice versa), a distance of thirty-two miles, and in connection therewith a steamer plies with the Lewis and Harris mail bags and passengers from Ullapool to Stornoway, and vice versa. The following objects around Ullapool are well worth visiting, viz.-Loch Achall, the source of the river Ullapool; the noted picturesque waterfall, which dashes in crystalline flashes with thundrous sound into the glen that leadeth thereto, and the exceedingly wild district of Coygach, that lieth to the northward as far as the boundary of Sutherland, a walking excursion or a drive through which is something to be remembered ever. After a short stay at Ullapool, the steamer heads down the loch, and emerging therefrom courses along the Sutherlandshire coast. Passing en route the Isle of Tanera, the

Summer Isles, Ru Coygach, and Loch Enard, after a two hours sail, Lochinver is reached. Here stupendous masses of gigantic mountains, rugged of form, and dark of hue, are seen. Among the number may be mentioned Cumaig, Ben More, Caneshb, Suil Bhein, Coul More, Coul Beg, and Ben More of Coygach, ranging in altitude between 2000 and 3000 feet on an average. Four of the above-mentioned hills appear as if they had been intruded by the agency of some wizard into the district, as they have little or nothing in common with the great army of their confreres. This district is a favourite field for geologists, and a very popular resort of tourists, and promises to be so in an increasing degree in the future, on account of the greater travelling facilities that are now afforded thereto and therefrom. Capital accommodation for tourists can be had at Culag Hotel, beautifully situated close to the shore on the bay of Lochinver. This noble edifice was until recently occupied as a private coast residence by his Grace the Duke of Sutherland, but is now leased from him by Mr Burns Brown, who is also lessee of the old and more homely Lochinver Hotel. Visitors to these houses of entertainment have the privilege of salmon fishing in the prolific rivers Kirkaig and Lower Inver. These, and several lochs (40) in the immediate neighbourhood of the hotels, are also famous for the number, variety, and weight of the trout caught in them. The Falls of Kirkaig, five, and the Stoir Lighthouse, six miles from the hotel, are well worth visiting. The village of Lochinver lies at the head of the loch, and consists of a few scattered houses. After four hours' steaming due west from it, the vessel crosses the North Minch, and enters the spacious harbour of Stornoway.

Having disposed of this alternative route, we now present the

narrative of our journey from

PORTREE TO STORNOWAY,

Via GAIRLOCH AND POOLEWE.

During the sail from Portree across to Gairloch on the main land we passed a series of rocky islands, rugged of configuration and innocent (except Raasay, which is fertile and in part well tilled) of cultivation. As far as we could observe they gave no sign that man had ever invaded their solitudes on the hunt either for pleasure or profit. The day having become a very fine one, the prospect of the mainland when nearing Gairloch was

grand beyond description. The loch's beautiful, gleaming, rippling, blue waters formed the foreground, while behind and on the flanks ther; arose a petrified sea of billowy, barren hills, stretching sublinely away as far as the eye could reach. Such a wild, tumultous, army of giants I never before gazed upon. Although asleep now in sunshine, what awful shouts they must send forth when the elements are warring and the artillery of heaven reverberates from their earthquake-riven sides and awful corries! Verily, the land and the inhabitants thereof must tremble thereat. A number of large and small boats were pulled out to our vessel, some to receive cargo, and some to receive passengers; and as the vessel would lie in the loch two hours at anchor, on one of the latter craft we went ashore to stir our feet and see the lions of the place, and they were well worth seeing. The head of Gairloch exhibits as fascinating a bit of scenery as there is to be found within the borders of "Scotland, my auld respected mither." Here the loch is lovingly clasped by charming grassy hills of no great altitude, beautifully broken up and varied by knolls, some of which were rocky and precipitous, and crested with wood, while others were of softly flowing outline, and clad from base to summit with a sylvan mantle of green. At the northern side of the bay a pretty stream flows gently into the loch through the most charming Valley of Flowerdale, half-a-mile up which there is one of the seats of Sir Kenneth MacKenzie. Bart., who owns this part of the country. Although the place appears a spot to be desired before many, yet I understand that the owner only dwells there one month out of the twelve. Here nature has lavished her choicest gifts, and art, with its deft hand, has also done its gracious ministerings, the whole forming a scene of mingled sternness and softness that will haunt the memory for many a day. The climate, even in the middle of the most severe winters, is here exceedingly mild. A number of our fellow travellers walked, while others drove, from this point to Poolewe, 7 miles distant, to catch the boat there, and obtain a view of beautiful Loch Maree en route. The carriages had been ordered by telegram addressed to the hotel of Gairloch, situated a mile from the Quay of the same cognomen. This hotel is allowed to be one of the most complete places of entertainment in the country. The bathing in its vicinity is extraordinarily fine, and the air pure and bracing. Her Most Gracious Majesty has, at least on one occasion, honoured the place with a visit. We also followed in her footsteps, and the day being hot, by the time that we reached the hotel we were in prime condition for d ing ample justice to the refreshment that we there partook of before retracing our steps to the pier at Gairloch, from whence we were rowed out to the "Clansman" by the owner of a little cock boat, who was dressed a la sporting swell in a checked tweed knickerbocker suit of loud pattern. He, whom we mistook for a man of means until he demanded his hire, pulled the stroke oar, while the scion of a leading Dumbartonshire family pulled the bow oar, and away our little craft, deeply and dangerously laden, span over a gurly sea to the steamer. Some of us being rather stout, we were with some little difficulty dragged on board. Our noble ship, after having ministered to the wants of the district, steamed for two hours round a promontory to Poolewe and Aulthea. The back ground to these places was much the same as at Gairloch, but the fore ground was not by any means so attractive. Along the low shores of Loch Ewe there are scattered hundreds of crofters' huts, and the adjacent unhedged fields showed like a huge particoloured counterpane, the contiguous patches of potatoes, corn, turnips, and other roots and cereals, producing that effect. Nowhere else in Scotland have I seen so many crofters' cottages crowded within such a small space. The Free Church is the dominant church in this quarter. I was grieved to learn from a boy belonging to the place, whom I interviewed, that the venerable Church of our fathers at one of the places we had stopped at had for a congregation, when there was a full muster, over and above the officials, "the minister's wife, the minister's servant, and anither man." To that sorry complexion has the Church come at last in this sequestered spot. The following sample of two of the minister's sermons may in part account for the paucity in the attendance. In preaching from the text, Levi. xxii., 23, he said-"My Christian friends - Everything which is offered to the Lord must be perfect. The priests must be comely and perfect in person; they must not be lame, nor blind, nor have any defect. Yes, my Christian friends, and they are to be provided by the State. But now some people think to turn over all this, and do away with Church and State. Yes, my Christian friends, there are fellows coming from the Slums of Westminster, and the Cowgate of Edinburgh, who say they will disestablish the Church

But my Christian friends, I'll defy them. Ignorant fellows, what do they know about it? What right have they tomeddle with the Church's property? I tell you, my Christian friends again, I'll defy them." In May, 1877, preaching from his text, Songs of Solomon, 5th and 1st, he said-"My Christian friends-Here you have first, the invitation, and second, the acquiescence, 'Eat, O friends,' &c. Now these words were written by the wisest penman, King Solomon, who was a gentleman, a Christian, a social hospitable Christian gentleman. I say, then, it is for us to drink with taste, with moderation, or as the case may be, take more on festive occasions, that is, on birth-day feasts, marriage feasts, &c.; for the inspired word says not only drink, but drink abundantly. Some fellows in Dundee and Aberdeen say that the Bible is not inspired; that it is not in the Bible at all. These are strange and cruel times; but I have the courage to defy them, and tell them to the teeth that they cannot take the Spirit out of the dear old Bible. I detest them, I abhor them who say, Do not drink, when it is written, 'Drink; yea drink abundantly, O beloved.' And why may we not do as our fathers, our grandfathers, did before us on all social and hospitable occasions? In the higher ranks of society, they drink, some to excess, and they get disease from it. There are some noblemen sitting in the House of Peers who can neither sit nor stand with the gout, the pains of which are more excruciating than the torments of damnation." Leaving Aultbea and the consideration of these queer sermons, we steamed across the North Minch in a comparatively calm, but for all that rather a cross sea, under the influence of which one or two of the passengers sought out quiet retreats, where they contributed sundry pungent articles to the Magazine of Waters. At half-past eight we steamed in splendid style into the magnificent and picturesque Harbour of

STORNOWAY.

Having entered the harbour on Saturday night, we saw it and its quays at their very best, as the whole fleet of herring boats, numbering in all about 700, were lying therein or thereat, bedecked with their great brown nets and large black sheepskin floats. These were hung over every spar and yard, giving the craft quite a draped, picturesque appearance. The fishing up to the date of our visit had not been successful, the total catch being only about 20,000

crans, against 49,000 the preceding year. Most of the boats were to leave on the following Saturday for home, when the fishing would be virtually over. The boats seemed almost, if not wholly, to belong to strangers from Wick, Inverness, Peterhead, and Banff. They were able, well-manned, and most admirably-equipped crafts. Stornoway Bay is almost circular, the only break being the comparatively narrow entrance thereto from the sea, at the one side of which there is a lighthouse. Just within the bay, a short distance from the mouth, there is a small island which acts as a natural breakwater. I expected that it would have had a battery of artillery upon it to protect the town and harbour, but it has not. The view of Stornoway town and its surroundings as they are approached from the sea is very impressive. town, which presents rather a picturesque, clean, tidy appearance, is built in the centre of the bay's margin. To the left thereof, on a well-wooded height which hems in the southern side of the bay, stands the proud castellated residence of Lady Matheson, surrounded by extensive pleasure grounds, the walks through which extend for several miles. The harbour, although safe, is not absolutely so, for the day before our arrival a strange vessel had been anchored on the top of a half-tide rock, and as the water fell she settled upon its jagged crest which pierced a hole into her bottom. Shortly after landing we took a walk through the principal parts of the town, and found that it presented a scene of considerable animation and bustle. Thousands upon thousands of herring barrels were piled up upon its spacious quays, out of which proceeded very oily, ancient, and fish-like smells, not too agreeable to the olfactory organs of some of our number who had been recently sea-sick. The shops, which were principally of the Jamie-a'-things type-general stores, in fact-were very busy. The Square, too, was thronged, and here two men in turn (laymen, we think) earnestly addressed the people in regard to their eternal A well-balanced little choir led the praises. people were very orderly and quiet. The audience was evidently to a large extent composed of East Coast fishermen, than whom there is not a finer body of men or better behaved in the three kingdoms. Boys ever and anon distributed tracts. The one that we received (a temperance one, by the way) was from the hands of a boy who had twelve months before been pot-boy in a local pub.; and one of the fishermen whom we stood beside pawkily suggested

that his new job might be a better paying one than his auld ane. Be that as it may, he and all the other actors in the little drama did their level best to work up a revival. The amount of success which attended their efforts we know not. During the run of this revival work in the capital of the Lews, small store was set by certain parties upon music other than the strains of Zion, as witness the following :-- An itinerant fiddler-a respectable-looking fellow, and a good musician—and his daughter, a pretty little maiden of thirteen summers, with an exquisitely sweet voice, who had reached the island via Leith and Pentland Frith, played and sang on the opposite side of the square to that occupied by the preachers. Multitudes of people clustered round them to enjoy the treat. The police, acting under instructions, told them to move on and not collect a crowd. (A crowd listening to fiddling and singing could not be tolerated, but preaching and singing to such would pass muster). They moved on accordingly, and began afresh opposite a pub., and were favoured with another goodly audience. when out came Boniface and ordered them to stop their al fresco entertainment, as they were keeping back the wonted flow of customers to his house; so that the fiddler, puir man, and his bit bonnie lassie, got rather a chilling reception at the hands of publican and policeman, who, with one consent, banned them. The public buildings of the place, including court-house, drill hall, and churches, and we know not if in this connection we may add prison, are a credit to the island. This scamper through the town over, we retired to our vessel, and after a few preliminaries turned into "bunk." On Sunday morning, at 10 sharp, we (the thirty remaining members of the original force of sixty with whom the vessel started) sat down to breakfast. On account of the forenoon religious services being in Gaelic, and the morning being lovely, most of the party sat on the quarter-deck to watch the sea-gulls a-fishing, and very successful fishers they are. The rapidity with which they swoop down upon and seize their finny prey is something marvellous. In the afternoon we, that is my wife and self, and a few others, wended our way to the church of the parish, and were courteously shown into the minister's seat by a lady whom we foregathered with on the road. The church sang well. It is blessed with a most admirable, well-balanced, small voluntary choir, composed of ladies and gentlemen of good position, who sang with great feeling and refined taste. The late Sheriff-Substitute of the

County, now of Wick, who was on a visit to the island, led the choir on this occasion. Such a sight did one good. If one only took a proper view of it, there is no position more honourable than that of leading the praises of Almighty God. And yet most people in the Sheriff's exalted position would think it infra dig. to do so or, in fact, sing at all. They would rather praise God by machinery, or by the mouths of hired minstrels. It would be more genteel. The supporters of the Church in Stornoway appear to be fairishly numerous, and some of them very influential; but for all that, here, as in most of the other parts of the Highlands, the Free Church is the leading one. There are two churches belonging to that body here. One Gaelic, with upwards of 1000 attached to it, and the other, a new, handsome edifice, has connected with it about 600. This body appears here, as elsewhere, to be endowed with marvellous push and go, and a faculty for making things lively. On Sunday evening the choir of one of the Free Churches went to the Square, and there began singing psalms until they had collected a great crowd of fishermen, who were lounging thereabouts, and when that was accomplished, off they marched, singing at the top of their voices, through the streets towards the church, followed by a large multitude, many of whom joined in the song of praise. By this means they almost compelled the people to come and hear the Word preached. The population of the town, in their go-to-meeting clothes, looked highly respectable. In fact, a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen were most elegantly and becomingly dressed, being, in these respects as well as in manners, not one whit behind their brethren and sisters of the bon-ton in the Metropolis. Even numbers of the people that you would hardly place in the same category as the above made a telling appearance. Highland people, when the opportunity is afforded them, can, in a marvellously short space of time, become transmogrified into grand ladies and gentlemen. It only requires the golden sun of prosperity to beam upon them for a while to make them fully developed swells of the first water, and mannerly withal. At four we sat down in the cabin of the steamer to quite an extra spread, and at six we took tea. At seven we went once more to church, and at a seasonable hour retired to rest. On Monday morning, when we got up on deck to scan the heavens, we found the prospect black. After breakfast we strolled through the town for the purpose of making a few purchases, then hied off to the

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steamer, and shortly after getting on board, namely, at a quarter to one P.M., our good ship left on her homeward journey, under the most favourable auspices of wind and weather. Shortly before our leaving the Capital of the Lews old Sol scattered the dark clouds that obscured his jolly rubicund countenance, and at his presence the numerous passengers who crowded the vessel's deck rejoiced greatly. It is astonishing how rapidly the route from Glasgow to Stornoway, by the "Clansman" and "Clydesdale" has grown into public favour. Only two or three years ago passengers by these vessels were very far from numerous, and now week by week the utmost capacity of the vessels on the route is taxed to accommodate them. The magnificent, luxuriously-fitted-up steamers, the grand scenery, the excellent arrangements, the liberally-furnished tables, and the most moderate fares, have brought about that result, thereby proving that the public are quite disposed to support heartily a good thing when it is presented to them in a proper way. Since the route was inaugurated, time after time, larger vessels have been put upon the run to meet the wants of the everincreasing traffic, and now we have seen that most capacious and high-class vessel the "Claymore," 200 tons larger than any of her sister ships, gliding on the waters of the route like a thing of life and beauty. Her advent has given a further great impetus to the tourist traffic in the direction in which she travels. [Parties who would prefer to go south by a route other than via Portree, Sound of Mull, &c., can get their desire gratified as far as Inverness, at a cost of 15s, or at the rate of 5s for each section of the journey, by crossing the North Minch in one of Mr MacBrayne's capital steamers to Ullapool, a three and a-half hours' sail; proceeding from thence by coach twenty-eight miles to Garve Station on the line of the Skye Branch of the Highland Railway, and by train from thence thirty miles on to Inverness. A nine or ten hours' excursion in all, 'mid sea, loch, hill, glen, and frith scenery, principally of a savagely-grand type, but softened ever and anon with well-wooded, fertile spots of most exquisite beauty. The journey can be continued south from the last-mentioned place through the picturesque Great Valley of Scotland, via the Caledonian Canal, &c., on to Oban, and from thence by steamboat connections or Caledonian Railway. Or otherwise the southward run can be performed entirely by Rail from Inverness. Information under the heading of Portree is afforded in this Postscript regarding

Ullapool, and in the same portion of the book (reading backwards) from the heading of Garve Station the railway journey from it on to Inverness is described; and in pages 168 to 153 the excursion from Inverness to Oban, via the Caledonian Canal, is treated at very considerable length. Other sections of this book guide parties from thence on to Edinburgh and Glasgow by various routes.] After leaving Stornoway's splendid harbour (where, by the way, you could, during our stay, see to read in the open air at 11 o'clock at night, as practically there was no night there,) our good ship steered a straight course for Portree, in Skye, which, punctual to time, she reached. The weather being delightful, the principal objects of interest on the eastern seaboard of the island were seen to great advantage. The Quirang, Storr Rock, Prince Charlie's Cave, the hills of Glamaig and Blaven, and the Chucullin Range, and all the eastern section of the Skve army of "Bens." were seen at their very best. After leaving Portree we steered for Broadford, where both passengers and goods were landed, and sundry articles taken on board. At frequent intervals in our pleasant journey thus far south from Stornoway we were favoured with musical entertainments by the fiddler and his lassie. whom we, in a previous part of this veracious chronicle, brought before your notice. They were both in first-rate fettle, and contributed very much to the enjoyment of the company, who, in a substantial manner, testified to the musicians as to the extent of pleasure they had derived from their performances. We now shaped a course towards Kyleakin, and in the course of the journey we enjoyed a sight of a most gorgeous sunset, which reached its climax when Kyleakin's romantic castle and cottage-besprinkled, bold, rocky promontory were reached. Here the Kyles are at their narrowest. Fronting the Castle, and only at such a short distance therefrom as a stout swimmer could easily cover, there stands near the mainland a rocky islet, on which a lighthouse is perched. Directly behind us, but a good few miles off, the isle of Raasay lay enrobed in purple, while above its conspicuous central rocky summit that rises from its otherwise smooth outline. the Lord of Day sank to rest on his couch of crimson and gold. leaving a trail of glory behind him to mark his royal route. Before he finally disappeared, he graciously saluted with a parting kiss the noble band of smiling mountains that for many a league stretched away into Skye and Ross, and they for very joy blushed

crimson, and the waters of the Kyle blushed gold, and land and sea stood transfigured, as they bade the Orb of Day a fond good night. And then great peace fell on land and sea, and the gloamin' cast its mantle of grey over all things visible. Verily, the scene we had just witnessed made up a combination and a form indeed on which the King of Kings and Lord of Lords did seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of his wonder-working power and glory. After running through Kyle Akin, Loch Alsh, and Kyle Rhea, we called at Glenelg-beautiful in itself with its noble bay, its fertile, richly-wooded shores, and grand eastward-trending glen; but doubly dear to your humble servant, for it was the cradle of his race. Here two very large, roofless, dark-looking houses, built as barracks by the Government in 1722, after the battle of Glenshiel, were pointed out to us as objects of interest. These lay embosomed in a rich grouping of trees not far from the shore. In them Bonnie Prince Charlie's troops were lodged when he occupied this part of the country at the Rebellion. When Isle Oronsay, on the Sound of Sleat, was reached

"Night in her sober livery had all things clad,"

And when Armadale, Lord MacDonald's place, was run abreast of, it was near midnight, and we could scarcely discern the faint glimmer of the lordly mansion among the trees. At this stage we thought it high time to move off bedwards. It is our opinion that the Kyles, &c., and the Sound of Sleat we had just threaded transcend in sustained grandeur, not untouched by softer charms, as they most assuredly do in extent, the far-famed Kyles of Bute. We hold not that opinion alone; we know that it is shared in by many. After retiring from deck we quickly got unrigged, and then we moored ourselves for the night in "Blanket Bay," while our good ship rapidly steamed down the Sounds of Sleat and Mull. During the night it rained heavily and blew stiffly; but we were oblivious to all such ongoings, as we slept the sleep of the just, until the ever-watchful steward came into our state-room to waken certain of our number who wished to leave the vessel at Oban to proceed to the south by the Crinan Canal or by rail. Oban was reached at six o'clock in the morning, and at its Quay we lay until seven, when the breakfast and the vessel simultaneously got under way. The weather at this stage on the journey looked what sailors call "dirty"; but as we had determined to go round "the Moil," fair weather or foul, and land at Greenock,

we stuck to the ship and took our chance. Very gurly were the dark waters over which our steamer sped. Very gloomily the Cantyre Coast and the islands of Jura and Islay glowered at us through their cloudy clothing. About one o'clock, when nearing the end of the peninsula of Cantyre, dinner was served up. For fear of consequences it was rather sparingly partaken of by those who put in an appearance, and were fit for duty. After dinner was disposed of no time was wasted below. A pretty general movement was made to the deck, and there we found, on scanning earth and air and sea, that "the Moil of Cantyre" was likely on this occasion to sustain its ancient reputation. We, however, rounded it without being tossed to and fro in any terrible way. although some of our number, who were afflicted with the mal de mer, doubtless thought it bad enough. But when we had fairly rounded the Mull, the breeze freshened to half a gale, and then we had lively times of it, to which the rounding of the Mull was merely child's play. When we got under the lee of Sanda, we enjoyed a short but pleasant respite. But when it was passed, and we had shaped a course for Pladda, it blew fiercely from the south with just a touch of easterly in it, which rose a nasty, lumpy, chopping heavy sea, through the trough of which we had for hours to steam. We were then in very truth rocked in the cradle of the deep. Our gallant ship was the very sport and plaything of the yeasty waves, but yet their master. The wild green waters span over her bows in showers of spray, and, with a swishing sound, rushed aft. To us who sat on the vessel's quarter-deck, it appeared as if the great, angry, foaming billows, from which the out-on-the-loose sportive sea winds blew the spindrift as a lusty toper blows from a pot of porter the froth, were anxious to poop us out of fair devilry. One or two of their number leaped on board with a savage yell, rushed across the deck in triumph, but getting broken, routed, and discomfited, they soon retreated ignominiously with a cry of despair through the lee scuppers, and went to their own place. All these lively goings on were attentively and not uncheerfully watched by myself and companions, as well as other two persons who sat with us behind the cabin deck-house, unvisited by even a touch of squeamishness. We knew that our good ship had weathered many a gale, to which this was comparatively a tempest in a teapot, so that we were devoid of fear. An Englishman who sat near us, had been

sick from the time that we left Oban, but then he had been advised to go to sea for the express purpose of being so, and verily he had his reward. It was a joy to watch our stout ship steam gallantly through the world of waters. It was a new sensation for most of us to be brought into such intimate fellowship with the great rolling, hissing, spitting, writhing, leaping army of brokencrested emerald waves that kept dancing wildly around us to the rude music of the piping winds. The "Clansman" had not been subjected to such rough usage at the hands of the sea since the last equinoctial gales came off, nor is it within the range of probability that the vessel will again during the touring season encounter anything like it. The clerk of the weather, we presume, knew that there was a chiel on board a-takin' notes, an' gaun tae print them, and got up this grand blow out by way of affording the narrator an opportunity of trying "his 'prentice haun" on the description of a storm at sea. When Pladda was reached our course was altered, and our vessel made good weather of it, and span along in splendid style. We of the number of her passengers who were whole then descended to the saloon and enjoyed greatly our tea and accompaniments. The sick ones we saw not nor wished to see. The cheering cup having been partaken of, we once more hied on deck, and watched from its safe and airy height several steamers and vessels on a different tack from ours plunging their way though those surging billows that seemed now to be our good friends, doing their best to help us rapidly onward. Greenock, in spite of the "heezie" that we for hours had been subjected to, and consequent loss of time, was reached almost to a minute at the hour that we were due, namely, at 7 P.M. We had spent most enjoyably four out of our nine days' holidays on board the "Clansman," and the description of what we saw in the outing as a whole is now laid before the public, with the patriotic desire that it may stir up many of those who have time and money at their disposal to visit the glorious soul-stirring scenery of the West and North Highlands of their native land.





CIRCULAR COACHING TOUR

FROM OBAN TO OBAN VIA DUNACH, LOCH NELL, FALLS OF LORA, AND DUNSTAFFNAGE CASTLE.

VERY pleasant it is to sail over the heaving waters of the glorious Firth of Lorn in the sweet summer time, and gaze with rapt. wonder and amazement upon the multitudinous isles, small and great, which rear their lowly or their proud forms from out its emerald seas. It is also a great joy to drive over the Land of Lorn in the season when Nature dons her mantle of imperial purple and gold over her everyday apparelling of green, and in doing so revel on her manifold charms far from the madding crowd. I will suppose that you, my esteemed readers, have been, from early morn to dewy eve, day after day, on the move sight-seeing, and that you feel as if a sort of off-day would be grateful. Under these circumstances I strongly recommend the circular coaching tour which heads this article. It only takes from half-past ten o'clock, A.M., till two o'clock, P.M., to accomplish it. The distance covered is fourteen miles. The scenery exhibited en route is delightfully varied, ranging from the beautiful to the sublime. I will take it for granted that you have "jumped at" my proposal. Then, allow me most respectfully to offer my services to your party as guide, and shall I also add philosopher and friend. We muster for the journey at MacGregor's Coaching Office on the Esplanade nigh unto the Railway Station, and there take up our positions in the admirably horsed and most comfortable vehicle in which we are to perform the tour. Our Jarvey having mounted the box seat and given the stout steeds a gentle touch of the whip, just to let them know that he is on duty and means business, away they scamper with us through the southern portion of Oban right merrily. After rattling through the town proper we spin along the level Soroba Road, which is flanked by fields, market gardens, and neat cottages. These left

in the rear, we begin to rise in the world by making the ascent of the road which intersects Upper Soroba, the property of a member of the at one time almost princely family of MacDougall, whose residence is in a wood to the right. To the left, when the summit is reached, a fine view is obtained of Ben Cruachan's bifurcated crest and huge shoulders. For a mile or so we are then driven through an undulating rocky country, partially clothed with purple heather, feathery brackens, bright green pasture land, and a few plantations of sombre fir trees. In our progress there rises before us Glen Feochan's grassy pleasant hills, which bound our vision. Soon an entrance gate to

DUNACH

Lodge, Mrs M'Donald's charming mansion, is passed to our right, as is also the church of that ilk. To the left of these there is the modest board school of the parish. Peering over a charming clump of trees, at the base of the Glen Feochan range of hills, we afterwards espy Glen Feochan House, the pleasantly-situated residence of Mr Murray Allan, commanding a view straight down Loch Feochan out to the Firth of Lorn. The upper portion of the Loch comes under the range of our vision. When 31 miles from Oban, we strike off the main road at Cluing, having to our right a smooth flowing crystalline stream, which has its beginning in Lochnell and its ending in Loch Feochan-a short life and an uneventful one. This water affords fairly good sport for salmon and trout fishers. Bowling northwards we drive through a pleasant glen, which, to the right and left, is guarded by hills of moderate elevation, and has near the limpid stream which sweeps through the valley, a few cultivated fields. We anon reach

LOCHNELL,

which is a very picturesque sheet of fresh water, under 3 miles long and about a mile broad, having a tiny island at its far end. Moving on we speedily cross a brook, and run alongside a large mound, yelept the Great Serpent's Temple. Here our rude forefathers, in the misty past, worshipped an Unknown God, blindly groping after some one or thing mightier than themselves to trust in. Worshipping according to their dim light, mayhap their service would be accepted by a tender compassionate Jehovah. Serpentworship prevailed in many portions of the globe in distant ages. To the N.E. of this deeply-interesting spot, Ben Cruachan's double

summit is again seen majestically cleaving the blue heavens. The right bank of Lochnell runs almost in a straight line from end to end, but the left bank exhibits a series of bold, rocky, wooded promontories and pretty little intervening bays. Crossing another mountain-born stream, we strike a course which takes us from the side of the loch, and then we begin to ascend a stiffish bit of road. Our path is charmingly fringed by hazel bushes and oak trees, around whose roots cluster a beauteous combination of bonny blooming heather, graceful ferns, and the hundred and one bright-eyed fascinating daughters of Flora who love to dwell in such sweet chaste seclusions. Ten chances to one but we may here see a picturesque gipsy encampment, and have an opportunity of throwing a copper to one of its ragged denizens. We will also be equally certain to pass herds of Highland cattle, whose richly coloured, albeit shaggy coats, we cannot do other than admire. The noble, curving, powerful horns of the animal seem to toss defiance to the world, and say, "Wha daur meddle wi' me?" When the summit of the road is reached we obtain a parting glance of sunny Lochnell and its guardian range of pleasant hills. We now trundle downhill Loch Etivewards at a good pace. To our left there are in the remote distance the mighty peaks of Mull, and straight before us tower up the grand legend-haunted mountains of Morven. We now for a short space of time drive through a wild bleak, heathery, sheepdotted, gently undulating waste, broken up here and there by plantations of fir, near the termination of which the magnificent ranges of the Appin, Ballachulish, and Glen Etive mountains are seen, forming a background of a sublime description to the stern scenery. To our right Ben Cruachan, with two of his shapely conical peaks, reveals himself once more. Ard-Connell farm steading being reached, a good view is obtained to our right of the pretty Blackwater Falls and stream which issue from the Blackwater Loch not far distant. Speedily we descry a short distance ahead Connell Ferry Railway Station. As we progress over the "heichs an' howes" which here abound, the Ben Cruachan, Ardchattan, and Baracaldine mountains in the far distance rear their sublime heads into "the lift sae hie" companions of the clouds and stars. When within a mile of Connell Ferry the erstwhile royal seat of the early Pictish and Scottish Princes, the

CASTLE OF DUNSTAFFNAGE

is seen lifting up its grey venerable head over its leafy clothing of trees

of ancient growth. Very charming is the situation of this historic ruin. It stands on a rock of gentle elevation which crowns near its termination a fertile promontory glassing itself in Loch Etive's limpid waters, and lulled to rest by the rude music of the Falls of Lora. The huge roofless relic of the long gone-by age alluded to is, although in utter ruin and decay, well worth a visit. In it comedies and tragedies have doubtless been enacted, and in it many generations of men and women have played their respective parts in the drama of life, securing the approbation or condemnation of the Great Master of Assemblies. From the court of the Castle a broad wooden ladder leads to the grassy top of its massive walls, from which a delightful prospect is obtained. Lying on the summit of these are a few guns which belonged to the ill-fated Spanish Armada, now peacefully reposing, their fighting days being over. Within the carcase of the castle there is a small building which was created out of its ruins. It has quaintly carved ornamental lintels. The edifice was used in the past by members of the upper ten as a shooting lodge, but it is now utilised as a lodging by the sturdy salmon fishers who are engaged in its near neighbourhood. The stone of destiny -- that stone on which it is fabled that Jacob pillowed his vision-haunted head-found for centuries a resting place within the massive walls of the castle. It, after various vicissitudes, now forms a portion of the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey. Near the castle there is a ruined, ivy-clad chapel, roofed by the canopy of heaven, in which the Campbells of Dunstaffnage and many others of less noble lineage sleep quietly their long sleep. During the time we have been musing on the old historic ruin our conveyance has been moving on at a pleasant rate, and speedily reaches South Connell Ferry Inn, where a quarter of an hour is allowed for passengers to wander a short distance up the Loch's side to view from a rocky promontory the song-hallowed Ossianic

FALLS OF LORA,

which at ebb tide rush over their rocky, tangle-covered barriers with an awful sweep and terrible roar. This little break on the coaching journey accomplished, our "machine" is mounted and away we speed right joyously down Loch Etive's southern shore, having within the range of our vision Dunstaffnage Castle the heaven-piercing summits of Mull and the dreamy mountains of Morven; while across Loch Etive, at the head of the salt water loch, Lochnell,

is seen the site of Bergonium, which was one of the principal settlements of the Dalriads, if it were not the very capital city of their kingdom. Many of the oldest Ossianic legends cluster around this classic spot. Lismore and other isles of lesser note also gratify After passing Dunstaffnage Castle we strike inland, and drive over pleasant grassy eminences embellished here and there by a sparse sprinkling of wood and a few cultivated fields. The sweet odour of peat reek that ascends from the few dwelling-houses which at this stage we pass is exceedingly agreeable to the olfactory nerves. When a mile from the termination of our journey we pass the beautiful garden cemetery of Oban to our right. As you approach it the most conspicuous object which it exhibits is an Iona Cross erected to the memory of Mr David Hutcheson, who was intimately associated with the opening up to the public of the Western Highlands by a splendid fleet of steamers. (An obelisk has also been reared in his honour on the north end of the island of Kerrera). He died in Glasgow in 1880, and shortly before his lamented decease he penned the following request:-

O! I would wish my bones to lie
Among those scenes I loved so well;
The mountain glen, the gorgeous aky,
The murmuring brook, the ferny dell,
And where were sepulchre more meet
For me, than 'mong dear Oban's brase?
Where oft in contemplation sweet
I rambling tuned my simple lays.

This point passed we speedily spin downhill, leaving grassy eminences and trig villas behind. In our progress we get a delightful view of the Sound of Kerrera and its beetling cliffs. We anon enter the Charing Cross of the Highlands, but by the opposite point from which our delightful excursion began. Having discharged my pleasant duty I make my salaam, and wish you, most courteous readers and supposititious fellow-travellers "Gude luck and Gude Guides in your journey through life."

MACREGGOR'S FOUR-IN-HAND IN THE PASS OF MELFORT.



RAILWAY, STEAMBOAT, AND COACHING CIRCULAR TOUR, FROM OBAN TO OBAN VIA PASS OF BRANDER, LOCH AWE, FORD, CUILFAIL, AND PASS OF MELFORT.

METHOUGHT that in the past I had in my descriptive writings done ample justice to all the excursions round about the Loch Awe and Oban district, and possibly so I had, but the enterprise of coach and steamboat proprietors in the way of opening up new routes has now left me somewhat astern. I therefore hasten to make up my leeway in some measure, by submiting for your delectation, most worthy, and shall we also add gentle, readers, pen and ink sketches of a few recently-organised outings. The first on the list are those taken on a September day while journeying with my "Rib" over the 80 miles or so of territory set forth in the title of this article. The first stage in our journey was

FROM OBAN THROUGH THE PASS OF BRANDER TO LOCH AWE.

The spacious platform of the most charming and convenient railway station of Oban, from whence we departed, was on this day a stirring sight. Crowds of women fair, and handsome men of high degree, many of whom wore "the garb of old Gaul," crowded the place in gayest mood in the full flush of health. As a contrast to those favoured children of fortune, there was a pretty numerous party of Highland men and women of the crofter or fisher class, who were evidently wending their way Glasgow-ward to embark for a foreign shore. They were steeped in voiceless sorrow, utterly woe-begone, and for the nonce broken-hearted. Some of the women, when the train got in motion, dejectedly hung their heads over the doors of the carriages utterly stunned, oblivious to all that was going on around them, unwilling exiles, mourning over their hard fate. Prompt to time, our train got in motion, and made a great sweep round a hill-side through a deep ebon-hued cutting.

Moving onwards, we were occasionally favoured with peeps of fair Oban town and its heights and meadows, and the towering mountains of Mull and Morven. We then rushed with the speed of the wind, through a moorland, then down Glen Crutter, to the left of which the grand, picturesque, historical ruin of Dunstaffanage Castle was seen on Loch Etive-side, embowered in trees. Of course every one knows that the Stone of Destiny was kept there ere it was removed to Scone, and finally to Westminster; also, that it was at one time a Royal-residence. Though fallen from its high estate, yet now as of yore

"It listens to the raging
Of Connell with his rocks engaging."

These falls are those that figure in Ossian's poems as the Falls of Lora, and the land beyond is that in which the mystic author dwelt. Two miles north from this are the vitrified forts supposed to mark the site of Beregonium, the ancient Pictish capital. At Connell Station a magnificent view of Loch Etive and its circumjacent guard of tall, stalworth mountains is obtained. train now debouched inland, moving for awhile with thundrous tread through the country, yclept, strangely, the Bush of Australia, emerging from which we obtained another glimpse of the loch. From Taynuilt, which we had now reached, the loch may be crossed in a boat, or at Auchnacloich, the station that we recently passed, parties who wish to explore the recesses of Loch Etive, Glen Etive, and Glencoe, begin the journey by embarking on board a pretty little gondola steamer. On the further side of the loch from Auchnacloich, there still stands the ruins of Ardchattan Priory, founded in 1231 by Duncan M'Coull, an ancestor of the Lords of Lorne. On, on we went, through wood and waste, and found on a knoll overlooking the line a block of rough granite erected by the Lorne furnacemen in 1805 in honour of Lord Nelson-a humble but hearty tribute. They did what they could in his honour. When nearing the head of lower Loch Etive, we observed on a hill-side in the distance the famous grey granite quarries of Bonawe, opposite which there is the village of the same cognomen (once the seat of a famous iron smelting industry, long discontinued) now a shadow of its former self. At this point the loch is very contracted, and from it upper Loch Etive strikes off in a nor'-easterly direction for about ten miles, mid the rude magnificence of hills. As our iron horse scampered onwards we had to our left Inverawe House, the beautifully-situated, wood-and-hill-screened, charming residence of Mrs Campbell of Monzie. It was from the house that formerly stood on the site thereof that Argyll started to "burn the bonnie house o' Airlie." We, shortly after passing this levely spot, entered the Pass of Awe, with its beautifully-varied scenery of wood and waste, hill and glen-a cheerful scene withal. through the centre of which the Awe river sweeps majestically and musically over its dark, rocky bed; and over it, by means of a handsome lattice, iron-girder bridge of considerable height, our train sped along in its upward race. Crossing the Awe, to the right there may be noticed a spot made immortal by Sir Walter Scott weaving round it the spell of his sad story of the "Highland Some Highlanders still believe that the wraith of "Elspat of the Tree," up to the advent of the railway, was to be seen betimes revisiting the glimpses of the moon, haunting the place of her former misery, and that the sound of the fatal shot which she urged her son Hamish to fire there rung in her ear, and made the deer cower and shudder in their ferny lairs. As Highland wraiths can't stand the snorting, neighing, and terrible tread of the coal-eating iron horse, Elspat's counterfeit presentment has flitted, but where to deponent knoweth not. R.I.P. Just before entering the gloomy Pass of Brander and leaving the airy, gladsome Pass of Awe in our rear, we to our right passed a rocky heath scattered over with cairns which mark the burying places of the dead who fell at a fierce sanguinary conflict which here took place between Robert the Bruce and MacDougall, the Lord of Lorn. The forces of the latter suffered a terrible defeat. Being attacked on both sides and hemmed in by the Pass, they were cut down in hundreds, their blood purpling the crystal waters of the Awe. And with them fell the lordly position for many ages held in this district by the princely house of the MacDougalls of Lorn. We next rushed into the gloomy jaws of the weird and wild Pass of Brander, through the depths of which the sullen waters of the Awe sweep on in silent majesty. To our right the hills shot up straight from the river, dark, torrent-riven and tall. To our left Ben Cruachan's southern, well-wooded shoulder lined the Pass, and along it, at an elevation of a good few feet above the highway, our course lay. While passing over this sublime part of the journey the grand Falls of Cruachan to the left dashed down a dark, precipitous, rock-strewn, well-wooded ravine, with a sound as of an echo of the storm-tormented ocean. We soon made a left wheel and left the mighty Pass behind, and had to our right the multitudinous isles that here begem the lake, and also their green, guardian hills, 'neath whose protection they repose so sweetly, and anon we arrive at the station and pier of Loch Awe, and in praise of the lake on whose margin they stand we lilt the following lay:—

Dear to my spirit, Loch Awe, thou hast been, For many years, in all thy glens of green! Land of my love, where every sound and sight Comes in soft melody or melts in light! Land of the greenwood by the silver rill, The heather and bog myrtle of the hill; The bonnie primrose and the thistle stern, The wild rose, hawthorn, and the lady fern! Land of the lark that like a seraph sings Beyond Ben Cruachan on quivering wings! Land of wild beauty and romantic shapes, Of sheltered valleys and of bosky capes; Of the bright island and the tangled brake Wherein the beauteous deer their lair doth makel: Land where grand castles stood in pride elate, Where chieftains held their court in meikle state; Land where the ruins of old chapels tell That here midst sturt and strife Christ's praise did swell From saintly lips of many a priest and nun, To whom the Lord hath said, "Well hast thou done !" When I re visit thee my heart is glad, And when thy shores I leave my heart is sad.

Having a little time to while away before the steamer "Countess of Breadalbane" started for Ford, we crossed the bridge that connects the platform with the Loch Awe Hotel grounds, and were courteously shown through the admirably-situated and most sumptuously appointed new house which there rears its noble form. We then took a seat on the 60 feet high plateau on which it stands, and surveyed the extensive and beautifully-varied landscape that stretches out from thence on all sides. The circular cenotaph erected by the admirers of Donachi Bahn MacIntyre (Fair Duncan of the Songs) stood right before us on a noble eminence overlooking Loch Awe and Glenorchy. To the left of the monument rose the noble array of pyramidal, heaven-kissing mountains that guard the solitary glens of Lochy, Orchy, and Strae; while somewhat to the front, and in beauteous combination with these grand objects, was seen the picturesque and glorious old ruin of Kilchurn Castle, towering up grandly from off its low, grassy, richly-wooded, meadow-flanked promontory. This historic pile has had various masters, Patersons, Macgregors, and Campbells having alternately held sway within its halls. The latter, in the person of the Earl



KILCHURN CASTLE, LOCH AWE. SKETCHED BY MR HAMILTON MACMILLAN, JUN., HELENSBURGH.

of Breadalbane, still owns it and the broad lands effeiring thereto, This huge, grey-turreted, gabled, gaunt, dead old carcass, that lies roofless to the skyey influences, be they malign or benign, appears as if it were clasped in the strong arms of living, flourishing trees, that clamber up its riven sides, gracefully hiding, whilst hastening, the sad ravages of decay, and making the ancient strong hold appear as if it were peacefully sleeping its long sleep, securely guarded by these monarchs of the forest. When you consider that the castle, wood, hill, and glen were reflected in the depths of Loch Awe's limpid waters, you may well believe that the combined whole formed a picture of surpassing beauty, on which the eye loved to dwell and the memory delights to ponder. In fact, it is, to our thinking, one of the most imposing scenes in Caledonia stern and wild, and that opinion has been deliberately formed after gazing upon it a score of times at least. The mighty Ben Cruachan, at whose granitic, leaf-clad feet we feasted on the beautiful, is 3689 feet high (authentic) and 20 miles in circumference, and is one of the shapeliest, sublimest mountains in the land. These observations over, we descended to the pier adjoining the hotel and station, andembarked on board of the "Countess," as trig a little craft and as comfortable withal as one could wish to travel in, and one also in which the creature comforts can be duly obtained in perfection. The dining saloon and also the forward saloon are comfortable, neat, and wonderfully capacious for such a small sized vessel. The day was an exceptionally fine one for the due and proper setting off of Scotch scenery-brilliant sunshine and a deep blue sky, on which sailed lazily a goodly number of rain-freighted clouds, whose deep shadows flecked the sides of the mountains, hills, and valleys, bestowing upon them an added charm, that of seeming vitality, making smiles and frowns play alternately over their venerable faces. The lake which we purposed exploring is 24 miles in length, and its bosom is adorned with thirty beauteous gems of isles, and is guarded by a noble army of stern mountains, and hills of softer mould, and a necessarily brief, but we trust, in spite thereof, a graphic sketch will now be given of these as we move on in our journey Fordwards. On the arrival of the earliest morning train from Edinburgh and Glasgow at the station of Loch Awe, we received a considerable accession to the number of our fellow passengers, who had hitherto come principally from the hotel. As is usual on all our great tourist routes, the majority of these excursionists were from "Merrie England," and pleasant company they were. Our complement of passengers being on board, the steam whistle gave three shrill yells as signal for departure, and then we began the second stage of our journey, which was over the classic waters of

LOCH AWE.

When a mile or so of water had been covered, we passed to our right, near to the point where the River Awe makes its exit from the lake, a most shapely, densely-wooded isle called Inchconnan, lying close to the shore, on which one of the Campbells of Blythswood has erected a goodly dwelling, which is seen peeping over its screen of trees in admirable keeping with all its surroundings. To the left of it lie the Black Isles, which for natural beauty, both of shape and vegetation, have been declared by competent judges to be the finest on the lake; but for that we personally would not like to vouch. South of these, and in line therewith, we skirted the deeply interesting Fraoch Eilan or Heather Isle. M'Naughton's ivy-covered ruined keep can just be distinguished amid the luxuriant crop of brushwood and trees that cover the island. This chief held his lands on the tenure that he should minister to the necessities of the King when he passed that way, and the laird of 1745, in conformity therewith, made arrangements for entertaining Bonnie Prince Charlie had he passed along Loch Awe side. This isle, further, is claimed to be the Highland Hesperides, whereon grew golden charmed apples, fit food only for the gods, and guarded from the profanation of mortal touch by a huge snake, which a knight, yelept, Sir Fraoch, slew in mortal combat when gathering the fruit for his lady-love, himself being in the awful tussle mortally wounded. Since then the isle has been disenchanted. The isles just named, and Innishail or Fair Isle, form a charming cluster, just where the Pass of Brander to the right opens up in mingled beauty and magnificence at the broadest part of the loch. New Inverawe House, and beautifully laid-off, carefully tended grounds, stand at the southern side of the Awe river, with a background of pleasant purple hills; and on the opposite side thereto Ben Cruachan shows his formidable bulk, seamed with gullies and water-courses, and with wood-adorned base. These form the imposing entrance to the gloomy, dread Pass of Brander, that begins a mile or two further down. Innishail, just mentioned above and no more, cannot be passed by without saying a worder two anentits history. On this comparatively bleak, bare, grassy,

bi-knolled isle, on which a few tall, half-starved looking fir trees struggle for existence, there ence stood a fair, religious house, inhabited by nuns of the Cistercian order, who have left behind them a sweet record of unblemished years spent in prayer and praise and holy ministerings. The stormy Reformation period swept them from this quiet resting place, and scattered them abroad as the leaves of the forest are scattered by the gales equinoctial, and their fair heritage was gifted to Hay, Abbot of Inchaffray, who trimmed his sails to suit the times. Near the ruins of the nunnery there is a lonely resting-place for the departed, wherein lie high ecclesiastical dignitaries and chiefs of renown, over whose narrow beds there was laid by loving hands, as coverlets, richly sculptured stones, many of which still remain to testify to the skill of these far off times. Two little isles, anchored to the south and east of Innishail, being left in our wake, we steered a course to the left for the lovely wooded, semi-hill engirdled, placid bay of

CLADICH,

At the rustic pier of which we touched, and let out one or two passengers, who were going to perform a walking tour to Inveraray. When our swiftly-gliding, beautiful little steamer once more got under way, we steered south of Innishail, and passed two rocky islands in line therewith, which lie very close to each other. The one was crowned with wood of very ancient growth, the leaves of which clapped their little hands with glee, stirred gently by the soft west wind; the other having its once proud adornments laid prostrate on its crest, fallen from their high estate, having bit the dust before some killing blast. The one had been protected as with a shield, and the other left a prey to the enemy. To the west of these are two low-lying, leafy, picturesque isles; and looking back from this point there was exhibited a noble scene of mountain, flood, and isle. The nearer hills wore gorgeous, parti-coloured robes of bronze green, russet, and purple, over which waved, in pride, leafy boughs just touched with ruddy gold. The more remote eminences ranged in hue from gray green to black, and formed a grand series of lofty peaks, many of which soared aloft over 3000 feet into the region of mist and cloud. Still churning our way onward, one or two little beauteous isles (one of which is Eilantaigert, the Priest's Isle) and a private pier were passed, and then our watery path lay between hills of gentle elevation, at the foot of which were smiling corn-fields. On the left bank, ever and anon there appeared, from

Cladich onwards, several rather pretentious mansion-houses, beautiful for situation, and on both sides of the loch we saw a good many shielings, farm and other houses, with their cultivated fields, woods, and tree-dotted policies. These toned down the sternness of the scene, imparting to it the softer elements of beauty. Our vessel now ran abreast of

PORT SONNACHAN

PIER AND HOTEL, where there is a ferry at the narrowest part of the loch to Tychreggan Pier and hotel on the opposite side. These lie at the base of a beetling, fir-clad hill, which screens them effectually from the western blasts that sweep betimes in fury from the broad Atlantic ocean. Here we had a gentle reminder that we journeyed in a weeping clime, but in the north the many-peaked Ben Cruachan and its awful dark-bosomed corrie, on which slept peacefully a tiny fleecy cloud of snowy purity, sunned themselves in the face of high Heaven. Our course was now flanked by hills of more moderate elevation than those we had passed, but what they lacked in height was more than made up to them in beauty. Their emerald sides were exquisitely adorned from base to summit with trees small and great, and their contour agreeably diversified with wooded, craggy, swelling, grey knolls and deep gullies. At the foot of those hills reposed charming promontories and fair bays, but all unislanded is the lake here for several miles, until there swim into our ken three isles. The two to our right are small but gracefully wooded. The one to our left is the famous Isle of InnisConnell, and the grey, tall ruin that crowns it on the south, Ardhonnell, the four-square keep of old Argyll.

> "The rock on which it stands is sharp and steep, And in the four great walls there is no breach; And three are built of close-wrought masoury Without a single crevice, so compact That, save some loop-holes in the higher courses, Those stones would cage an Afrit."

From its ivy-clad summit wave a few bushes that show like plumes upon a warrior's helm. The isle to the northward thereof is covered with fine old timber, so that the ruined keep, despite its roofless state, looks fair, and one to be desired withal wherein to spend a long, long summer holiday. Beyond this striking object, a few yards to the left, we touched at the pier of

PORT-NA-SHERRICH.

On leaving it we passed the inn of the same cognomen, and then sailed between a gracefully undulating promontory on the western shore of the lake, and the island of Innis-Erreth near its eastern margin. At the shore end of this isle stands visible

"A ruined church, whose broken walls
Crown the isle where dead men lie,
Low and open to the sky;
When the rain of winter falls
They cannot keep its pavement dry.
Underneath tall weeds an'l rank,
Lie the dead in quiet sleep,
Circled by the stormy deep."

The loch now once more assumes its normal breadth, having on each side, but more especially on its eastern one, a range of fair, pleasant hills of goodly altitude, glowing with the russet hues of the decaying fern, and the gorgeous purple bloom of the heather, their bases being richly clad with boscage, exhibiting in front thereof a series of most picturesque, rocky, leaf-clad promontories. Right ahead of us, in mid-channel, we now espied a tiny isle, lying off a grand promontory which we passed to our right. This isle is bonnily busked with foliage, forming a beautiful dome, and when steaming past it we found that in line with it there lay another isle with only a silver streak of a few feet dividing the one from the other, they being doubtless twins, born of earthquake and fire, clothed in beauty in the countless ages of the past by the loving fingers of Nature. here bade farewell to Ben Cruachan and its dusky-breasted corrie. These objects up to this point formed a magnificent background to the ever varying scene. While feasting thus on the beautiful we almost forgot that man liveth not by the beautiful alone, and that luncheon was a necessary adjunct to the due and proper enjoyment of scenery, however grand or fair. But better late than never, we redeemed the time by going straightway below to the dining saloon, and there partaking of a most substantial lunch. We then got up again on deck, and found that the scenery now, while exhibiting nothing of a very striking nature, was yet pleasing. The hills that encompass the south end of the loch are of lesser altitude than those of the north, but many of them have beautifully flowing outlines, and are richly wooded. Our vessel having pushed her way through the Narrows, we were landed at the pier at two o'clock, having during our most pleasant voyage passed through gradations

of scenery, ranging from the stern grandeur of the northern end to that of the softer, less varied, yet withal very pleasing scenery of the southern end of the lake. We now betook ourselves to the admirably appointed four-horse public coach that stood waiting our arrival, to cover the last stage of the journey of 32 miles to Oban from Ford.

SECOND SECTION OF JOURNEY-FORD TO OBAN.

To our left during the first part of our journey to Oban by coach, after leaving the steamer at the south end of Loch Awe, we had a view of Ederline House, with its fair fields, thriving plantations, and pretty little lochan. Beyond these, the tiny church of the parish and the Dog's Head Loch were skirted. We then to the right ran abreast of the village of Ford, which consists of Auchinellan Hotel and a few tumble-down, mouldy-looking, thatched houses. One of these is Her Majesty's Post and Telegraph Office. and a humbler one we would hardly suppose she has in her broad dominions. After this we bowled along a pleasant, wellkept road, through the picturesque, bold, well-wooded Pass of Craigenterrive, and when two miles from Ford, at a point where Carnassarie Castle crowns a bold, bare height, we left the Ardrishaig Road, and struck off due north for two miles. During our delightful spin over this ground we had to our left the Kilmartin water rushing, leaping, dancing, whirling, racing, and cutting all manner of cantrips over its rocky, boulder-strewn bed. For three-fourths of the distance the torrent raved through a deep, heavily-wooded ravine, on which there were one or two meal mills. but during the remainder it flowed softly and sang sweetly through a flattish, moory, untreed waste. We crossed the burn near its head, and then wheeled due west for other two miles down a somewhat cultivated glen, flanked by scenery of a wild, desolate description -a treeless, moory, hilly waste, wherein few men dwell, and sheep are hard pressed to pick up a living-lichen-covered rocks and strong heather being the principal products of the soil. At the foot of the glen, while making a right wheel round the head of Loch Craignish, we passed a Druidical stone standing lonely, crying aloud to the ear of fancy of the days that had been, when the Druid performed his mystic rites at its sacred side, while the people did it honour. Now none so poor as do it reverence. Yet there it stands, testifying of a far-off past and another faith to this, as it has done to untold ages, and yet will do to those to come, if no Vandal brings it low.

LOCH CRAIGNISH,

at the head of which it stands, is about six miles in length and two in breadth. On its bosom there are many rocky islets. There are two, however, almost in the centre, that heave up their huge ridges, and form a most important and imposing feature in the scene, cleaving the loch in two. The names of these massive islets are Righi and Macaskin. Beyond these in the far distance over the shining waters of the Atlantic rise in glory and in pride the wondrous Paps of Jura, fitly closing in the view to the west. may be interesting for many to know that it was on the Point of Craignish, in December, 1820, that the steamer Comet, first of the name and the first European passenger steamer, was wrecked. In skirting the head of the loch we to our right passed the pleasant, comfortable-looking, albeit old-fashioned mansion-house of Barbreck, occupied and owned by Admiral Campbell, having in its foreground verdant lawns, fields, and the loch with its romantic cliffs and isles. Its background is formed of Glen Doin and its fine range of hills, verily a sweet spot wherein to pitch one's tent. At the junction of our road with that which runs down the north side of the loch we passed an inn, but did not go in thereto. Our coach rattled past it as if oblivious of its existence. Our path now lay northward over the neck of the promontory of Craignish, a distance of about three miles. We then bowled along the Bay of Shuna, having within the scope of our vision the islands of Shuna, Luing, and Scarba to the west, and those of Seil and Mull to the north. Two miles of this experience over, we cut across the eastmost part of Ashnish Point, which forms the southern extremity of

LOCH MELFORT,

Along the bonnie shore of which we span right pleasantly due east for a distance of three miles, being but one mile short of its entire length. The breadth of this sheet of water at its entrance is 1½ miles, and it is, as its name implies, the Lake of the High Eminences. A few islets of inconsiderable size rear their dark heads above the green waters of this loch, but impart no special feature thereto. Here we had, as at the bay or loch of Shuna, another glorious peep of the Paps of Jura to the sou'-west, as well as a grand view of the other islands above mentioned. In fact, they rapid change of scenery along the route imparts a wondrous charma to it. At one moment you might imagine that you were in the

very heart of the Highlands, in the next you shoot past the elbow of a hill or knoll; then, anon, a salt water lake or old ocean, with his hundred isles, bursts upon your astonished vision. The drive thus affords a series of captivating surprises, making it, so far as our recollection serves, unique in that respect. We now had a rather remarkable experience in regard to the weather. To our right ominously dark clouds blotted the blue out of the vault of heaven. making it a dark cave out of which the forked lightening was shot forth on its mystic path, rumbling and grumbling deeply and terribly as it sped on its dread way through the fields of air and cloud, making the earth to tremble and the heavens to weep. To our right was gloom and to our left was glory. We travelled on the border land between that in which there was stern warring and that wherein there was sweet peace. A few drops of rain fell on us-not enough to inconvenience in the slightest, but enough to make us very thankful that there were no more, and impart thereby an added zest to the trip. On working round the top of the loch we passed Glenmore House, and saw in the distance Melfort House and village. The hills here soared to a considerable altitude, having their tops deeply serrated. Down one of these there sped with rushing sound a splendid waterfall, gratifying the eye and the ear. Our course now lay due north six miles, until we reached Loch Feochan's shore. A short distance from the shore of Loch Melfort we came upon the village of

KILMELFORT,

Composed of a plain Parish Kirk, a score or so of cottages, and a commodious and well-furnished hotel, yclept Cuilfail. Here our willing roadsters were released for the nonce from their arduous labours, to enjoy a much-needed rest. During the time that the change of horses was being effected, we descended from the vehicle, and went into the hotel to partake of refreshments. Whether they were of a liquid or solid description, or a compound of both, it mattereth not to the world, or as far as that goes, to his wife either. We were refreshed, and it was refreshing to be so well served in a district so far removed from the busy haunts of men. After the gudewife was asked to "count the lawin'," and the moderate bill paid, we took a more minute survey of the house, which appears to have accommodation for thirty visitors, and to be a great houff for fishermen, who must be of a superior class, as the dinner arrangements of the coffee-room testified. There are quite

a cluster of lochans, as well as two fresh-water lochs of considerable size, in this quarter, and these, with Loch Melfort, afford the brethren of the rod and reel ample facilities for prosecuting their favourite sport. One of these worthies wrote in the visitors' book the following, which has been excerpted therefrom, printed, framed, and hung up in the lobby:—

ADVICE TO ANGLERS.

"When tired an' forfochen,
When hoastin' an' coughin';
When ill wi' the bile
Or the wee devils blue;
Tak' yer rods an' yer reels,
Throw the doctor his peels.
An' come down tae Cuilfail
Wi your friens leal an' true."

This hostelry is the property of Miss M'Lellan of Melfort, and has her crest—a garlanded man's head, and motto, "Think On "—over the entrance door. We shall think on the inn pleasantly for many a day, and hope that all parties who enter therein may, in the midst of their enjoyment, ponder over the motto displayed thereon, and mix sobriety with their wine, and "Think On" their heads in the morning. Shortly after leaving the hotel, we passed to our left a good trouting loch called Loch Lendrimen, and shortly thereafter we reached the entrance to the famous

PASS OF MELFORT.

This Pass is, without exaggeration, sublime. At its southern gate there is a deep, heavily-wooded valley, at the bottom of which, although scarcely seen, there rushes, not unheard, the pleasant, sparkling waters of the river Oude. Then steep, heathery hills, some shooting up like cyclopean walls, and others less abrupt, but richly wooded with ash, hazel, birch, and oak, hemmed our path, while to our left a furious mountain-torrent tore along over its rough, rocky bed, leaping rejoicingly, singing sonorously onward, ever onward, as it wended its seaward way. For about three miles we journeyed up the surpassingly beautiful Pass—which was clad with robes of brown, purple, and gold—quite enraptured with the scene. The valley of Lorn and Glen Galen being passed, we topped the water shed, and crossed the lofty bridge of Laggan More, that spans the goodly river Euchar, that has it source in Loch Scamadale, to the east. To our right we had the grand glen of Euchar, with its mountain solitudes,

and in front the noble army of the Morven and Mull mountains, giants every one, cast in heroic mould, and successful battlers with the lawless vagrant winds that swoop down upon our coasts to harass and destroy. Here among the bonny blooming heather we espied pheasants, black cocks, and grouse, and unbroken covies of partridges, numbering in some instances eighteen. The descent upon Kilninver, through the glen, was one every inch of which was fraught with beauty and sublimity in happy combination. At this place, which lies at the exit of the glen, there is a church, shooting lodge, and clachan. When these were left in our wake we shaped a nor'-easterly course along the southern shore of

LOCH FEOCHAN.

This Loch, along whose margin we now sped our rapid way, is about five miles long, and about a mile broad, and has pretty much the appearance of a wide, rapid river. In wheeling round its top, we saw in the fardistance Ben Cruachan's bifurcated head, over which a not very heavily-charged rain-cloud rested, and poured forth its contents. The sun, which was westering well towards its setting, poured its rays full on hill and cloud, and made the rainfall appear like the fingers of light that stream from the sun when he partially hides his face behind a veil of cloud. Our route now lay once more due north for a distance of about four miles. When a little of that was covered, we passed to the left Dunauch House, the seat of Mrs MacDonald, and as we further wended our way "'mong moors an' mosses mony, O," and the goodly company of gaily-bedight purple and golden-clad sheep-besprinkled hills, we met considerable numbers of pedestrian, equestrian, gigestrian, and waggonettestrian parties trooping homewards in their brawest apparelling from Oban games, as demure and sober-like as if they had been at church. At half-past 6 P.m. we reached Mr MacGregor's coach office, contiguous to the railway station of Oban, and from thence wended our way to the hostelry, which for the nonce was our pleasant abode, in tip-top order for doing justice to the substantial meal which was speedily set before us.



RAILWAY, STEAMBOAT, AND COACHING CIRCULAR TOUR FROM OBAN TO OBAN VIA ACHNACLOICH, LOCH ETIVE, GLEN ETIVE, GLENCOE, AND BALLACHULISH.

Ar eight o'clock on a glorious morning towards the end of the leafy month of June we began our day's outing at the pretty and commodious railway station of Oban, where we obtained tickets for the excursion indicated above. The journey by rail terminated at Achnacloich, about nine miles distant. When it was reached we saw a tidy little screw-steamer moored at the pier a few yards off, and towards it we wended our way and went on board. In a few minutes the ropes were cast off, and our beautiful little craft was puffing along the quiet waters of Loch Etive. The length of the journey from Oban to Oban by this route is eighty miles. The first part of it is very pleasant, the hills that hem the loch in on each side being grassy, and adorned plentifully at their bases with well-grown timber, peeping over which ever and anon there arise the heads of the abodes of men of various degree. Right in front of us towered up majestically that most graceful hill, Ben Cruachan, showing at this point two of its many peaks. This hill is 3670 feet in height, and 20 miles in circumference. After touching at Bonawe Pier, opposite to which lie the granite quarries of the same cognomen, we entered on the upper portion of the loch, which differs pretty much in character from the under part, exhibiting more of the sublime than it does. When the vessel plies a mile or two up above Bonawe, the loch has exactly the appearance of a charming freshwater mountain-begirt lake. Buchaille Etive, or the shepherd or watcher of Etive, looms up grandly in the far distance, his formidable form filling up and rising far above a gap between the two hills that end the magnificent, dark, thunder-riven Alpine ranges that alternately, with rugged peak or flowing outline and great scarred sides, line the loch, and throw their deep, dark

shadows into its utmost depths. To our right, during the charmingsail, we passed Ben Cruachan, which from this point shows five granitic peaks (one of them excessively rugged and bold), savage precipices, awful corries and monstrous bulk. When drawing near the end of our loch journey, to our left we saw a mark on the hill-side, of a horse shoe shape, but covering about a quarter of an acre of ground, which was said to have been formed by a hoof of Fingal's charger when it leaped with him on its back from one side of the loch to the other. Near it there lies a large grey boulder, which tradition sayeth fell out of one end of his provender bag, which was slung over his beast's back. The stone was put there to balance the other end that was crammed full of food for man and beast. He that hath ears to hear let him hear, and he that hath understanding let him weigh the matter. We give it as we got it. Before leaving the vessel we examined, as our wont is, it and its certificate, with the following result:-Her register tonnage is 25, she may carry 233 passengers, and has a fore and also an aft saloon. The former is a nicely-upholstered apartment (having at its entrance the steward's bar), where breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners, and all sorts of liquors, ranging from whisky to champagne, are served up nicely. We understand that to the enterprise of Mr Murray, of Taynuilt Hotel, and Mr Currie, of Ballachulish Hotel, the public are mainly indebted for the opening up of this route. The distance of 18 miles from Achnacloich to Loch Etive head having been covered, we landed in a good strong row-boat that lay moored in the loch, and without much delay we mounted the four-horse open conveyance that stood waiting our arrival at a short distance from the beach, When all were comfortably seated, our driver, decent lad, than whom there are few among the coach-driving fraternity can handle the ribbands better, mounted the box seat and set the splendid team of horses in motion, and away we sped on our serpentine way, up hill and down dale, and across wooden bridges, 'neath which danced in gladness the mountain-born streams. we bowled along in the open conveyance from Loch Etive head there was much seen to fascinate the eye. To our right the river or water of Etive, a good fishing stream, brawled hoarsely over its rocky bed, or with rushing bound leaped over adamantine barriers, or betimes lay quiescent in deep amber pools, resting from its labours. There are only four or five houses in this lonely, desolate, savagely-grand glen. One that is perched upon a knoll to our left as we enter the pass is occupied in the shooting season by a Mr

Grieve, to whom it and the adjacent tract of deer forest belongs. The house is a big one, furnished with double windows and strong outer shutters, and the slates are double fastened so as to in some measure resist the fearful rush of wind that at certain seasons of the year sweeps through the glen, "tirling" the houses. A little further on, to our right, at a lower level than the road, in a bieldy bit amid green pastures, near the margin of the Etive, stands a well-built school and school-house, in a very creditable style of architecture. One of our passengers, the minister of Ardchattan, in whose parish the glen is, left us at this spot to preach there to the inhabitants preparatory to the celebration of the Lord's Supper that was to take place on the following Sunday at the Parish Church, well on for twenty miles distant, at which, possibly, not one of his audience would be present. There were a few people hanging about waiting for the advent of his reverence, and as we proceeded on our journey we met the oldest forrester in the district and his wife wending their way to lay in their six months' supply of sermon. It was to be hoped that they got something substantial, when it had to serve them for such a length of time. The forester's house, a shooting lodge, and the head keeper's house, besides those mentioned already, are, we think, the only houses in the glen. The last of the trio is thatched, and to make it more secure there are at frequent intervals slung over it good stout ropes, with considerable sized stones attached to each end of the same. In spite of all precautions, however, gales like those of fierce October wreck more or less every house in the glen. In traversing such a wild region it did not astonish us to hear from the most communicative and intelligent driver stories of the bodies of a murdered woman and her murderer lying beneath an upright, unhewn, unlettered stone that we passed on the roadside; and of a cairn of stones to our left, behind which rose a deep gully in the hills marking the spot where the body of a shepherd had been found one terrible winter, when he got smothered in a snowwreath on the hills above and was carried down by the sliding snow or roaring flood to the vale beneath. Such tales accorded well with the scene. In this grand solitude Donachi Bhan MacIntyre, the poet, wooed and won his charming bride Mairi. During our drive up the glen it was exceedingly hot, and when we got into the shadow at one time of a huge rock in this great wilderness, we uncovered, and in our blissful experience understood in some measure what a blessing the shadow of a great rock is in a weary land. As we neared the end of the glen we saw a pair of eagles soaring high above the magnificent dome-shaped mountain, velept Buchaille Etive, in their sublime sweep looking down doubtless upon us poor creepers upon earth with supreme contempt. This pair build their nest annually in an inaccessible cleft of the rock near the summit of the hill, and as it was near dinner time, it is just possible that they were looking out for a dainty pick o' lamb or some other delicacy for themselves and brood. During the course of our journey to the head of Glen Etive on one or two occasions the younger male portion of our party had to take a little pedestrian exercise. On emerging from the glen we had to our right, at a mile or so's distance, Kingshouse Inn, bleak and lone; and beyond it, stretching as far as the eye could see, "the gloomy moor o' Rannoch, where ne'er a traveller has known the charms of ale, or beef or bannock." To our left we had the Shepherd of Etive, with his great scarred sides seamed with white. Soon after passing this mist-turbaned sentinel of the glens we reached a sharp turn of the winding road, where the grand vista of Glencoe opened up before us in all its majesty. Here we changed horses, and those of us who were furnished with rations very rationally chose a convenient place whereon to discuss the same—the place as a rule being near some murmuring stream, so as our drink might be sure should it be aqua pura, or that it would ensure due and proper dilution for the aqua vitæ with which, we are constrained to say, a good many of us were provided. For those who preferred gude oatmeal cakes and cheese and milk-no despicable refreshment—there was a well-spread table in the wilderness, presided over by a respectable, well-dressed Highland woman; and she spread not forth her wares in vain. Here there is ample stable accommodation, and here we picked up a tourist who had walked from Inveroran, in the Black Mount district. After a short pause, we started on the run down gloomy, dark Glencoe, where white mists veil the bloody tale of the massacre of the MacDonalds, in King William the Third's time. The spin down its stern defiles was pleasant in the extreme. The wind blowing in our faces kept us pleasantly cool, and prevented the midges that had bothered us somewhat in Glen Etive from troubling us any more. The hill summit yelept "The Lord Chancellor and his Woolsack" was passed on our right, and now, in the words of a recent writer in the Times, "Sloping ridges project into the glen on the right and on the left, so that it has the appearance not of a single glen, but of a succession of land-locked valleys, flanked on both sides by frowning precipices or naked stone. The vista before us is eight miles long, and throughout its whole length the road by which we are to travel may be seen winding in and out, up and down, like a slender thread trailed across a wilderness of moorland. What a puny creature man feels himself in the midst of this supernatural vastness! questionably it is the vastness of the scale on which Nature has here lavished grandest her powers, that gives its peculiar impressiveness to the scene. There are not a few scenes in Scotland that may vie with this or that part of Glencoe in grandeur or in grotesqueness. Loch Coruisk in Skye is as rugged and abrupt; the upper part of Glen Nevis is as wild and solitary; Ben Cruachan is as bold; Ben Doran is as majestic; but nowhere else, as far as I know, is there the same, or anything like the same, continuity of splendour and profuse wealth of wildness. We are frowned upon on both sides by huge precipices of naked stone, which reflect all shades of colour, from orange to dark purple, and all degrees of shadow, from the delicate grey of the buttresses to the solemn gloom of the clefts and On our left rise 'The Three Sisters,' dark and lowering, with streaks of snow lurking in their corries. On our right is the threatening pass known as 'The Devil's Staircase.' Below us is the romantic bridge near the meeting-place of 'The Three Waters.' Before us the united stream goes brawling on its course between Scour-na-Fingal on the right and Aonach Dubh, the beetling crag that contains Ossian's Cave, on the left, to Loch Triachatan and the famous Cona Water in the far west. As we gaze on the wondrous scene it acquires a new and peculiar grace. The clouds still close over us, and the sombre canopy stretches almost to the valley. But there the sun, as with a dying effort before his setting, has pierced a way for himself through the curtain of mists. At once the vast basin is filled with soft and magic light. Each link in the chain of valleys glows with a different intensity, while the massive walls of granite and porphyry and jasper, still wet with recent rain, gleam and glisten in the sunshine. The marvellous effects last only for a few minutes; but after the sun has set a tender radiance lingers in the air, like a smile on the face of a happy dreamer

"Meantime we are bowling down the glen at a rattling pace. The road is narrow and zigzag, and in many parts exceedingly rough. Here and there it is simply the channel of an extinct torrent or the debris left by a recent waterspout. At these places, and also at the abrupt little bridges that span mountain streams, the coachman tells you to lean well forward so that the back of your head may be saved from violent concussion. Without doubt the coach is splendidly driven. The team is an ugly one, three leaders abreast being harnessed, French fashion, in front of two wheelers. But the coachman has his horses well in hand, and he drives with confidence and nerve. Neither the sharp turns nor the steep braes daunt him. You see in front of you a steep hill with a sudden turn at the top of it, and you wonder how the heavilyladen coach will ever reach the summit. While you are puzzling . over the problem, the coachman cracks his whip and calls cheerily on his team, and away you go up the hill at a canter, which slackens to a walk as you reach the crest and turn the ugly corner. This is not mere driving, it is a daring act of horsemanship. Yet there is abundant caution in the seeming rashness; and it soon appears that the coachman's method consists very much in reversing the ordinary custom, or in walking his horses down hill after galloping them to the top. Soon after passing Loch Treachatan, the road trends to the northward, and we find that we have passed almost at once from the wild glen to the smooth and fertile valley. We still see the dark precipices frowning over the grassy mounds. but the aspect is completely changed. By-and-by, we pass the ruins of the cottages of the Macdonalds, and then we get into a region of woods and meadows. The road begins to be shaded with trees, and near Invercoe House we pass through a luxuriant avenue. A few more paces carry us into the midst of the straggling but populous village of Ballachulish. Most of the inhabitants are employed in the slate quarries, which are in the midst of the village, and at the same time close to the sea. Ballachulish presents the phenomenon, rare in Presbyterian Scotland, of a population chiefly Episcopal and Roman Catholic. There are three Episcopal chapels in or near the village, and there is, I believe, only one Presbyterian Church. This is not due to proselytism. Many, both of the Episcopal and Roman Catholic families, have been of the same persuasion for generations. The picturesque little island in Loch Leven, opposite Ballachulish-St Mungo's Isle—is said to be the burial-place of the Macdonalds massacred in Glencoe. Looking back from the margin of the loch. we get a parting glimpse of the Alps of Glencoe, marshalled by the curious conical peak called the Pap.

"Grand as these mountain are when seen from the midst of them, they are hardly less impressive when viewed from a distance. in connction with the system of which they are only a part. The best view of them is obtained from the Sound of Mull, near its junction with the Firth of Lorne. That view is one of the finest in Scotland, especially when seen under a varied sky and through a clear atmosphere. From Ben Nevis to Ben Cruachan-a distance of nearly 30 miles—there is an unbroken succession of mountain masses. The hills of Appin, the Alps of Glencoe, the hills of Glenorchy. the grand masses of Morven and Ardgour, all enter into the extensive panorama. A few days ago I saw this view from the Sound of Mull. Every ridge and peak within the wide range was The snow on the top of Ben Nevis gleamed in distinctly visible. the morning sun. Heavy cloud-shadows rested on the banks of some of the ridges. The varieties of contour and the intersections of the valleys produced remarkable modulations of light and shade. In the foreground was the blue sea ruffled by a fresh easterly breeze, and scattered over it were the island of Lismore and the other islets of the Archipelago of Lorne." After our exhilerating experiences right glad were we when the coach pulled up at Ballachulish Hotel in time for us to partake of lunch, which was served up in the elegant coffee-room of the place, and then, after surveying the beautiful surroundings of the hostelry, and regretting that we could not obey Professor Blackie's injunction that

> "If you are not stiff and mulish, You'll spend a day in paradise At lovely Bullachulish,"

We took coach from the door of the hotel and were driven along to the pier fully a mile distant, and embarked on board one of Mr MacBrayne's noble fleet of steamers, which conveyed us, via Loch Leven, Loch Linnhe, and Frith of Lorn on to Oban, where we were landed at about 7 p.m., thoroughly delighted with our circular tour. For a description of the scenery which lies between Ballachulish and Oban, please refer to pages 117 to 111 of this work; pages 118, 119, and 120 contain a geological description of Glencoe, from the pen of the late gifted and lamented Hugh Miller, which is well worthy of a careful perusal in connection with the foregoing. For the nonce we now say "Good-bye."

MARO PRINCIPLE THOSE LEVERS, ORAN.

of non-

VIEW OF LOCHEARNHEAD,



OBAN TO LOCHEARNHEAD, ST. FILLANS, COMRIE, CRIEFF, PERTH, &c.,

VIA THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY COMPANY'S LINES
AND COACHES.

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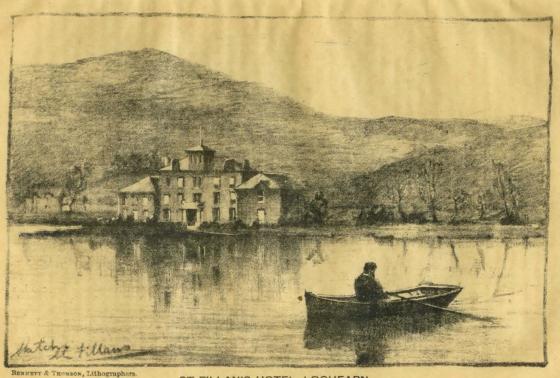
THE tour which forms the theme of this descriptive sketch is a charmingly varied one. The run from Oban the beautiful up Loch Etive side, then through the Passes of Awe and Brander to Loch Awe, may safely be pronounced sublime. The scenery is entrancing which bursts upon our vision as we round the southern base of Ben Cruachan the mighty and skirt the lower waters of Loch Awe, which are begirt by lordly mountains, and begemmed by legendhaunted multitudinous isles of beauty. No one possessed of a spark of poetry or sentiment in his or her bosom can gaze upon the same unmoved. When Loch Awe Station, Pier, and Hotel are left a mile or two in our rear, we cross the river Orchy by means of a lattice girder bridge. During that period we see to great advantage the north end of Loch Awe, on which is situated the picturesque, massy, ruined Castle of Kilchurn, erstwhile the princely home of the Breadalbane Campbells. The river crossed, we enter a deep cutting with a considerable incline, and quickly arrive at sweet Dalmally. The country from thence to Lochearnhead may, with the exception of Glen Dochart, be described as wild, desolate, savage, a land of brown heath, very shaggy wood, roaring ambercoloured streams, dark, melancholy tarns, where the tears of the weeping mountains are stored up, and a land where the aspect of nature is very dreary. But why dwell further on the subject? Have I not, O gentle, and I trust appreciative, reader, told you the story of the first section of the journey in pages 111 to 95 of this veracious book, yelept a guide, so that we, without further dallying, may say that we will about mid-day leave the train at the Station of

LOCHEARNHEAD,

And take up our respective positions on the handsomely appointed four-horse coach which has been awaiting our arrival. This accomplished, we quickly bowl down hill to Lochearnhead Hotel, where our Jehu reins in the horses, bringing the coach to a stand-still for a short period of time. It has happened, and will happen now, that a goodly number of the passengers improve this halt by appearing before the bar of the house and calling for refreshments. I in my time have gone further into the premises and partook of a little "barley bree" in a room which has been more than once used by her Most Gracious Majesty, our good Queen Victoria, I shall not say for the same, but for similar purposes, during her progresses to Crieff and Drummond Castle. The inner man having been duly attended to, a speedy exit is made from the most attractive hostelry, which commands a very fascinating view of Lochearn, and each of the erstwhile hungry or thirsty ones takes up his accustomed seat. When all are comfortably placed, our Jarvey gently touches up the leaders of our team of four, and gets them all under way in the crack of a whip, and soon has them spanking along the side of the beauteous Loch in the most exhilarating fashion. The distance of 71 miles between the extremities of the Loch is covered in an hour and 10 minutes, and I shall not here say a word further in praise of the scenery passed en route, but refer you for a description of the same to pages 95, 96, and 97 of this work. At the expiry of the period of time above mentioned, our vehicle is drawn up at the door of the beautiful and capacious Hotel of

ST. FILLAN'S,

Where three quarters of an hour is allowed for luncheon; and as travelling in an open conveyance in the Highlands provokes hunger and thirst, quickly all the goodly company surround the well-spread board of the hostelry, and do most excellent execution thereat. The district which this house of entertainment adorns is one which



ST FILLAN'S HOTEL, LOCHEARN.

SKETCHED BY MR HAMILTON MACMILLAN, JUN., HELENSBURGH.

is highly favoured by nature, and one which has many romantic associations connected with it. This combination draws large numbers of visitors to this delightful region, where, far from the madding crowd, they can pleasantly while away the golden hours in rambling, fishing, boating, reading a few pages from the book of Nature, or turning their spiritual eye in upon the recesses of their heart, and seeing if all be well there; but this is by the way. Luncheon over, all hands get up upon the deck of the "machine," the smartly-dressed driver assumes the ribbands, and away our gallant steeds spin in tip-top style through Glen Earn's beauteous recesses, the crystal, sweet-voiced Earn gladdening our eyes and pleasing our ears during most of the journey. To our right, shortly after leaving St. Fillan's village, we pass Saint Fillan's Hill. famous saint of the 7th century (some time prior of Pittenweem), after whom the district and hill is named, used the latter many a time and oft as a place for pious meditation, and in proof thereof is there not still to be seen to this day the rocken chair on which he sat and mused and blessed the country, and it was blessed? On this sacred mount a pure fount still bubbles up, out of which that holy man of the olden time took his tipple in common with the winged chorristers of air; and having also blessed it, it forthwith became fraught with miraculous virtues. To this holy well, which was a specific for minds diseased, the faithful, from far and near, were taken. Into it they were dipped three times in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. They were then carried to St. Fillan's bed, in the chapel of St. Fillan's, not far distant, and left there alone through the silent watches of the night season, to come to their senses or leave this mortal scene for a better one, whichever they liked. Another authority sayeth that the insane people, when dipped in the pool, had to take from the bottom thereof three stones. On the bank of the pool there are, or were, three cairns, round each of which the afflicted ones were made to walk three times, throwing one of the stones on each heap. The dipped ones were then taken to St. Fillan's ruined chapel, laid on their back in a corner, called St. Fillan's bed, and left all night with their limbs tied. If next morning they were found loose, they were supposed to be perfectly cured, and thanks were returned to the saint. In proof of St. Fillan's fervour in and devotedness to prayer, have we not still, on the beautiful grassy hill which bears his name, nigh unto his chair, the impress of his knees on the flinty rock? Even after the saint shuffled off his mortal coil and joined the church triumphant his triumphs did

not cease. King Robert the Bruce assumed him as his favourite saint, and caused Maurice, abbot of Inchaffray, to carry a relic of him in a shrine at the famous battle of Bannockburn, and to its presence possibly the decisive victory obtained there over the English was due. How much of the immediately foregoing is fact, and how much fiction, judge ye. My impression is that the two, in matters appertaining to stories twelve hundred years or so old, make a famous blend. Right beyond Dun Fillan, of which we have been discoursing, there towers up in stern magnificence the hill of Western Dundurn. Further west, on the left, at a short distance, we pass Dunira, the very pleasant residence of Sir David Dundas, Bart. In the middle of a field, nigh the eastmost entrance to the mansion house, two large upright stones are seen, which are supposed to be the remains of a druidical circle. Onward we go past fertile, well cultivated haughs, rushing river, bonnie, green richly-wooded slopes, hills and mountains of various altitudes and form, varying in the character of their clothing from that of lowly heath to a thick coating of grand old firs. Dashing through these enchanting scenes, where beauty and sublimity are exhibited in their most charming combinations, we, about half-past 3, enter the village of

COMRIE,

And pull up at the door of the cosy Royal Hotel, into which some of us will doubtless enter for purposes various. The village is famous as the point where the trembling earth shudders at the growl of the earthquake more frequently than it does in any other part of this country. Quite shocking are the on-goings which take place here betimes. Before re-mounting our vehicle, let us take a survey of the environments of the village, which are exceptionally fine. Eastward, the Earn sings musically through its fertile, hill-engirdled strath. Westward, soars aloft into the region of mist and cloud the grand romantic mountains of Abruchil (between the gazer and which lie mansion house, villa, humble cot, grand ancestral woods, rock, heather, and the miscellaneous assemblage of fair forms usually found associated with these), Benachonzie and Cairnachosie, both stalwart fellows, cast in a rough mould, having an altitude of about 3000 feet, and forming spurs of the Grampian range. The village has several churches, one of which, the Free, is exceedingly handsome, and cost £10,000. Nae man can tether time or tide; the hour approaches whan we maun ride. Aloft we get perched, and

push on eastward over the Lednock water, passing on the left, at some distance, Dunmore Hill, crowned by a granite obelisk, 70 feet in height, which was erected in honour of the first Lord Melville, Henry Dundas. On the same side, we in succession pass Lawer's House, the imposing pillared residence of Lieut.-Col. Williamson, and that of Cluthie, the abode of Major Colquhoun, both beautiful for situation, Monzievard, with its school, manse, church, and battlefield, where, in 1003, Kenneth II. of Scotland was slain, we in turn survey and leave in our rear. Our route then lies through an avenue of magnificent trees, extending two miles in length, emerging from which, on a height, the granite monument erected to the memory of Sir David Baird, of Seringapatam celebrity, by his widow, in 1832, arrests our attention, planted, as it is, on the summit of a richly-wooded, softly-contoured eminence, yelept Toma-Chastile. The fir-clad hills of Thornhill and Laggan next come under our observation, and then lovely Ochtertyre House, the residence of Sir Patrick Keith Murray, and its spacious, well-wooded, gently-undulating policies, and picturesque lake, gladden our eyes. The Turit water being crossed, we drive past enchanting villas, smiling 'mong their trimly-kept, flower-adorned grounds, and then wheel down Burrell Street, and at half-past four P.M. bring our coaching journey to a close at the Railway Station of

CRIEFF,

Having passed over a country of surpassing beauty, which may for that quality be possibly equalled in fair Scotland, but certainly

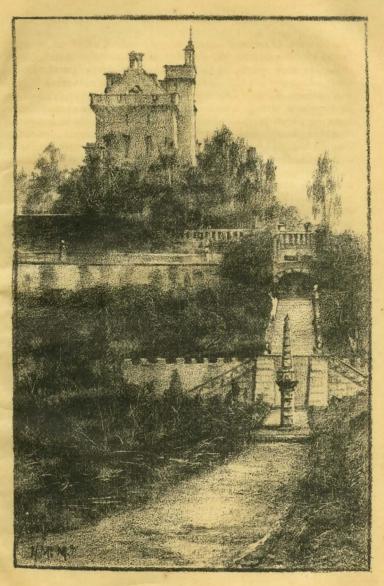
cannot be surpassed.

In Crieff I tarried, in a past summer, and put up at one of its many capital hotels, and devoted a couple of days to sight-seeing, a "machine" being hired to make that more easy and agreeable. Drummond Gardens (Lady Willoughby D'Ersby's), three miles and a half or so distant, were visited by me, and its thousand and one beauties gloated over. These gardens are laid out in the Dutch manner, each half being an exact repeat of the other. When standing on the top of the terrace, which overlooks the gardens with their wealth of colour, statuary, fountains, shrubs, and trim-kept walks, the scene looked liker the creation of a poet's brain while in fine frenzy working, or a scene in Fairyland, than of anything appertaining to earth. The armoury of the old castle, and the robe-room, were also visited (and admired), as was also the airy summit of the tower, from which there is one of the loveliest views in Scotland. The

other objects of interest, some of which I visited, which can be seen, taking Crieff as a centre, all of which are under 4 miles' distance from it (except Loch Turrit, which is 6), are Abercairney, Baird's Monument via Lady Mary's Walk, Barvick Falls, Innerpeffray Castle and Library, Keltie Falls, Muckle Burn, and Loch Turrit, access to all of which is free, affording an immense boon to visitors. The town of Crieff is well worth exploring. There are some quaint bits in it that would gratify the eve of the antiquarian or artist. The old Market Cross, which stands in east High Street, ought to be examined. It is evidently many centuries old, and reminds a person of the stones of the Reilig Oran in Iona, which cover the illustrious dead. And such a stone, I opine, it must have been before that it was used as a market cross. Crieff is sheltered from the north by the delightful Knock of Crieff (on whose lower slope it lies sunnily.) Midway up the hill dominating the town stands Strathearn House, of hydropathic fame. From that coign of vantage there stands revealed a goodly land and a pleasant, stretching out in most varied beauty for 50 miles. The town of Crieff is preeminently a healthy one, and has long been esteemed the Montpelier of Scotland. Being a chiel oot a-takin' notes, an' gaun tae prent them, I left the fair town of Crieff, after a brief sojourn, for the

FAIR CITY OF PERTH,

Once the capital of Scotland, 17 miles distant, and after a pleasant spin through a well-cultivated district of country, I arrived at the bustling, commodious, and handsome railway station of Perth, and there my "railing" experiences for the day terminated. The station spoken of is the converging point of lines from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, and Inverness, so that it almost might go without saying that it is one of the greatest transit centres of the kingdom. As might be expected, there are several really high-class and most comfortable hotels within easy reach of the station, and in one of those I left my luggage, arranged for quarters, partook of refreshments, and then sallied forth to view the lions of the place. Proceeding down a street, Tayside was soon reached, along which stretches in beauty the South Inch, one of the two noble public parks of the city. This area—formerly an island—is nearly a square of 680 yards each way, and the charmingly wooded public road to Edinburgh runs through its centre. On three sides the Inch is adorned with a splendid avenue of stately



DRUMMOND CASTLE, BY CRIEFF.

trees, and its fourth side is lined by the handsome row of dwellinghouses called Marshall Place, which, along with the beautiful St. Leonard Bank villas, and the grand Gothic railway termini, give to the place the aid of architectural adornment. This Inch was formerly larger than the north one, and was the place where military musterings and practisings of archery were held. The North Inch is more open and spacious than the south one, comprising as it does close upon 100 imperial acres, and here military reviews and horse races are held. In the reign of Robert III. of Scotland, a deadly encounter took place here between thirty chosen parties of each of the clans Chattan and Quhele, to redd up an old quarrel, in presence of the King and Queen. At it the doughty champion, Henry Wynd-who figures in Sir Walter's "Fair Maid of Perth"-made his mark, and lives, therefore, for ever in history. The streets generally of the city, by the imposing character of the public buildings, and the general neatness of the private edifices which line them, draw the attention and win eulogistic remarks from even the least susceptible of mortals. Watergate, running between High Street and South Street, and a few other thoroughfares, still exhibit a number of quaint ancient tenements. In the times of old, when some of these first had a being. Perth was the scene of many a bloody conflict, and was afflicted with many avisitation of the plague. The city then was also enlivened with many a courtly pageant, in the intervals when peace and prosperity smiled upon it. After visiting the grand old historic church of St. John, the patron saint of the city, which of old was called St. Johnstoun, and Our Lady's Chapel, which alone survived the devastating fury of the Reformation time, and cursorily glancing at the Literary and Antiquarian Museum near the bridge, the extensive Barracks, the noble County Buildings, the City Council Room, and the Police Office (near the old shore), the latter erstwhile Our Lady's Chapel, I crossed the lovely bridge of Perth. I may here state that when Her Majesty crossed this bridge she was so struck with the beauty of the scene that she ordered her carriage to be stopped. After a careful survey she declared that it was one of the most charming views she had ever seen. Having crossed the Tay, I mounted Kinnoull Hill, feasted on the glorious prospect obtained therefrom, and got back to my roosting-place tired. Next morn I took train for the south, and this sketch giveth you, most patient and gentle reader, a rough outline of my four days' right pleasant trip. May it prove useful to you as a guide, and pleasing and instructive as a narrative.



OBAN TO KILLIN, LOCH TAY, KENMORE, AND ABERFELDY.

Nor for the flying traveller who delights in rushing over the land with express speed do I pen this sketch. For such as he is there not the penny time-table, which giveth the names of the stations passed en route? and is not that enough to satisfy, if it doth not delight, his soul? For the tourist I write, who goeth with some degree of leisure over the land of the Gael, and tarrieth at the more celebrated of its romantic spots to muse over its battlefields, ruined castles, deserted shielings, auld kirks and kirkyairds, majestic mountains, solitary glens, thundering waterfalls, rushing rivers, and beauteous lakes. Let such person list to my tale of a three days' tour from Oban to the South via Killin and Aberfeldy, and mayhap he may profit thereby.

As you, my reader, have, in the immediately preceding sketch, a succinct account of what is to be seen between Oban and the station of Killin, which can be at will supplemented by matter in totherportions of this work, on that head I will say nothing further han vouchsafe the information that the ground was gone over, and

at about mid-day I left the train at the upper Station of

KILLIN,

A short distance south of Luib station (from which there is a charming view of Glen Dochart.) Here a branch line of railway, 54 miles in length, strikes off to the village of Killin and Loch Tay pier. The four miles or so of down-hill country traversed to reach the village are de-

solate in the extreme, being a wild, rough, heathery moorland, a savage, untamed wilderness, through which the tumultuous river Dochart raves furiously over its boulder-strewn bed, flinging itself in utter wantonness, with thundrous sound, over a huge, many-channelled rocky rampart, crowned with natural fir trees at the bridge which spans the river as you enter Killin village by road. The Falls of the Dochart and their surroundings form one of the most sublime river scenes in Scotland, and one which tests the abilities of our ablest artists to their utmost extent to adequately delineate on their canvas. The short interesting journey being over, I with willing feet and well whetted appetite entered the comfortable hotel of Killin, and soon banished care and hunger by partaking of a substantial luncheon. During that time a dog-cart was got ready to convey me six miles up Glenlochay, in which are to be seen the famous Falls of the Lochay. The journey up the glen is grandly varied. Every turn of the road reveals a new scene. A good deal of heavy timber lines the sides of the way, and especially is this the case at the Falls, to reach which you have to pass over a path through a venerable This act is performed under the guidance of a conductor as a precaution against danger. My coign of vantage when surveying the Falls was a beetling grey cliff which overhung the raging cataracts. Beneath me the swollen waters kept up a rare hurly-burly as they successively swept on majestically over four or tive steep rocky declivities. What a tumult, what a hoarse roaring, as if old ocean with all its gates unbarred was bursting in wrath upon the shuddering strand! What an agony the sorely-tormented waters exhibited as they writhed and swirled and boiled in the deep pools which bottomed the successive leaps which they made in their fearful descent. The smoke of their torment ascended to the crag on which I stood awe-struck by the scene. After satisfying my soul with the sublime spectacle, I struck again through the wood to the road, and mounted the dog-cart, giving as I did so "a tip" to the obliging guide. Got back to the hotel in time for table d'hote dinner, at which I met first-rate company, mostly English, who had been fishing the waters in the vicinity. In the still, calm evening hours I explored the picturesque village and old church of the parish, and listened to the mysterious voices of the hills whispering to each other, as the lady moon rode aloft, betimes veiled in cloud, betimes shedding her pale, cold light on their dark faces, imparting unto them a weird aspect. After "mooning" about for an hour, a little refreshment was partaken bed sought, and rest found.

Next morn, before breakfast, the churchyard of the parish, which lies behind the hotel, was entered by means of a ladder over the wall, and a little meditation among the tombs indulged in. I am not a morose fellow by any means, but I do like to indulge in a ramble through Highland burying places; the quaint lettering and devices which are displayed on the mossy stones, lying at all angles, are to my sight more charming and suggestive than the brand-new, highly elaborated monuments which primly adorn our modern cemeteries in formal rows. It is a queer place to get up an appetite in, is a kirkyard, but it was done, and ample justice was given to the goodly breakfast waiting my arrival at the hotel. Leisurely disposing of the same, and allowing it ample time to settle, I set out for Auchmore House (on the southern side of the loch, two or three miles from the hotel), recently enlarged, and improved greatly by its noble owner, the Earl of Breadalbane. Here is to be seen the finest vine in Scotland, if not in Britain. The quantities of magnificent fruit taken year by year off this fruitful plant are something fabulous. Got back in time for luncheon, then sallied out to view Finlarig Castle ruins, on my way to take steamer at Killin pier for Kenmore. The ruined castle mentioned was reached by a most captivating road, which at an early stage crossed the river Lochay over a picturesque wooden bridge. The way beyond is fringed by tall trees of ancient growth, which form an attractive aisle of Nature's rearing, and make a fitting avenue to the picturesque old ruined keep of the Breadalbane Campbells and the mausoleum where they sleep their last sleep. A "braw, gaucey, wise-like" woman, who emerged from a cottage near the entrance of the Castle grounds. unlocked their gates and intelligently guided me over the interesting place. The centuries-old, ruinous, ivy-clad Castle stands on a gentle but commanding eminence, overlooking grand hill and lake scenery. One portion alone of the at one time noble edifice has survived the corroding breath of time, and in it there is the principal doorway, surmounted by the well-chiselled arms of the Breadalbane Camp-I entered the Castle's gloomy dungeon, which in its time held many miserables in its stern embrace. Quite convenient to it there is a square pit, where those doomed to die by fiat of the chief suffered death at the hands of a headsman; a hollowed stone, the place where their heads were severed from their chained bodies. is still to be seen in all its grim suggestiveness. That death was as a mark of respect only granted to those who were considered gentlemen; to the rank and file of humanity adjudged to die the huge limbs of the adjacent giants of the grove, with the aid of halters, gave quietus. One terrible Campbell, called Black Duncan, according to an informant, did a powerful stroke of work in these ways, and was a terrible "Land Grabber." He seems to have pranced up and down the country with his tail of wild followers, all armed to the teeth, and woe be to any man whose lands they coveted; and, so tradition has it, he laid a broad basis for the towering fortunes of the family to be built on, and one which was not neglected by his successors. Not far from the old keep stands the gothic, church-like mausoleum, which contains the bodies of many generations of the lords of the soil. It is built of stuccoed brick; it was intended, I believe, to have been encased in marble. Its interior is not shown to general visitors. When it has to be entered, the doors and windows require to be opened for several hours prior, so that the smell from the dead Campbells may be neutralized by the free air of heaven. It would have been a kindlier, sweeter act, to have consigned their dust to dust and ashes to ashes in the bosom of mother earth than have placed them here on shelves to rot in state. Having presented my obliging and communicative guide with a slight souvenir of my visit, I pushed on a mile or so by the public road, which is beautifully adorned by trees of magnificent proportions, at whose roots many a wilding flower peeps covly forth, and soon the Railway Station and Boat Pier of

LOCH TAY.

Was reached, and here the smart saloon screw steamer "Lady of the Lake" was boarded, without any vexatious toll being levied. On the deck of the well-kept, comfortable, and eminently attractive craft I took up a favourable position for observation, after securing a refresher in the steward's department. At 2 P.M. the pretty little skimmer of the waves got under way with a goodly number of tourists on board. One of the two islets, which give a touch of variety to the loch, lies off the pier, and sports a few trees by way of ornament. The lake which I went forth to see is 15 miles long, and has an average breadth of a mile. At the Killin end the scenery is grand in the extreme. The Glens of Dochart and Lochay, and their guardian ranges of scowling mountains, impart to it the element of majesty, and the well-wooded, pretty village of Killin, and the picturesque mansion house of Auchmore, and the lovely ruin of Finlarig Castle, and many tree-adorned promontories and bays, impart to the scene the element of beauty, and so it becomes one of the

most satisfactory views in Scotland. On the vessel's run she touched at the piers of Ardenonaig, Lawers (which is placed at the base of the famous Ben of that name, the loftiest mountain in Perthshire), Ardtalnaig, and Fernan. The middle portion of the lake is cast in a softer mould than what that of either extremity has been formed in. When Drummond Hill, on the north shore, whose lovely form is attired in a gorgeous robe of many-hued leaves, and the sweet village of Kenmore, with its church-tower peering over its screen of trees, right in front, and the pleasant heathery hills of the south bank, busked with pretty cottages and noble woods, opens up to view—then the most prosaic traveller is constrained to think, if he does not say, that seldom, if ever, has such a vision of loveliness greeted his eyes. At about a quarter to 4 the steamer reached the foot of the Loch, after a pleasant run of one hour and three-quarters. Its passengers landed at the Pier of

KENMORE,

Nigh which there is an islet, beautified exceedingly by trees of ancient growth, and evidently carefully tended. On this isle there are the ruins of a nunnery, within the confides of which or adjacent thereto lie the mortal remains of Sybilla, one of the early Queen consorts of Scotland. Gardens, belonging to the Earl of Breadalbane, lie on the mainland opposite the islet, and from the head gardener, as I understand, permission to visit the islet and a boat to do it in may be obtained. Near there the Tay is spanned by a handsome bridge. A walk along the margin of the Loch for a short distance took us on to the point where a left-wheel had to be made to reach the village. When the Square, which constitutes the principal portion of the same, was reached it was conceded by general consent that the village of Kenmore was one of the most charming places in the Highlands. To the east stands the noble arched gateway, which forms the entrance to Taymouth Castle grounds, flanked by the estates office and a reading and recreation rooms for the inhabitants. the west stands the church and churchyard of the parish, embosomed in wood. In the churchyard reposes the mortal remains of the Dean of Lismore, who did so much in the way of collecting manuscripts of Gaelic poetry and literature. Between these two points, on each side, there are lovely cottages, smothered in roses and embellished by flower plots, models of taste and tidiness, such as you read of in novels, but seldom come across in real life. On the north side of the Square the hotel rears its picturesque form, a

thing of beauty, quite in keeping with its charming surroundings. Into it the major portion of the passengers went, and I was of the number, a bed being secured promptly for the night, according to my accustomed manner. I wished to make the best use of the golden afternoon before dinner time, so that I ordered a dog-cart for a drive to the Falls of Acharn, about 3 miles distant on the southern shore of he lake, and enjoyed it much. Under the guardianship of a guide I wended my way up the steep path which runs by the side of a glen, fringed by noble trees, until the falls were reached. There had been a heavy fall of rain during the previous night, and the cataract was in grand form. There is a rustic house here, placed in such a position that, by means of an arrangement of mirrors, persons may see the falls running up as well as falling down; but I was precluded from entering the same, as the fierce gales of the previous winter had blown down quite a host of tall fir trees, which effectually blocked the entrance; doubtless ere this time these have been removed. Got back in time for dinner, and, after it was disposed of and a lounge of half an hour indulged in, I once more got the dog-cart pressed into my service, and away I went for a spin up Glenlyon, which branches off the northern shores of the loch. The glen is 28 miles in length, but only one-fourth of that distance was covered by me on this occasion. The Lyon water adds a great charm to the solemn glen, which is so narrow in some places that the road and the river fill its bottom; and so precipitously do the green hills shoot up from its sides that, during winter, never a blink of sunshine is cast upon the place to gladden it; indeed, even in the height of summer, the sun's rays are only shed for a short time each day upon There are several cascades and cataracts in the glen, and it is in many places well wooded. There are only a few habitations in it. The glen, in the bloody times of old, was the scene of a fierce combat between Stewart of Garth, "the fierce wolf," and the M'Ivers, in which the former was victorious, when the crystalline river ran red with the blood of the slain. Got to my hostelry in time for a late tea, and went early to bed. Next morn got up early. Went forth to view Nature in her fresh, morning face, when ilka blade o' grass which springs from her bosom is adorned with sparkling diamonds, and the bonny flowers are drooked wi' dew, and seem as if filled with nectar, fit drink for the queen of the fairies and her train of elves. Full of quiet thoughts, breakfast was partaken of, and thereafter arrangements were made for an advance movement in the direction of Taymouth Castle, which was, on account of the family being

from home, open to visitors. Of its spacious, charmingly wooded lawns, and noble river which sweeps in beauty past them, and of the stately richly-adorned halls of the princely Castle of Taymouth, space precludes me from saying anything in detail; but, take my word for it, the scene is one of the loveliest in this fair world. Burns the poet visited this quarter, and wrote the following fragmentary lines with a pencil over the parlour chimney-piece of the Kenmore Hotel:—

"Admiring Nature in her wildest grace, These northern scenes with weary feet I trace; O'er many a winding dale and painful steep, The abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep, My savage journey, curious, I pursue, Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view,— The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides, The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides; Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills, The eye with wonder and amazement fills; The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride, The palace rising on his verdant side; The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste; The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste; The arches striding o'er the new-born stream; The village glittering in the noon-tide beam .-

Then, referring to the Falls of Acharn, the poet goes on to say :-

"Poetic ardours in my bosom swell, Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell: The sweeping theatre of hanging woods; Th' incessant war of headlong-tumbling floods.—

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds;
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man."

To come down from the poetic to the prosaic, it may be stated that, after luncheon, at about 4 o'clock P.M., the public omnibus was taken by me to

ABERFELDY,

Six miles distant, the road passing through a most delightful sylvan arcade. For a few miles, to my left, I had the beautifully undu-

lating, richly-wooded pleasure grounds of Taymouth Castle, around which browsed hundreds of deer, tame as kine. The lordly Castle was surveyed from the box seat to great advantage. These passed, I had, to my right, heavily-timbered, gently-sloping hills of a lowland type, and on my left, and very near to me, the fair, treefringed Tay, which swept on seaward, sweetly singing. The vehicle entered the thriving village of Aberfeldy at a quarter to five, and at the snug Breadalbane Arms, in the centre of the place, I took quarters for the night; ordered dinner, discussed it, rested a little thereafter, and went forth to explore the Glen and Falls of Moness. The entrance is by a gate directly opposite the hotel, where a guide was obtained. This is one of the most celebrated scenes in the Highlands. I was much struck with the appearance of the Glen; at its closer parts everything was moss-covered—the ground, the broken rocks, the living rocks, bush and tree, were deeply encrusted with itgiving the scene a strange, solemn, weird-like aspect. There are three falls in it, which forms a series of cascades—the lower, the middle, and the upper-and near the latter are the Birks of Aberfeldy, so sweetly sung by the poet Burns, which I make no excuse for giving. It was composed while on the spot:-

> "Now simmer blinks on flowery braes, And o'er the crystal streamlet plays, Come let us spend the lightsome days In the birks o' Aberfeldy.

Chorus—Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks o' Aberfeldy.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing, The little birdies blythly sing, Or lightly flit on wanton wing, In the birks o' Aberfeldy. Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The feaming stream deep-rearing fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws
The birks o' Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers, While o'er the linns the burnie pours, And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks o' Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee, They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me. Supremely blest wi' love and thee In the birks o' Aberfeldy. Bonnie lassie, &c."

I made the ascent by the left side of the burn, and the descent by the right, and felt amply rewarded for the toil, which was not made too trying, as there are seats placed at convenient distances all the way up, whereon the weary traveller may rest, and resting muse. Some of the cliffs which line the ravine are 200 feet high, and shoot up from the gorge straight as walls; these rocks are crested by noble fir trees. Sight-seeing over, when the hotel was reached a slight refreshment was partaken of, and then to bed. Next morning, after breakfast, went forth to view the village of Weem, which lies cosily about a mile north-west of Aberfeldy on the great military road from Crieff to Inverness, formed under General Wade's directions, and in doing so passed over the handsome bridge erected by the General. The name of the village is derived from the Gaelic word uamph, a cave, but the exact cave which conferred the name, although long a tradition as a habitation of robbers and fugitives, is unknown to historians. The population of Weem is very small, but it contains a comfortable hotel, and the church, of the parish of date 1835. In the east end of the old church, still standing, there is a very curious ancient monument, erected to a member of the Menzies family. The village and its surroundings are exceptionally beautiful. Castle Menzies, the seat of that ancient family, is occupied by Sir Robert Menzies, Bart., and stands near the village. It is a splendid, large, castellated edifice, having attached to it most charming pleasure grounds. Part of the Castle dates from the 16th century. Having satisfied my curiosity, I made my way back to Aberfeldy, which place, in common with Kenmore and Killin, is a good centre for making excursions from, there being within a limited radius of these places Birnam, Dunkeld, Pitlochrie, Blair Atholl, Loch Tummel, Loch Rannoch, Glen Lyon, Crieff, &c. After dinner, left Aberfeldy by Highland Railway at 4.55 P.M., reaching Glasgow via Perth at 10 o'clock P.M.: and now you have had, most indulgent reader, a brief sketch of my outing.

PATRONISED BY ROYALTY.

THE LOCHLOMOND STEAMBOAT COMPANY'S

SPLENDID SALOON STEAMERS

"The Queen," "Prince Consort," and "Prince of Wales,"
Sail several times Daily in the Touring Season to the

HEAD OF LOCHLOMOND,

The Lovely Queen of Scottish Lakes.

Tourists desirous of visiting Oban

Are recommended to do so via Tarbet (Lochlemond), Glencroe, Inveraray, Lochawe-side, Pass of Brander, &c., or by Ardlui, Head of "The Loch," Glenfalloch, Crianlarich, Dalmally, and Pass of Awe; or, leaving the train at Tyndrum (first station beyond Crianlarich), proceed by Glencoe, Ballachulish, &c., as the scenery by either of these routes is wonderfully grand and varied, probably in these respects surpassing anything that can be seen in any other part of the "land of the mountain and the flood." The most CHARMING CIRCULAR TOUR TO

LOCH LOMOND AND LOCH LONG

Can be achieved in one day from Edinburgh and Glasgow and back. Tourists prosecuting this Tour proceed by Rail and Steamer to the Pier of Tarbet, whence they depart either to walk or drive across an isthmus one-and-a-half miles broad, to Arrochar, where they embark on the homeward run, on board of the new swift Steamer "CHANCELLOR;" or the journey may be reversed at pleasure. THE NEWLY ORGANISED CIRCULAR TOUR OF

LOCH LOMOND, LOCH FYNE, &c.,

Can now be accomplished in one day from Edinburgh and Glasgow by Rail and Steamer to Tarbet, and from thence by well-appointed Four-Horse Coaches, by Arrochar, Glencroe, and Glen Kinglas. to Cairndow and Inveraray, where parties embark on board the Magnificent Saloon Steamer "LORD OF THE ISLES," on the return journey via Inveraray. Kyles of Bute, Rothesay, &c. This trip makes an unusually grand day's outing. The EVER-CHARMING CIRCULAR TOUR OF

LOCH LOMOND AND LOCH KATRINE

Can now be easily made by Rail and Steamer to Inversnaid (Loch Lomond), and from thence to Stronachlacher, on Loch Katrine, by Coach, where passengers embark on board the pretty little Screw Steamer "ROB ROY," for the Trossachs' end of the lake, from which point the rest of the journey is made by Coach and Rail.

For particulars in regard to Times of Sailing and Fares, consult Time Tables.

LOCHLOMOND STEAMERS.

BREAKFASTS,

LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, & TEAS SUPPLIED ON BOARD,

AS WELL AS

Wines, Spirits, Beers, &c.,

OF THE

CHOICEST DESCRIPTIONS,

AT

MODERATE CHARGES.

GUIDE BOOKS,
PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS OF SCOTTISH SCENERY,

AND OTHER ARTICLES OF INTEREST TO TOURISTS.

ALWAYS ON HAND.

BALLOCH HOTEL,

THE above FIRST-CLASS HOTEL is most beautifully situated at the foot of the "Queen of Scottish Lakes," and within a few minutes' walk of the Railway Station.

Tourists who purpose proceeding up "the Loch" by the First Morning Steamer would do well to arrive at the Hotel on the previous evening.

Visitors who honour this Hotel with their patronage may rely upon getting their wants supplied in quite a

SUPERIOR STYLE, AT REASONABLE RATES.

They have also the much-valued privilege accorded them of

Visiting Tullichewan Castle and Zossaliu Grounds,

ASCENDING "MOUNT MISERY."

From the latter place an extensive view is obtained of the most charming portion of the Loch, with its multitudinous Isles.

Particular attention is paid to the Posting Department.

FIRST-RATE ROW-BOATS AND STEADY BOATMEN

CAN BE SECURED FOR

EXCURSIONS ON THE LAKE.

A FIRST-CLASS BILLIARD TABLE

Has just been added to the appointments of the Hotel.

Mrs GEORGE M'GREGOR, Proprietrix.

TARBET HOTEK,

LOCH LOMOND

(OPPOSITE BEN LOMOND),

FINEST AND MOST COMMODIOUS HOTEL ON THE LAKE,

And commands the best view of the far-famed Ben Lomond.

THIS Hotel has lately undergone considerable alterations, with extensive additions, comprising Billiard Room (two tables), Sitting Rooms, Ladies' Drawing Rooms and Bed Rooms, &c.

Table d'Hote Dinners at 5 30, on arrival of the Steamer from the Trossachs and the North, and at 7 p.m. on arrival of Coaches from Inveraray, Dalmally, and Oban, and of Passengers by 6.30 Steamer from Glasgow and the South. Tourists en route for Trossachs and Callander leave Tarbet at 10 A.M. for Steamer down Loch Katrine.

COACHES.

The Tarbet, Inveraray, Dalmally, and Oban Coaches are now running daily for the Season, starting as formerly from the Tarbet Hotel at 10.15 a.m., in connection with Steamer "Lord of the Isles" at Inveraray, and Trains from Dalmally to Oban and Glasgow; leaving Oban by 10 o'clock Train for Dalmally, and "Lord of the Isles" Steamer at Inveraray, arriving at Tarbet Hotel about 6.30 P.M.

Full particulars to be had at Hotels en route, and Coach Office and Railway Station, Oban.

Parties Boarded during May, June, and July

Telegrams should be addressed—"Tarbet Hotel, Loch Lomond."

A. H. MACPHERSON, PROPRIETOR.

JUNE, 1888.

ARROCHAR HOTEL,

Situated at the Head of LOCH LONG, the Finest Branch of "The Clyde."

for Boating, Salt Water Bathing, and Sea fishing, It is without Equal in the Western Highlands.

This HOTEL is most suitably located for Parties breaking their Tour through the Highlands, being in the centre of Lake, Glen, and Mountain Scenery.

CHARGES VERY MODERATE. [Parties Boarded by Week or Month. P. STALKER.

ROUTE:—Per Steamer "CHANCELLOR" from Craigendoran or Greenock and by all Loch Lomond Steamers to Tarbet Pier, where 'Bus waits the arrival of Passengers.

ARROCHAR.

FIRST-CLASS

TEMPERANCE HOTEL,

HEAD OF LOCH LONG.

(Within 5 Minutes' Walk from the Pier, and 11 miles from Tarbet, Lochlomond.)

FAMILIES, TOURISTS, ARTISTS, & INVALIDS

Who favour the above Hotel with a Visit, are sure to find every attention paid to their comforts, combined with Very MODERATE CHARGES.

It is an excellent Marine Residence, and a convenient centre for

Touring to the Trossachs and Western Highlands.

The Tarbet, Inveraray and Oban Coaches pass the Hotel Daily During the Season.

The Walks and Drives in the neighbourhood are charming.

Good Fishing on Loch Long and Lochlomond Free.

PLEASURE BOATS. STABLING.

ALEXANDER ROSS, Proprietor.

Inversnaid Botel,

LOCHLOMOND,

(GREATLY ENLARGED).

The Landing Place

FOR

THE TROSSACHS,

Toch Katrine,

ABERFOYLE,

87.C

ROBERT BLAIR,

PROPRIETOR.

ABERFOYLE.

Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel.

TOURISTS AND FAMILIES

WILL FIND EVERY COMFORT AT THIS HOTEL.

IT is situated amidst enchanting scenery on the banks of the River Forth, at the starting point of the new road to the Trossachs and Loch Katrine, over which coaches are run daily during summer.

BOATS ON LOCH ARD AND LOCH CHON For Fishing and Pleasure.

TENNIS LAWN, RAILWAY STATION, POST and TELEGRAPH
OFFICES within Two Minutes' walk of the Hotel,
POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

JAMES BLAIR, PROPRIETOR.

Stronachlachar Botel,

Head of Loch Katrine.

DONALD FERGUSON

BEGS to intimate that he has lately completed extensive alterations and additions to his Hotel, and that it will be his constant endeavour as heretofore to secure every comfort and attention to Tourists and others favouring him with their patronage.

It is the best Fishing Station, and Boats with experienced Roatmen

are always in Readiness.

During the season Coaches run to and from Inversnaid, in connection with Steamers on Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond.

Carriages and other Conveyances kept on Hire.

STRONACHLACHAR, 1888.

OBAN.

SUTHERLAND'S Great Western Kotel.

Largest and Leading Hotel in Oban.

Beautifully Situated.

REPLETE WITH EVERY COMFORT.

AN OMNIBUS

Attends the Arrival and Departure of Trains and Steamers.

Visitors conveyed to and from the Hotel Free of Charge.

OBAN

IMPERIAL HOTEL.

R. ANGUS, PROPRIETOR.

SITUATED IMMEDIATELY OPPOSITE

STEAMBOAT PIER

QUEEN'S HOTEL,

OBAN.

Conveniently and beautifully situated, fronting OBAN BAY, a little to the South of STEAMBOAT PIER.

NEAREST HOTEL to the NEW RAILWAY STATION.

A. ANGUS

PROPRIETRIX.

ROYAL HOTEL.

CLOSE TO RAILWAY STATION AND QUAY.

THIS New centrally-situated Hotel is now open. The rooms are large and elegant, commanding a splendid view of the Bay, &c. Visitors will find every requisite for their comfort.

Enisine and Liquors Hirst-Class.

Charges Stirictly Moderate. Boots awaits Arrival of Trains and Steamers.

Boarding Terms—From £3 6s 6d to £3 13s 6d per Week:
Attendance included.

General Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Offices in Building.

KING'S ARMS

HOTEL,

OBAN.

ALEXANDER M'TAVISH, Proprietor.

This First-Class Family and Commercial Hotel is conveniently situated for Railway Station, Steamboat Pier, and Coach Office.

PARTIES BOARDED ON MODERATE TERMS.

PASS OF MELFORT, NEAR OBAN.

CUILFAIL HOTEL.

ADVICE TO ANGLERS.

"When tired an' forfouchen, When hoastin' an' coughin', When ill wi' the bile, Or the wee deevils blue: Tak' yer rods an' yer reels, Throw the doctor his peels, An' come doon to Cuilfail, Wi' yer frien's leal an' true."

Good Trout Lishing on several Lirst-rate Locks.

A number of the Lochs are annually stocked by the Hotel-keeper with the famous Loch Leven Trout. The sport is excellent.

Boats and Steady Boatmen kept for the use of Anglers.

Also, good Deep-Sea Fishing and Sea Bathing.

Splendid Arw Billiard Room.

FIRST-CLASS LAWN TENNIS COURT WITHIN HOTEL GROUNDS.

Near hand is the

FAMOUS PASS OF MELFORT.

Gentlemen should write beforehand to secure Rooms.

ADDRESS:

JOHN M'FADYEN,

Cuilfail Hotel, Kilmelford, Argyllshire, N.B.

TELEGRAPH OFFICE : KILMARTIN.

ROUTE:—Per Caledonian Railway to Oban, thence per Coach daily; or by Steamer to Ardrishaig, thence per Royal Mail Coach daily, through magnificent Highland scenery.

THE LOCH-AWE HOTEL

(Under the same Management as Dalmally Hotel)

IS NOW OPEN.

Situated on a beautiful site at the foot of Ben Cruachan, commanding magnificent views of the upper reaches of Loch-Awe, with its numerous Islands, noble mountains, and the grand

RUINS OF KILCHURN CASTLE.

NUMEROUS DAILY EXCURSIONS

Have been arranged from the Hotel, proceeding to and passing en route places of great historical interest and beauty, including

Kilchurn Castle, Falls of Cruachan, Pass of Brander, Black Mount, Inveraray, Oban, Staffa (Fingal's Cave), and Iona, Pass of Melfort, &c.

The Splendid New Steamer

COUNTESS OF BREADALBANE

Will commence sailing on Loch-Awe for the Season on 1st June, in connection with CIRCULAR TOURS. Special arrangements with Excursion Parties.

SEE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY COMPANY'S TOURIST GUIDE.

Passengers Booked and Seats Secured for the Coaches in connection with "Lord of the Isles" at Inveraray, and Lochlomond Steamers at Tarbet.

LAWN TANNIS. .. CROQUET. .. BOATING. BILLIARDS. CARBIAGES, ETG.

Guides for the Ascent of Ben Cruachan. The Loch-Awe Railway Station and Steamboat Pier adjoin the Hotel Grounds.

Letters and Telegrams for both Hotels punctually attended to.

DUNCAN FRASER, Proprietor.

LOCHIEL ARMS

BANAVIE. N.B.

Western Terminus of Caledonian Canal Steamers.

JOHN MENZIES, Proprietor.

Largest, Finest, and most conveniently situated Hotel ON THIS TOURIST ROUTE.

BEN NEVIS

The only Hotel whose Windows possess a full view of the Mountain

FAMILIES BOARDED.

POSTING IN ALL ITS DEPARTMENTS.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS-MENZIES, BANAVIE.

N.B. - Passengers from South leave Steamer AT CORPACH ONLY

ARGYLESHIRE

(TEN MILES FROM TYNDRUM RAILWAY STATION).

DUNCAN A. FORBES

BEGS respectfully to intimate that he has taken a lease of the above Hotel, which has been newly furnished, and otherwise greatly added to and improved. Tourists and other gentlemen staying at the Hotel are allowed the privilege of Fishing (free of charge) in the beautiful River Orchy, one of the best slamon rivers in the West of Scotland.

Splendid Trout Fishing on various Fresh Water Lochs, and on part of the River Baw.

Passengers are booked at this Hotel in connection with the Coaches to and from Glencoe and Tyndrum.

FIRST-CLASS POST HORSES AND CARRIAGES. BOATS ON LOCH TULLA. By writing a day or two beforehand, parties can be met at Tyndrum Station.

A Daily Post is now established between Inveroran and Tyndrum.

ROYAL HOTEL,

PORTREE, SKYE.

MR ROSS has greatly enlarged this Hotel at considerable expense, having added to the former accommodation a fine Coffee Room and other Public Rooms, with several Private Parlours and Ladies' Drawing Room, and Billiard Room; also an extensive suite of Bedrooms, with Baths and every modern convenience.

This Hotel is now replete with every convenience for Tourists and Travellers. It is nearest to the Steamboat Wharf, and thus the most convenient for the Railway and other Steamers, and commands a most extensive sea and mountain view not to be surpassed in the west.

POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Conveyances leave the Hotel daily (Sundays excepted) for Coruisk and Quiraing.

LOCH NESS.

FOYERS HOTEL.

THE above Hotel is beautifully situated on Loch Ness, within ten minutes' walk of the far-famed FALLS OF FOYERS. The Hotel, which has been NEWLY FURNISHED, contains Coffee Room, Drawing Room, Sitting Rooms, and Fifteen Bedrooms.

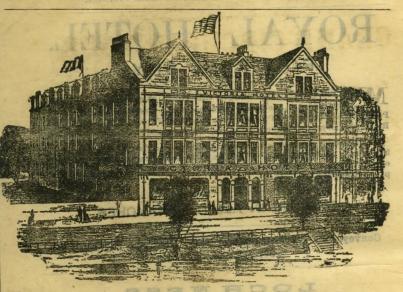
There is Good SALMON and TROUT ROD FISHING

IN CONNECTION WITH THE HOTEL.

The SCENERY is supposed to be the GRANDEST IN SCOTLAND. Steamer leaves Inverness every afternoon on arrival of the Mail Train from the South, reaching Foyers about 6 P.M. Parties are allowed to break their journey at Foyers.

POSTING.

TOTOLOGY DAVID ELDER, PROPRIETOR.



THE VICTORIA HOTEL,

INVERNESS

(Nearest Hotel to Canal Steamers).

THE VICTORIA is the most modern and best situated Hotel in Inverness, being opposite the CASTLE, close to the CATHEDRAL, and

THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS HOTEL

Fronting the River

Omnibus attends Steamers and Trains.

JOHN BLACK, Proprietor.





